PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JUNE 1991 • $3.95

THE PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR
OUR ALL-AMERICAN GIRL
LISA MATTHEWS

HOW NEIL BUSH WENT ASTRAY

THE WOMEN OF COMEDY

PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS MACNEIL AND LEHRER

REMARKABLE WAR FICTION BY JAMES JONES

06
35270
0 300955 0

© 1991 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

CAMEL PRESENTS

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

THE HARI
EDDIE:
PERCUSSION
HARD PACK LIGHTS
FLOYD:
SAX,
HARD PACK ULTRA LIGHTS
THEY DON'T COME A
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

LIGHTS HARD PACK: 9 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine,
ULTRA LIGHTS HARD PACK: 6 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine,
FILTERS HARD PACK: 17 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg.

D PACK

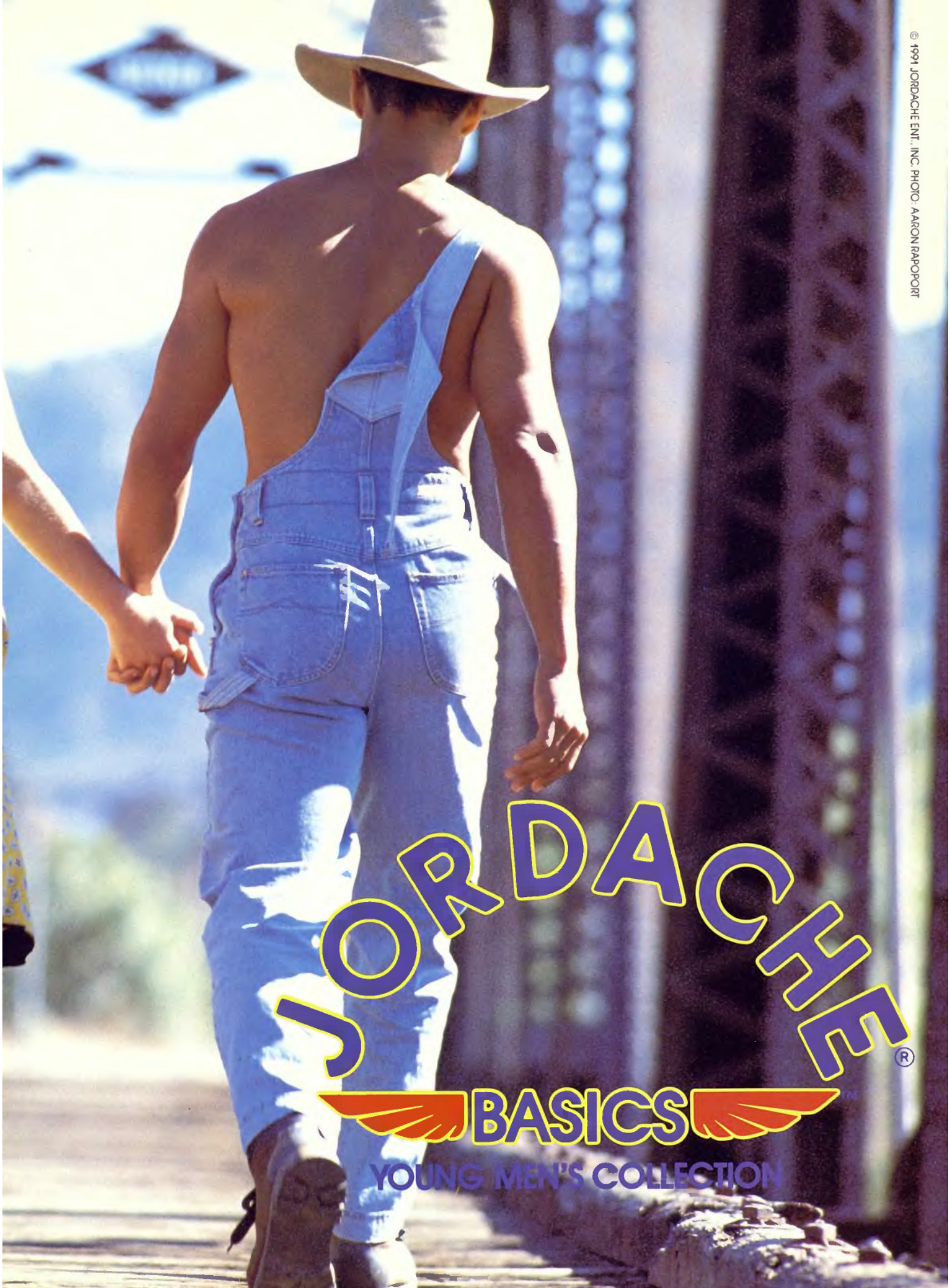
BUSTAH:
GUITARS,
HARD PACK LIGHTS

MAX:
HARP, BASS, VOCALS,
HARD PACK FILTERS

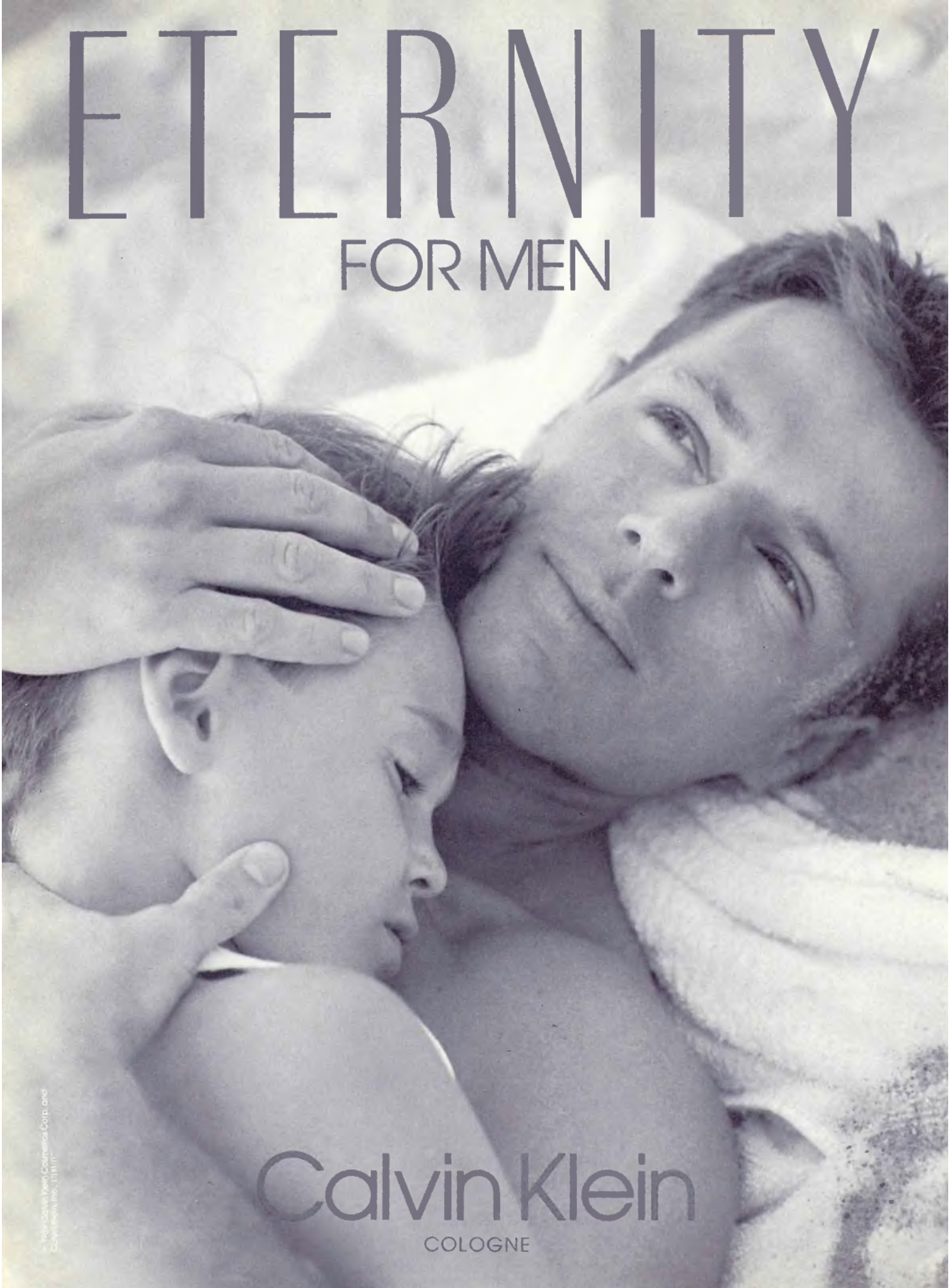
ANY SMOOTHER.

CAMEL
FILTERS

macy's



© 1991 JORDACHE ENT., INC. PHOTO: AARON RAPOPORT


ETERNITY
FOR MEN
Calvin Klein
COLOGNE

PLAYBILL

WE WON A WAR of 100 hours and, from the nose of laser-guided bombs, it looked easy. But not all wars have been fought with computers on video screens. Even stormin' **General Norman Schwarzkopf** says that soldiers are still at the heart of any war, including Desert Storm. This month's *The Face of War* is a riveting grunt's-eye view of combat by a modern master of war words taken from *The* **James Jones** *Reader: Outstanding Selections from His War Writings* (due this month from Birch Lane Press of the Carol Publishing Group), edited by **James R. Giles** and **J. Michael Lennon.** Written in 1945, these never-before-published passages remind us that war is not TV—war is hell. *Playboy* excerpted Jones's *The Thin Red Line* in 1962. To accompany this month's unique text, we've reduxed the art from that project. Read it and raise your Stars and Bars.

We caught our *Playboy Interview* subjects, *The MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour* team, **Robert MacNeil** and **Jim Lehrer,** smack in the middle of Desert Storm and feeling plucky about their often biting but sound-biteless coverage. The public-TV anchors told veteran *Playboy Interviewer* **Morgan (Yasir Arafat, Stephen Hawking) Strong** that they don't envy the $1,000,000 salaries of their network counterparts. San Antonio Spurs star center **David Robinson** earns somewhere in the gazillions—or at least he ought to. The renaissance hoopster—he is also an accomplished pianist and a U.S. Navy lieutenant—shows every sign of inheriting **Michael Jordan's** crown and setting a few records of his own. In *Air Apparent* (illustrated by **David Levine**), **Jeff Coplon** sees no ceiling on the seven-footer's future.

Cherokee Paul McDonald is a Vietnam veteran who took his combat training to the streets as a police officer in Fort Lauderdale, Florida. Ten brutal years later, he left the force to write two novels about policework. In *Blue Truth* (from the book to be published by Donald I. Fine), he provides a journalistic account of his life as a tough and rough cop—of special note given the controversy in the Los Angeles Police Department.

Arbitragers, corporate raiders and investment bankers conspired to make the Eighties the greed decade. Some say that the national savings-and-loan debacle was the source of all the trouble. If so, *The Denver Post* ace reporter **Steven Wilmsen** finds an intriguing player in the President's son—and offers a disturbing look at the S&L crisis in *The Corruption of Neil Bush* (illustrated by **Wilson McLean**), adapted from his upcoming tome *Silverado: Neil Bush and the Savings and Loan Scandal* (National Press Books). As for the Nineties, Contributing Editor **David Rensin** and regular *Playboy* contributor **Bill Zehme,** authors of *The Bob Book* (to be published by Dell), say it's the Bob decade. Who exactly is Bob? What is Bobness? Turn to *Notes from the Bob Book* (illustrated by **Bill Utterback**). Rensin also delivers a hot *20 Questions* with movie director **John Milius.**

What with all the decade talk, let's not overlook the first day of summer (see our summer swimwear spectacular, *Wave Riders*, with pictures by **Erik Aeder**). And, please, don't forget it's again that blissful season during which we announce our heavily contemplated choice for Playmate of the Year—who was also exceedingly popular with our readers. Drum roll, please, for Miss April 1990, the bodaciously blonde **Lisa Matthews,** a native Californian of many fine dimensions, well documented here by Contributing Photographer **Stephen Wayda.**

Want some laughs? Take a look at *Hey, Norm, What's Brewing?*, which includes a tasty romp with **George Wendt's** (a.k.a. **Norm Peterson** of *Cheers*) homemade chili. A favorite ingredient? Beer, natch. Now, for a special chuckle, crack open a brewski and take a look at *Funny Girls*, our eye-popping grabber featuring the women of stand-up comedy. No kidding.

STRONG

COPLON

LEVINE

MC DONALD

WILMSEN

MC LEAN

ZEHME

RENSIN

UTTERBACK

AEDER

WAYDA

Playboy (ISSN 0032-1478), June 1991, volume 38, number 6. Published monthly by Playboy in national and regional editions, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois, and at additional mailing offices. Subscriptions: in the U.S., $29.97 for 12 issues. Postmaster: Send address change to Playboy, P.O. Box 2007, Harlan, Iowa 51537-4007.

CANADIAN CLUB

HOORAY
FOR
HOLLYWOOD.

Canadian Club®

A PREMIUM WHISKY, UNRIVALED IN QUALITY AND SMOOTHNESS SINCE 1858.

40% alc./vol. Blended Canadian Whisky. Imported in Bottle by Hiram Walker and Sons, Inc. Farmington Hills, MI © 1991
The Walk of Fame Star design is a Trademark of Hollywood Chamber of Commerce.

PLAYBOY®

vol. 38, no. 6—june 1991

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL		5
DEAR PLAYBOY		13
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS		21
MEN	ASA BABER	42
REPORTER'S NOTEBOOK: PAX AMERICANA?—opinion	ROBERT SCHEER	45
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR		47
THE PLAYBOY FORUM		53
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: MAC NEIL/LEHRER—candid conversation		65
BLUE TRUTH—memoir	CHEROKEE PAUL MC DONALD	86
FUNNY GIRLS—pictorial	text by DONNA COE	90
THE CORRUPTION OF NEIL BUSH—orticle	STEVEN WILMSEN	98
WAVE RIDERS—foshion	HOLLIS WAYNE	102
THE FACE OF WAR—fiction	JAMES JONES	108
GOING DUTCH—ployboy's playmate of the month		114
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor		126
HEY, NORM, WHAT'S BREWING?—food	MICHAEL JACKSON and JILL COX	128
NOTES FROM THE BOB BOOK—humor	DAVID RENSIN and BILL ZEHME	131
AIR APPARENT—ployboy profile	JEFF COPLON	136
PLAYBOY COLLECTION—modern living		138
PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR—pictorial		144
20 QUESTIONS: JOHN MILIUS		158
OPERATION PLAYMATE—pictorial		161
PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE		193

Winning Playmate P. 144

Mean Streets P. 86

Going Dutch P. 114

Wave Riders P. 102

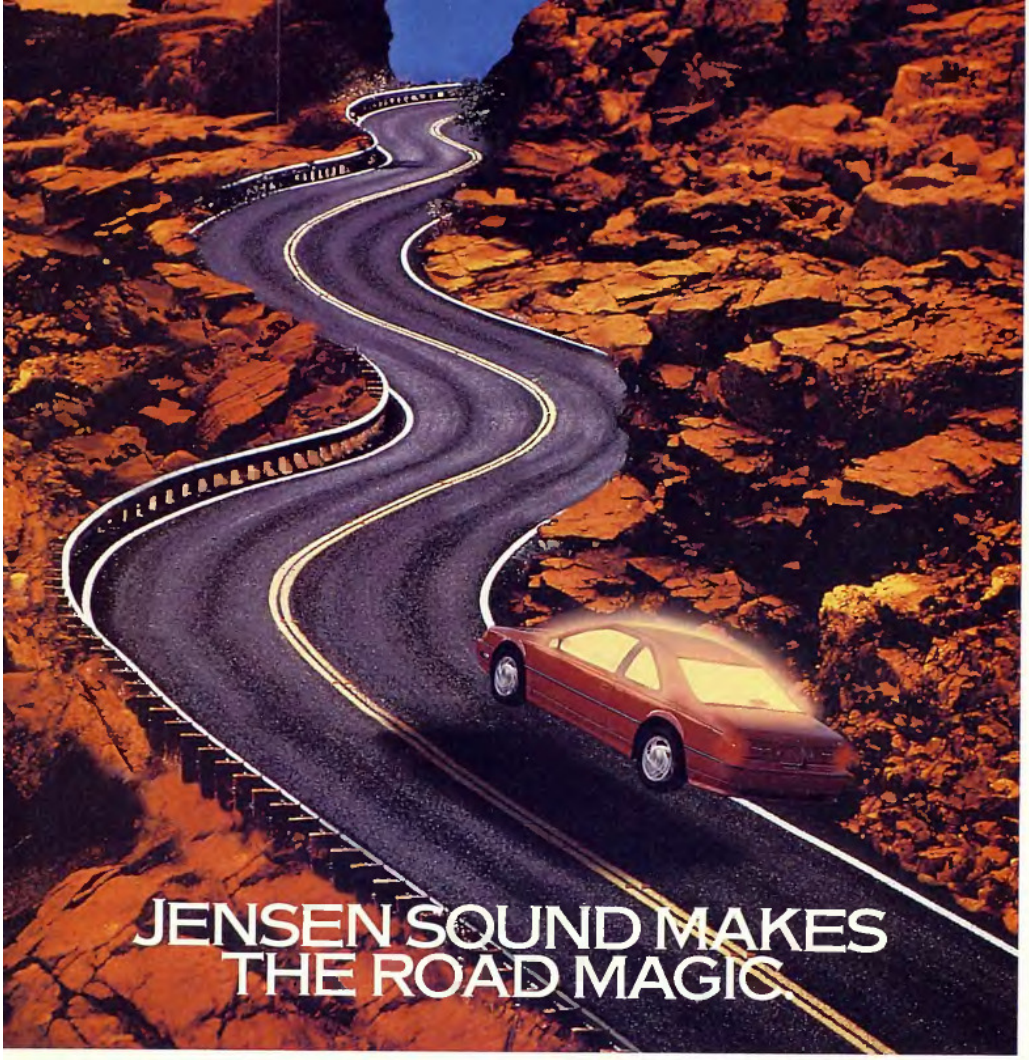
COVER STORY

Playboy's top title—Playmote of the Yeor—goes to Lisa Matthews, the girl with the oll-American look. If you missed Lisa in the April 1990 issue, you have o second chonce to admire this winning Ploymate. Our cover was produced by West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski, styled by Jennifer Smith-Ashley and shot by Contributing Photagrapher Stephen Woyda. Thanks to Tracy Cianflone for styling Lisa's hoir and make-up. Our Rabbit quips, "Hats off!"

GENERAL OFFICES: PLAYBOY, 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. PLAYBOY ASSUMES NO RESPONSIBILITY TO RETURN UNSOLICITED EDITORIAL OR GRAPHIC MATERIAL. ALL RIGHTS IN LETTERS AND UNSOLICITED EDITORIAL AND GRAPHIC MATERIAL WILL BE TREATED AS UNCONDITIONALLY ASSIGNED FOR PUBLICATION AND COPYRIGHT PURPOSES AND MATERIAL WILL BE SUBJECT TO PLAYBOY'S UNRESTRICTED RIGHT TO EDIT AND TO COMMENT EDITORIALLY. PLAYBOY, DATE OF PRODUCTION: APRIL 1991. CUSTODIAN OF RECORDS IS MARCIA TERRONES. ALL RECORDS REQUIRED BY LAW TO BE MAINTAINED BY PUBLISHER ARE LOCATED AT 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611.

CONTENTS COPYRIGHT © 1991 BY PLAYBOY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PLAYBOY AND RABBIT HEAD SYMBOL ARE MARKS OF PLAYBOY, REGISTERED U.S. PATENT OFFICE. MARCA REGISTRADA. MARQUE DEPOSÉE. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE FICTION AND SEMIFICTION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL.

CREDITS: PHOTOGRAPHY BY: P. 5 STEVE CONWAY, STEPHEN C. WALINSKI, DENJIRO, BENNO FRIEDMAN, ANDREW GOLDMAN, BRENT HERRIDGE, ROB RICH (2), LONI SPECTER, STEVEN ZAVODNY. P. 17 HERB RITTS. P. 22 DAN LENORE. P. 25 E. J. CAMP/OUTLINE. P. 28 © 1989 KEN REGAN/CAMERA 5. P. 30 GIANNI VIVIANI (3). P. 32 LAUREN LANDAU. P. 90 DAVID MECEY, RANDY O'ROURKE. P. 93 O'ROURKE. P. 94 MECEY. PP. 120, 125 RICHARD FEGLEY. P. 196 CONWAY. P. 197 CONWAY, POMPEO POSAR. P. 198 FEGLEY (2). PP. 86-87 "BLUE TRUTH" © 1991 BY CHEROKEE PAUL MC DONALD. PP. 98-99 "SILVERADO, NEIL BUSH AND THE SAVINGS AND LOAN SCANDAL." © 1991 BY STEVEN WILMSEN. PP. 108-111 "THE FACE OF WAR: THE JAMES JONES READER: OUTSTANDING SELECTIONS FROM HIS WAR WRITINGS." EDITED BY JAMES R. GILES AND J. MICHAEL LENNON. © 1991 GLORIA JONES, KAYLIE JONES AND JAMIE JONES. P. 131 "THE BOB BOOK" © 1991 BY DAVID RENSIN AND BILL ZEHME. PP. 144-155 HAIR PREPARATION ON LISA MATTHEWS BY KARINE MEYER FOR MAURICE AZOULAY, L.A. ILLUSTRATIONS BY P. 22 STEPHEN TURK; P. 30 MARTIN HOFFMAN. P. 32 ELVIRA REGINE. P. 38 JOHN LABBE. PP. 42, 54 CHRIS BRITT. P. 57 EVERETT PECK. P. 196 DAVID H. COWLES, JOHN SCHMELZER, ABBE SENNETT. P. 197 GLENN ARVIDSON. P. 198 RAFAL OLBINSKI, DAVID WILCOX, FRANKLIN MINT OUTSERT IN ALL DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTION POLYWRAPPED COPIES. GUESS INSERT BETWEEN PAGES 24-25. BENNETON SCENT STRIP BETWEEN PAGES 68-69 IN ALL COPIES. BMG COMPACT DISC CLUB CARD BETWEEN PAGES 40-41 IN DOMESTIC NEWS AND SUBSCRIPTION COPIES. PRINTED IN U.S.A.



J5252 Components

Usually, you keep your four tires on the ground. Suddenly, out of thin air comes a wave of sound that practically sweeps you off your seat. It's the latest magic from Jensen. A state-of-the-art CD player, new receivers and our powerful U.S. made speakers. They quickly dispel another illusion: that for sound this real, you need to spend a fortune. For free information and the name of your nearest dealer, call 1-800-67-SOUND.

CD9500 CD Receiver

J59400 Receiver

JENSEN®
The most thrilling sound on wheels.

BUY JENSEN NOW AND FILL IN THE BLANKS.

TWO FREE* MEMOREX CDX IV METAL TAPES WITH ANY JENSEN PURCHASE.

Two new Memorex® CDX® IV C-90 metal tapes (a $6.00 value) are yours free by mailing in the Jensen coupon for each Jensen purchase. Pick up your coupon at participating dealers. Fill the tapes with your favorite music. And make magic of your own.

Offer good on purchases made from May 1-July 31, 1991, in the U.S. only while supplies last.

©1991 International Jensen Incorporated. *With coupon.

PLAYBOY

HUGH M. HEFNER
editor-in-chief

ARTHUR KRETCHMER *editorial director*
JONATHAN BLACK *managing editor*
TOM STAEBLER *art director*
GARY COLE *photography director*

EDITORIAL

ARTICLES: JOHN REZEK *editor;* PETER MOORE *senior editor;* **FICTION:** ALICE K. TURNER *editor;* **MODERN LIVING:** DAVID STEVENS *senior editor;* ED WALKER *associate editor;* BETH TOMKIW *assistant editor;* **FORUM:** KATE NOLAN *associate editor;* **WEST COAST:** STEPHEN RANDALL *editor;* **STAFF:** GRETCHEN EDGREN *senior editor;* JAMES R. PETERSEN *senior staff writer;* BRUCE KLUGER, BARBARA NELLIS *associate editors;* JOHN LUSK *traffic coordinator;* **FASHION:** HOLLIS WAYNE *editor;* VIVIAN COLON *assistant editor;* **CARTOONS:** MICHELLE URRY *editor;* **COPY:** ARLENE BOURAS *editor;* LAURIE ROGERS *assistant editor;* MARY ZION *senior researcher;* LEE BRAUER, CAROLYN BROWNE, JACKIE CAREY, REMA SMITH *researchers;* **CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:** ASA BABER, DENIS BOYLES, KEVIN COOK, LAURENCE GONZALES, LAWRENCE GROBEL, KEN GROSS *(automotive),* CYNTHIA HEIMEL, WILLIAM J. HELMER, WALTER LOWE, JR., D. KEITH MANO, JOE MORGENSTERN, REG POTTERTON, DAVID RENSIN, RICHARD RHODES, DAVID SHEFF, DAVID STANDISH, MORGAN STRONG, BRUCE WILLIAMSON *(movies)*

ART

KERIG POPE *managing director;* BRUCE HANSEN, CHET SUSKI, LEN WILLIS *senior directors;* ERIC SHROPSHIRE *associate director;* KRISTIN KORJENEK, JOSEPH PACZEK *assistant directors;* KELLY O'BRIEN *junior director;* ANN SEIDL *senior keyline and paste-up artist;* BILL BENWAY, PAUL CHAN *art assistants*

PHOTOGRAPHY

MARILYN GRABOWSKI *west coast editor;* JEFF COHEN *managing editor;* LINDA KENNEY, JIM LARSON, MICHAEL ANN SULLIVAN *associate editors;* PATTY BEAUDET *assistant editor/entertainment;* POMPEO POSAR *senior staff photographer;* STEVE CONWAY *assistant photographer;* DAVID CHAN, RICHARD FEGLEY, ARNY FREYTAG, RICHARD IZUI, DAVID MECEY, BYRON NEWMAN, STEPHEN WAYDA *contributing photographers;* SHELLEE WELLS *stylist*

MICHAEL PERLIS *publisher*
JAMES SPANFELLER *associate publisher*

PRODUCTION

JOHN MASTRO *director;* MARIA MANDIS *manager;* RITA JOHNSON *assistant manager;* JODY JURGETO, RICHARD QUARTAROLI, CARRIE HOCKNEY *assistants*

CIRCULATION

BARBARA GUTMAN *subscription circulation director;* ROBERT O'DONNELL *retail marketing and sales director;* CINDY RAKOWITZ *communications director*

ADVERTISING

JEFFREY D. MORGAN *national sales director;* SALES DIRECTORS: WILLIAM M. HILTON, JR. *northwest,* ROBERT MCLEAN *west coast,* STEVE MEISNER *midwest,* PAUL TURCOTTE *new york*

READER SERVICE

LINDA STROM, MIKE OSTROWSKI *correspondents*

ADMINISTRATIVE

EILEEN KENT *editorial services manager;* MARCIA TERRONES *rights & permissions administrator*

PLAYBOY ENTERPRISES, INC.

CHRISTIE HEFNER *chairman, chief executive officer*

Don't blink.

The new Suzuki Bandit.™ If you start seeing flashes of red before your eyes, don't be concerned about your vision. Chances are you've just caught a glimpse of the new Suzuki Bandit.

The Bandit is style with substance. A steel-tube diamond-style frame provides optimum strength with minimum weight. The riding position is roomy and comfortable. And its contemporary design really showcases the bike's technology.

Technology that delivers sporty performance. The 16-valve, 400cc engine redlines at 14,000 rpm, enabling the Bandit to outmuscle many larger bikes. Our renowned single-shock rear suspension adjusts for spring-preload. While a lightweight 4-into-1 exhaust system makes for prime efficiency.

The new Suzuki Bandit. If you don't think it's the best bike you'll see this year, you should have your eyes checked.

For the name of your nearest Suzuki motorcycle and ATV dealer, call 1-800-255-2550. Please ride with care. At Suzuki, we want every ride you take to be safe and enjoyable. So always wear a helmet, eye protection and protective clothing. Ride smart and never under the influence of alcohol or other drugs. Know your equipment before you use it by reading your owner's manual. We also recommend you take a riding skills course. For the one nearest you, call the Motorcycle Safety Foundation at 1-800-447-4700.

We built this for people who don't get to the shoe store often.

On the left side of this ad you see a brand new version of the world's most enduring boat shoe. A shoe built so well that many an owner has found it even outlasts his boat.

To make footwear of such quality, you have to reject far more full-grain leather than you accept. Choosing only those hides that can resist cracking and staining years after being tanned with our silicone waterproofing oils. You have to insist on solid brass eyelets, not the painted ones that chip. And you must sew all seams with 100% nylon thread, which doesn't rot like cotton.

Most of all you have to use your hands,

Timberland and ⛰ are registered trademarks of The Timberland Company. © The Timberland Company 1991

Say, once every ten years.

Purchased by K. Freitas, Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1980.

together with needle and thread, which is the only way to do true, time-tested moccasin construction. Unlike the phony lookalikes, Timberland boat shoes surround the foot in an authentic moccasin cradle, which is lasted and stitched entirely by hand. The result is an unseen extra layer of leather protection, support and comfort underfoot.

Oh yes, on the right side of this ad you see all the same ingredients as on the left. Oil-tanned, full-grain leather, solid brass eyelets, wraparound rawhide lacing -- only everything is about a decade older. Proof that it isn't just violins and good whiskey that get better with age.

Timberland®

Boots, shoes, clothing, wind, water, earth and sky.

NEW YORK LONDON BOSTON SAUSALITO NEWPORT ANNAPOLIS PARIS LYON MUNICH MILAN

AVAILABLE AT FINE STORES EVERYWHERE. ©1991 BUGLE BOY INDUSTRIES, INC.

FEW THINGS WILL MAKE YOU WANT TO TAKE THEM OFF.

Bugle Boy Co.

DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS DEAR PLAYBOY
PLAYBOY MAGAZINE
680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611

M. SCOTT PECK

I've long been skeptical of rigid schools of psychiatric/psychoanalytic thought. I've also been hopeful, though, that someone would create a cohesive whole from the fragments of truth found in the various behavioral disciplines. After reading David Sheff's thought-provoking *Playboy Interview* with M. Scott Peck (March), I was motivated to read Peck's book *The Road Less Traveled*. I got more than I had hoped for. His incorporation of religious truths, spiritualism and psychiatry may not answer many questions, but it certainly serves as an excellent map of spiritual enlightenment. Thanks for the introduction to this fascinating man!

Gary Brown
Minden, Louisiana

M. Scott Peck sells books because he panders to the public's desire to have its cake and eat it, too. Who wouldn't like to enjoy the benefits of modern, secular society without giving up those comfortable illusions about ultimate meaning, final justice and personal immortality?

Sorry, Peck, but one cannot be both an authentic modern and a thoroughgoing Christian. Opting for one invariably means bastardizing—or, if we are honest, abandoning—the other. If we have decided to be moderns, personal development has less to do with "spiritual growth" than with finally, if regretfully, outgrowing the very idea of the spiritual.

Thomas Flynn, Founding Co-Editor
The Secular Humanist Bulletin
Buffalo, New York

M. Scott Peck's praise of the founding of Alcoholics Anonymous as "the beginning of the integration of science and religion on a grass-roots level" is tragic nonsense. There's precious little science in A.A. but massive quantities of learned helplessness. Recovery does not hinge on adopting some religious or spiritual perspective. Nor ought it require the annihilation of the addict's self-esteem.

S.O.S. (Secular Organizations for Sobriety/"Save Our Selves") is an international alternative self-help movement that has helped thousands achieve and maintain recovery from alcohol and drug addiction—*thousands who could not do so in 12-step programs*. The key has been to offer group support in settings that emphasize self-empowerment, not self-deprecation, and stress the separation of church and recovery.

James Christopher, Founder, S.O.S.
Buffalo, New York

David Sheff's blunt, frontal assault on M. Scott Peck's ideas is the precisely correct strategy: a pair of worthy antagonists, David versus Goliath, no holds barred, winner take all. But here, little David loses; Peck wins the duel hands down. His erudition, his objectivity, his experience, his savoir-faire, all his gigantic talent sway the confrontation his way.

James Carew
Roslindale, Massachusetts

MADONNA

What surprised me most about Michael Kelly's *Playgirl of the Western World* (*Playboy*, March) was that Madonna has managed to enrage yet another male! Kelly has missed the whole point of "The Madonna Millennium." Madonna is just *fun*, nothing more. Why is it when teeny-bopper male rock groups dress up in tight leather pants, grow their hair into Medusa manes and practically hump their guitars while surrounded by blonde babes in bikinis, it's considered fun, while when Madonna engages in similar behavior, she's called a slut?

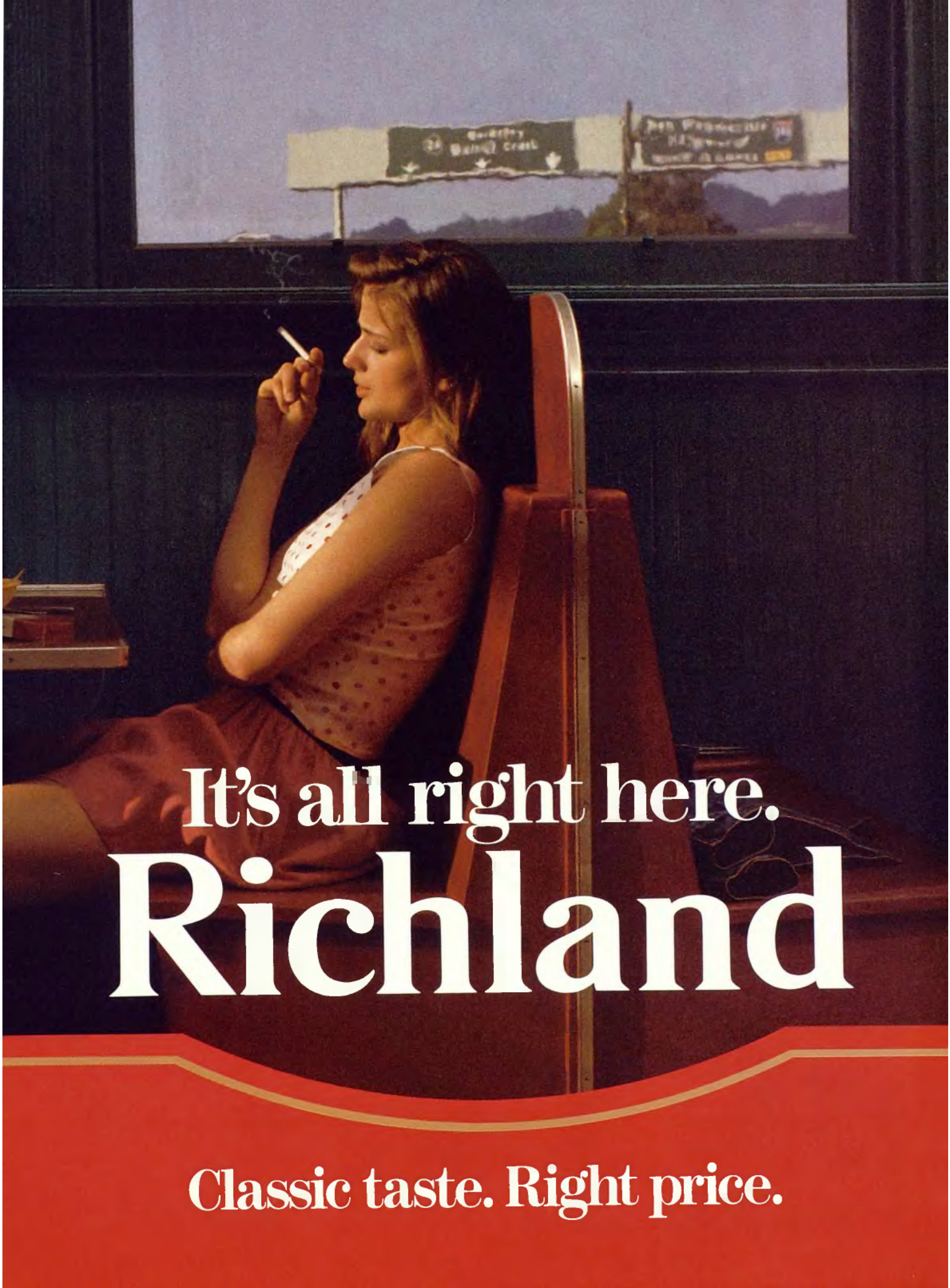
I cannot believe that Kelly decided to bring the psychology of young girls "who are mad at their mean daddies" into his argument. I'm a 28-year-old portrait artist, doing very well financially, thank you, and live with a man who thinks I'm sexy in sweat pants, and *I love Madonna!*

PLAYBOY, (ISSN 0032-1478), JUNE 1991, VOLUME 38, NUMBER 6, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY, 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. **SUBSCRIPTIONS:** $29.97 FOR 12 ISSUES, U.S., CANADA, $43.97 FOR 12 ISSUES, ALL OTHER FOREIGN, $45 U.S. CURRENCY ONLY. FOR NEW AND RENEWAL ORDERS AND CHANGE OF ADDRESS, SEND TO PLAYBOY SUBSCRIPTIONS, P.O. BOX 2007, HARLAN, IOWA 51537-4007. PLEASE ALLOW 6-8 WEEKS FOR PROCESSING. FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS, SEND NEW AND OLD ADDRESSES AND ALLOW 45 DAYS FOR CHANGE. POSTMASTER: SEND FORM 3579 TO PLAYBOY, P.O. BOX 2007, HARLAN, IOWA 51537-4007. **ADVERTISING:** NEW YORK: 747 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK 10017; CHICAGO: 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO 60611; WEST COAST: 8560 SUNSET BOULEVARD, LOS ANGELES, CA 90069; METROPOLITAN PUBLISHERS REPRESENTATIVES, INC.: ATLANTA: 3017 PIEDMONT ROAD NE, SUITE 100, ATLANTA, GA 30305; MIAMI: 2600 SOUTH DIXIE HIGHWAY, MIAMI, FL 33133; TAMPA: 3016 MASON PLACE, TAMPA, FL 33629.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

Lights 100's, 12 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine; Kings, 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

© 1991 B&W T Co.


It's all right here.
Richland
Classic taste. Right price.

START YOUR DAY THE PLAYBOY WAY!

1-900-820-WAKE

CALL TODAY!

Our Playmate Wake-Mate℠ messages gently wake you 24 hours a day—any time, anywhere in the U.S.A.!

Call America's Unique Playmate Wake-Up Service today and personally choose your Wake-Mate.℠

Only $2 a minute • Only accessible by touch-tone phone • Not available in Canada

© 1991 Playboy Enterprises, Inc.

IF YOU LIKE

AUTOMOBILES

YOU'LL LOVE THE du Pont REGISTRY...

The only nationwide publication of its kind, the du Pont REGISTRY is the Buyers Gallery of Fine Automobiles. Every month, the REGISTRY presents—in detailed, full-color photos and descriptive copy—more than 500 classic, luxury and exotic automobiles for your consideration. In 12 exciting, full-color issues per year (each printed on rich, coated stock), you get every awesome vehicle delivered right to your door.

As an introductory subscriber, you'll pay only $39.95 for a full year's subscription. Mail your check or money order to:

du Pont REGISTRY
Dept. J2D7099
PO Box 3260
Harlan, Ia. 51593

OR-CALL TOLL-FREE:

1-800-233-1731

SELLING YOUR CLASSIC OR EXOTIC CAR?
CALL 1-800-233-1731

The point is, *both* men and women like to tease, have fantasies, dominate each other, be submissive and sometimes just have a little bawdy fun. My advice to you, Kelly, is to put on a *bustier* and bicycle jacket and loosen up.

Heather Taylor
Locust Valley, New York

Thank you, Michael Kelly, for your excellent *Playgirl of the Western World*. The beautiful illustration glorifies Madonna; so does the fact that *Playboy* even acknowledges the existence of such a shallow, brainless slut from hell. The fact that people are buying her act is as indicative of the times as the recent Milli Vanilli scam.

If she were to lose popularity, there would only appear yet another Madonna to entertain young and old fools everywhere with visions of "confidence" and "control over men." Most men don't have to be controlled and most women don't feel a need for control.

Michael R. Glynn
Toledo, Ohio

THE KILLING OF JOSE MENENDEZ

Thanks for Robert Rand's excellent article *The Killing of Jose Menendez* (*Playboy*, March). As I followed the Menendez murders in the papers and received reports from friends in California, I saw a quote from a spokesman for the Beverly Hills police department, who claimed that they had interviewed everyone who might have had a motive to kill Jose. I called them and told them they had missed me and lots of former Hertz employees.

Having been on the receiving end of and witness to Jose Menendez' ruthlessness when I worked for Hertz [Menendez served as executive vice-president of the company], I am convinced his sons learned the lesson that he taught: The only thing that counts is the bottom line. One point that they seem to have missed is that when you plan to "do" someone, you should have good attorneys lined up in case things go wrong.

Menendez "killed" employees and customers alike, but he always had attorneys waiting in the wings.

Warren Hudson
Dallas, Texas

CONGRESSIONAL HOMOPHOBIA

I wrote the *Los Angeles* magazine article cited in Stephen Rae's profile of homophobic California Congressman William Dannemeyer in *The Playboy Forum* ("Profiles in Homophobia," March). Not mentioned in your article is a 1985 prediction made by Dr. Paul Cameron, Dannemeyer's advisor, that AIDS would bring about "the end of our civilization" within eight years if homosexuals were not segregated from the population at large. Dannemeyer used that dire prediction to justify his frantic anti-AIDS

crusade. It is worth noting that with less than two years to go, the doomsday scenario that was the basis of his policy seems to have had no basis in reality. The policy, however, lives on.

Tom Johnson
Los Angeles, California

STEPHANIE SEYMOUR

Many moons ago, I fell for your March cover girl, Stephanie Seymour. She is a shy colt, the piercing beauty of the Nineties. The fact that she was passed over for the cover of *Sports Illustrated* two years in a row shocked me. Did no one else see her magic? It seems *you* have! The Herb Ritts photos are some of the most sensuous I've ever seen on your pages. Many thanks!

Nathan Stuart-Mill
Boston, Massachusetts

First Paulina Porizkova, then Cindy Crawford and now Stephanie Seymour! What magic incantation does *Playboy* use to induce these top models to reveal so much of themselves? Surely, it's not just

PLAYBOY
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED SWIMSUIT MODEL STEPHANIE SEYMOUR TAKES OFF HER SWIMSUIT
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW WITH AMERICA'S BEST-SELLER THERAPIST M. SCOTT PECK
INSIDE THE JOSE MENENDEZ MURDER CASE BY ROBERT RAND
THE GLORIES OF MADONNA BY MICHAEL KELLY

money. Whatever it is, could you pass the secret on to the rest of us?

Benjamin Lyons
Park Ridge, Illinois

Our guess is that Paulina, Cindy and Stephanie wanted to become part of the magazine's tradition of featuring the world's most beautiful women, a phenomenon that began with Marilyn Monroe in our very first issue. Utilizing top photographers such as Herb Ritts and black-sand beach locations in Hawaii probably didn't hurt, either. Also, Johnny Casablancas, the head of Elite Model Management, which represents all three ladies, happens to be a Playboy *fan.*

SHOWDOWN IN CINCINNATI

James R. Petersen's account of the Mapplethorpe-exhibit obscenity trial, *Showdown in Cincinnati* (*Playboy*, March),

Hidden Agendas

In the meeting rooms of romance, wise women know how to keep their best for last: intimate wear no man can resist. This all-new edition of *Playboy*'s Book of Lingerie makes the point most persuasively, with page after page of seductive women presenting the sexiest final arguments you've ever seen. It's at newsstands now.

OR, ORDER TOLL-FREE 1-800-345-6066: Charge to your credit card. Ask for item #GNFT9106. (Source Code 19024) ORDER BY MAIL: Enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy for $5.95 plus $2.00 shipping and handling charge per total order and specify item #GNFT9106. Canadian residents please add $3.00 additional. (Sorry, no other foreign orders.) Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 1554, Dept. 19024, Elk Grove Village, Illinois 60009.

AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

©1991, Playboy

Searching for Hard-To-Find Videos?

Critics' Choice Video's VIDEO SEARCH LINE℠
1-900-370-6500

($1.95 for the first minute, $.95 each additional minute)

There are more than 35,000 titles available on videocassette! We can find almost any title you want if it's out on video.

Chances are, that old movie classic you've been looking for is available! Or perhaps you're looking for that movie with the great rock soundtrack—but you can't remember the title! Is your best friend nuts about Clint Eastwood? Let us locate all of his films available on video! Do you like movies that are off the beaten track? We can find all these videos—and 35,000 more—just give our Video Search Line℠ a call!

You can request specific titles, stars, or subject matter, and we'll help you locate them on video! We will research your request and call you back (this call is on us!) within 1-2 weeks. The decision to buy—or not to buy—is yours. There's no obligation.

Our Video Search Professionals are there to help you Monday through Friday, from 8:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. CT. Cost of the call is $1.95 for the first minute and $.95 each additional minute. And when you order a video through the Video Search Line℠, you get a $5.00 discount coupon good for your next order from Critics' Choice Video's 2,300 title catalog.

So don't wait any longer to find that movie! Give us a call at 1-900-370-6500 (Mon.-Fri. 8:00-5:00 CT). Let the professionals at Critics' Choice Video Search Line℠ help you!

Don't forget to ask for a free catalog. (Source Code 19009)

If it's on video, we'll find it, and deliver it!

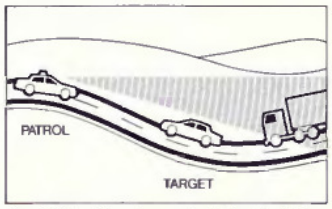
From the maker of ESCORT,® PASSPORT® and SOLO®

How to protect yourself against traffic radar errors

FREE REPORT reveals 9 ways police radar may tag you unfairly — and what you can do about it.

Radar displays speed, but can't tell which vehicle it is clocking. Who gets the ticket? Too often, it's guesswork. An estimated 30% of radar tickets may be issued in error.

Get the facts now by asking for our free Traffic Radar Report. In plain English it explains how police radar works and why radar gets wrong readings, including 9 common operator errors documented by the U.S. government.



Error #1: The police radar operator thinks he's clocking the approaching car but his antenna, positioned for level terrain, misses the car and reads the truck behind.

Your best protection

The Report also tells you how radar detectors operate to protect drivers. You'll learn why a high-performance detector is your best defense against police radar error — even if you never drive over the speed limit.

You'll also receive information about our famous ESCORT DSP, PASSPORT and SOLO radar detectors, consistently-top-rated by leading independent experts. This complete literature kit is yours free and without obligation. So call us today or mail the coupon.

FOR FREE RADAR INFORMATION KIT MAIL THIS COUPON OR CALL TOLL-FREE **1-800-433-3487**

❑ Rush my free Traffic Radar Report plus information on ESCORT DSP, PASSPORT and SOLO radar detectors to:

Name

Address

City

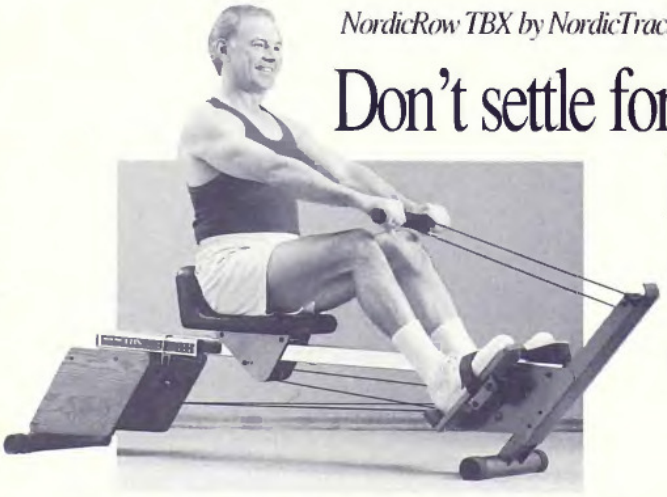
State, Zip

Cincinnati Microwave ▶ Dept. 900761
One Microwave Plaza, Cincinnati, Ohio 45249

© 1991 CMI

NordicRow TBX by NordicTrack...

Don't settle for anything less than a total-body exerciser.



TBX outperforms ordinary exercisers!

Unlike treadmills, stairclimbers and stationary bikes that only exercise your lower body, NordicRow TBX tones and strengthens all the major muscles in both your upper and lower body. **Split-resistance settings** allow for independent upper- and lower-body adjustment. Fine-tune your own resistance, spread the workload across all of your muscles and work your entire body more safely and efficiently.

Get the results you deserve.

Because NordicRow TBX exercises both your upper *and* lower body simultaneously, you'll burn more calories in less time than with other exercise equipment. A revolutionary **Back Stress Management System** works to support your lower back and protect it from injury. An **adjustable incline** and **adjustable foot pad** give you a personally tailored workout. **Don't settle for anything less than the best...**

Try NordicRow TBX in your own home for 30 days with no risk or obligation!

NordicRow TBX™ BY NORDICTRACK

FREE VIDEO AND BROCHURE CALL **1-800-468-4491** Ext. 796E1
Or write: NordicTrack, 141 Jonathan Blvd. N., Dept. 796E1, Chaska, MN 55318

©1991 NordicTrack, A CML Company

raises a few good questions.

I have seen violence and pornography and engage in neither. Judith Reisman viewed the photos and came to her conclusions. Why does she want to deny me the same rights?

Reisman cites lack of emotion and facial expression in certain photos as proof of their obscenity and uses this criterion to declassify them as art. Art is also used to evoke emotions, both pleasant and painful. If this were not the case, then all nonrepresentational art would have to be reclassified.

It is specifically the lack of expressed emotion that keeps a rein on these photos. I would find it personally more disturbing to see them with a look of pain *or* pleasure on the participants' faces.

Jean Adria
Swiftwater, Pennsylvania

CUBA LIBRE

The pictorial *Cuba Libre* (*Playboy*, March) has struck a very sensitive chord in my soul, because although I am now an American citizen, I was born and raised in Cuba and spent many happy years in Havana before the island became a Communist satellite.

I firmly believe that the title is an insult to all Cubans, whether they are living in their country or in exile. The article is also oblivious to the realities of Cuba at the present time, realities that are not shown to the tourist. In my opinion, Jeff Cohen was misinformed or did not do enough research by reading unbiased material on the history of Cuba, before and after the 1959 revolution.

First, let me say that the statement given to Patrick Magaud by a Cuban official that before 1959, there were "a hundred thousand prostitutes in Havana alone" (a city of only 1,000,000 people) would be almost risible were it not such a lie.

Another big error that bears correction is the caption that appears under the picture of a parade on page 74. The name of the Cuban patriot shown on the poster, given as José Marti, is wrong. The patriot in that poster is General Antonio Maceo, hero (with Marti) of the War of Independence against Spain, which Cuba won in 1898.

However, since the article also includes a love story, and that never fails to move the heart of a woman, I want to wish the principal characters, Idolka de Erbiti and Magaud, lots of happiness.

Célida Parera
Flushing, New York

Jeff Cohen replies:

I regret having offended any of our Cuban-American readers. In retrospect, we should have questioned the official's statement about the number of prostitutes in Havana, which is clearly unbelievable. As for our misidentification of the poster of Antonio Maceo as José Marti, you're correct.

Nothing's more relaxing than a cruise.

VX800. For the name of your nearest Suzuki motorcycle and ATV dealer, call 1-800-255-2550. Please ride with care. At Suzuki, we want every ride you take to be safe and enjoyable. So always wear a helmet, eye protection and protective clothing. Ride smart and never under the influence of alcohol or other drugs. Know your equipment before you use it by reading your owner's manual. We also recommend you take a riding skills course. For the one nearest you, call the Motorcycle Safety Foundation at 1-800-447-4700.

Choose Your Company Carefully When Drinking Myers's Rum.

Charles is the only one I can really enjoy drinking Myers's Dark Rum with.

◆

He never complains that my daiquiris look too dark. Or my Rum Collinses look a bit offbeat.

◆

He just sits and licks his paws.

◆

It makes me wonder why everyone doesn't have a tiger.

MYERS'S RUM • 40% ALC./VOL. (80°) • IMPORTED & BOTTLED BY THE FRED L. MYERS & SON CO. • BALTIMORE, MD. © 1990

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

A LAKE BY ANY OTHER NAME

The United States Board on Geographic Names has run into snags in its valiant attempt to add more Indian names to U.S. maps. For example, the full name of Massachusetts' Lake Char is—no kidding—Lake Chargoggaggoggmanchaugagoggchaubunagungamaug. Loosely translated, that means, "You fish on your side, I fish on my side, nobody fishes in the middle."

MODERN-LANGUAGE FOLLIES

Once a year, American literary scholars descend from their ivory towers to pontificate for four days at the Modern Language Association of America convention. As a tribute to the pursuit of knowledge, we've selected the best paper topics presented at the last gathering and bestowed them with our own Modern Language Awards.

Best Field Research on the Private Dick: *The Detective as Pervert*; Best You've-Come-a-Long-Way-Baby Paper: *The Repulsive Woman as Poet: Djuna Barnes and the Politics of Sexual Deviance*; The Most-Confused-Author Award: *The Lesbian Phallus: Or, Does Heterosexuality Exist?*; The Hannibal Lecter Award: *Self-Consuming Fictions: The Dialectics of Cannibalism in Recent Caribbean Narratives*; The Best Thanks-but-No-Thanks Paper: *Assume the Position: Pluralist Ideology and Gynocriticism*; Best 'Atta-Boy! Paper: *Undergraduate Resistance to Feminist Concerns*; Article Most Likely to Appear in *Outweek* Magazine Under the Title "Peter, Paul and the Holy Ghost—Just Friends?": *Gender and Sexual Relationships in the Great Beyond*; Best Argument Against Bret Easton Ellis–ism: *Severed Parts: The Pathetic Politics of Mutilation*.

TONGUE JOB

Unfortunately for Djalma Jose dos Santos of Brazil, Cupid doesn't adhere to the Geneva Convention: When his girlfriend discovered Djalma was married, she bit off a piece of his tongue—then swallowed the chunk so doctors couldn't sew it back on. From his hospital bed, the poor guy could only write, "That was a real Judas kiss."

DEFINITION OF THE MONTH

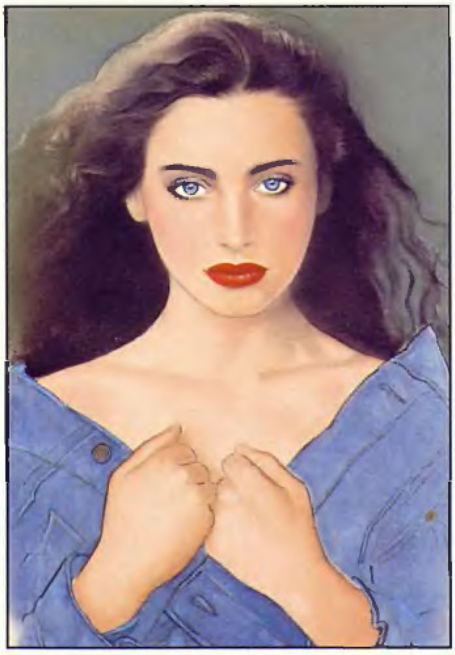
A spermologer is a collector of trivial or unusual data.

NICE PLACE TO WORK, BUT WE WOULDN'T WANT TO LIVE THERE

The population of Vernon, California (a Los Angeles industrial suburb), during the day is 45,000. At night: 152.

SOME WOMEN WE'D LIKE TO MEET. . . .

Who said women's magazines are bad news? Couldn't have been us. To wit, check out *Mademoiselle*'s "Sex and Sexability (How to Tell If You're, Uh, Good in Bed)," featuring Jane, a 26-year-old New Yorker: "I *am* good. I like new positions. I like it from behind. I don't mind if my knees are in my ears or if my legs are flung at some weird angle. I like oral sex. . . . I like control. I'm pretty vocal. I come pretty quickly, and I guess that makes men feel like they're good, so they project onto me and think I'm good."



Or Carrie, a forthright Texan, speaking her mind in *Glamour*'s "When He Has a Headache (Men's Best-Kept Sexual Secret: Many Want Sex Less Often than Their Partner)": "I've never dated a man who wanted sex more frequently than I did. . . . It's the woman who wants it more often."

Or the woman some dude named Ben describes in the same article: "She tells me, 'You have the lowest sex drive of any man I've ever known.' . . . There have been times I've brought her to climax with my hand five, six times in one night. She wanted more." Gulp.

AND ONE WE WOULDN'T

And now for the bad news. We quote Anonymous, that notorious whiner who recently penned an epistle titled "Open Letter to My Lover" in *Cosmopolitan*: "To be honest, sometimes I get tired of your erect penis. It's so *constantly* erect, so ceaselessly hungry for more. I put it to bed, it's awake again in an hour! . . . I feel closer to you during our pillow talk than I do during sex—because I have to admit that in those final pulsing seconds, I think of nothing but myself, with perhaps some bizarre fantasy: I'm being raped by the Black Stallion or titillated by a tribe of pygmies. . . . Once, a long time ago, I was thrilled at the sight of a penis. . . . Now I've seen more and still think what I thought then: that penises are not beautiful. . . . As long as I'm confessing, I'll have to admit, my dear, that what comes out of it is the worst. . . . It's sharp, salty and uniquely, bitterly unpleasant.

"My clitoris—my poor beleaguered clitoris.

"You ask urgently, 'What do you want?' The honest answer—I want you to hurry up and finish so that we can go to sleep." We'll just pretend this letter was lost in the mail.

MARCIA, GREG, JAN, PETER, CINDY, BOBBY

As a protest against his incarceration, an irate inmate of the Deer Island,

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

HOW TO JOIN THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION

Congressmen, Middle Eastern strongmen, televangelists, S&L execs, former Drexel employees: Don't despair. Seemingly insoluble problems melt away when you join the French Foreign Legion. Yes, it still exists, and it could be helpful to familiarize yourself with enlistment policy. Here's how to join:

Step one: *Call the French embassy.* The number in Washington, D.C., is 202-944-6000. The embassy staff won't reveal a thing, but that's just the legion's way of telling you that the only way to find out how to enlist is to show up and enlist.

Step two: *Call Air France.* Ask for a bulkhead seat. Get drunk on the plane. When you arrive in Paris, check into the Ritz and book a table at Taillevent. Order the quail and drink *two* 80-year-old Armagnacs after dinner. The tab will come to $1092. Don't pay. Why pay the hotel bill, either? All debts will be forgiven after you've spent five years in the legion.

Step three: *Present yourself at Fort de Nogent.* Don't worry about your French; they will beat it into you in basic. You may enlist under an assumed name, so choose something wonderful. I've always been partial to Louis-Ferdinand Cèline.

Step four: *Don't bother deserting.* If you do, the legion will hunt you down and kill you. No kidding.

Step five: *See the world.* After basic, you'll be shipped out to serve France in one of four places: in Djibouti (where the main industry is the production of salt), on the island of Mayotte (in the Indian Ocean), on Tahiti or in French Guiana.

Step six: *Get to know your legionnaires.* Why are the guys in the bunks on either side of you named Klaus and Siegfried? After World War Two, many Germans who, shall we say, *badly needed new identities* enlisted in the legion, and their countrymen still make up its second-largest nationality. After, of course, the French.

Step seven: *Use your financial advantage.* Don't worry about your small salary, it's all profit. There is *nothing*, including food, that you will want to buy in Djibouti.

Step eight: *Become French.* After five years, you are eligible for French citizenship. Take it. Just being French will attract more women.

Step nine: *Take heart.* Some very fine people have joined the legion. Cole Porter was a legionnaire. So was Aly Khan. Don't get sent to the civil war in Chad, which, before southeastern Iraq, was the last time the legion saw action.

Step ten: *Enjoy the certainty of your future.* The legion will take care of you until you die at a home for old soldiers at St.-Maximin in the south of France, less than an hour from a beach where the girls wear bikinis without tops. Or bottoms.

Confidential to Kurt Waldheim: Think of it this way. They'd probably give you your old regiment back. Plus, no language problem.

—GUY MARTIN

Massachusetts, House of Corrections climbed onto the roof of the Hill Prison building and refused to come down until someone named all six children in *The Brady Bunch*. When, after five hours, no one could, he admitted defeat and descended.

SPOTLIGHT

Four score.

What has eight legs, a five-octave range and a serious cult following? No, *not* an octopus starring in a David Lynch spin on *Don Giovanni*. It's **Rockapella**—the hippest and hottest *a cappella* group to hit the airwaves in years. Developing their act by singing sans instruments on Manhattan street corners and at corporate dinner parties, the leather-clad "Awesome Foursome"—tenor Sean Altman, high tenor Steve Keyes, baritone Elliott Kerman and bass Barry Carl—soon caught the industry's ear and began popping up on such mainstream shows as *Entertainment Tonight* and *Live with Regis and Kathie Lee*. Along came film director Spike Lee, who featured the pitch-pipe-toting quartet on his PBS special, *Spike & Co.: Do It A-Cappella*. It was there that the group introduced to America its signature song, an updated version of *Zombie Jamboree* (a ditty about Manhattan voodoo set to a hip-swirling calypso beat).

Although the group revives such chestnuts as *Hound Dog* and *Oh, Pretty Woman* with flawless harmonies and the distinct stamp of Nineties funk, it eschews boiler-plate doo-wop fare. "In fact," says the Juilliard-trained Carl (whose speaking voice sounds more like a tuba than a tuba does), "we don't even *use* the term doo-wop. We prefer *a cappella* rock and roll. So there are three songs that we absolutely *refuse* to do: *Duke of Earl*, *Blue Moon* and *In the Still of the Night*."

When Rockapella appeared on a double bill with its idols, the Persuasions, last February at New York's Bottom Line, the granddaddies of doo-wop asked their disciples to join them on stage. The subsequent showstopper: an eight-voice, rousing rendition of *Under the Boardwalk*. You shoulda been there.

The Ultimate Collection of Sportsman's Knives

The minted portrayal of the mighty grizzly on a solid brass medallion inset in solid rosewood complements the intricately designed blade.

Twelve New and Original Knives Wrought of Fine German Solingen Steel Embellished with 24 Karat Gold, Sterling Silver, Brass, Pewter, Stag and Buffalo Horn.

The very first collection ever authorized by the NATIONAL FISH AND WILDLIFE FOUNDATION. Twelve superbly crafted sporting knives.

With blades wrought of steel hand-polished to a brilliant luster. The handles are crafted in a variety of authentic materials. Pewter. Solid brass. Genuine horn. Some embellished with 24 karat gold electroplate.

Intricate designs enhance a number of the handles. Each blade bears an etched design to complement the handle.

The collection includes both fixed and folding blades. And each blade is representative of a traditional style or shape preferred by outdoorsmen and collectors. The handles, too, are fashioned in a variety of shapes and sizes. And whether sculptured, carved or minted, each design enhances the beauty of the knife.

The price of each knife, $145, payable in monthly installments.

THIRTY-DAY RETURN ASSURANCE POLICY
If you wish to return any Franklin Mint purchase, you may do so within 30 days of your receipt of that purchase for replacement, credit or refund.

Custom-designed wall display, measuring 27" × 21", is included at no additional charge.

Knife shown actual size.

Please mail by June 30, 1991.

National Fish and
Wildlife Foundation
c/o The Franklin Mint
Franklin Center, PA 19091

Please enter my subscription for The Sportsman's Year Hunting and Fishing Knife Collection, comprised of 12 sporting knives.

I need send no payment now. I will receive one imported knife every three months and will be billed for each knife in three equal monthly installments of $48.33*, with the first payment due prior to shipment. The hardwood-framed wall display will be sent to me at no additional charge.

*Plus my state sales tax and $3. per knife for shipping and handling.

SIGNATURE _____
ALL SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE.

MR/MRS/MISS _____
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY.

ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

© 1991 FM

85234-37

The Sportsman's Year Hunting and Fishing Knife Collection

MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

HER AMAZING performance as a strapping Southern woman named Miss Amelia in ***The Ballad of the Sad Cafe*** (Anjelika) proves again that Vanessa Redgrave is one hell of an actress—even when her deep-drawling accent wavers, she has the soul of the part in her pocket. Directed by British actor Simon Callow, this adaptation of the short novel by Carson McCullers—who called it "my strange fairy story"—is a haunting piece of work, full of the quirkiness and languid savagery that seem to be the birthright of writers bred in Dixie. Miss Amelia, as tall and strong as a man, runs the store in a deadly dull small town where unrequited love wreaks havoc on a mythic scale. Oscar-winning cinematographer Walter Lassally (of *Zorba the Greek* and *Tom Jones*) gives the burg the look of a classically bleak Depression-era hellhole. Briefly married to the charismatic Marvin (Keith Carradine), a wastrel she detests, Miss Amelia really loves her cousin Lymon (Cork Hubbert), a dwarfed hunchback who helps transform her country store into a café. But Lymon prefers the company of Marvin. The wild, unforgettable climax of *Sad Cafe* is a hand-to-hand battle of the sexes, a struggle that assumes almost epic proportions. A character eloquently played by Rod Steiger provides some commentary. As mysterious, simple and tantalizing as the title itself, it's a movie for literate audiences who may—if only for a change—prefer a challenge to a car chase. ¥¥¥¥

●

The essence of ***Switch*** (Warner) emerges when one character nudges another (Jimmy Smits) as a shapely chick cruises past their barstools and quips, "How'd you like to play hide the salami with *that* for a week?" Smits is startled by the remark, coming as it does from blonde sexpot Ellen Barkin. What Smits doesn't know is that Barkin's beautiful bod is inhabited by the ghost of a guy named Steve (played in his previous incarnation by Perry King). Steve has been murdered by JoBeth Williams in connivance with two other beauties he had betrayed. Given a chance to redeem himself by living another life as a woman, Steve renames himself Amanda and discovers what it's like to have horny jerks perpetually trying to get you into the sack. Writer-director Blake Edwards makes his point, then makes it again and yet again—particularly when he has Barkin slapping colleagues on the back or endlessly stumbling along in high heels. Because she's this *guy*, see? Barkin gives it her best shot, but farce is not her natural element. While *Switch* offers some agreeably randy gags and situations, the central joke doesn't last half as long as the movie. ¥¥½

Sad Cafe's Hubbert, Redgrave.

Redgrave strikes again;
Ellen Barkin plays
a guy turned gal.

●

As a political candidate on a roll in ***True Colors*** (Paramount), John Cusack double-crosses even his best friend and former law school roommate, James Spader (portraying yet another supercool WASP, this one an idealist employed at the Justice Department, of all places). Both actors are sensational in director Herbert Ross's compelling topical drama, from a screenplay by Kevin Wade (who wrote *Working Girl*). "You give me a baby to kiss and a film maker to shoot it, and I'm *in*," snaps Cusack, seemingly a Democrat whose ethical encroachments include marrying his friend's intended (Imogen Stubbs as a Senator's daughter). Its message about high-level corruption is hardly new, but *True Colors* scores anyway, with young Cusack still on a hot streak in his acrid portrait of a backroom barracuda. ¥¥¥

●

An incredibly foolish screenplay sabotages a slew of talent in ***The Five Heartbeats*** (Fox), directed by Robert Townsend, whose *Hollywood Shuffle* was a sublime spoof of the way showbiz looks at blacks. Some touches of caustic humor bob to the surface here, but Townsend's account of an African-American singing group from the Sixties and how they grew apart is pure schmaltz—written in collaboration with Keenen Ivory Wayans (of TV's *In Living Color*). They work hard, but the movie's cheap shots undo them with every known cliché about empty dreams, easy women and the high cost of success. ¥¥

●

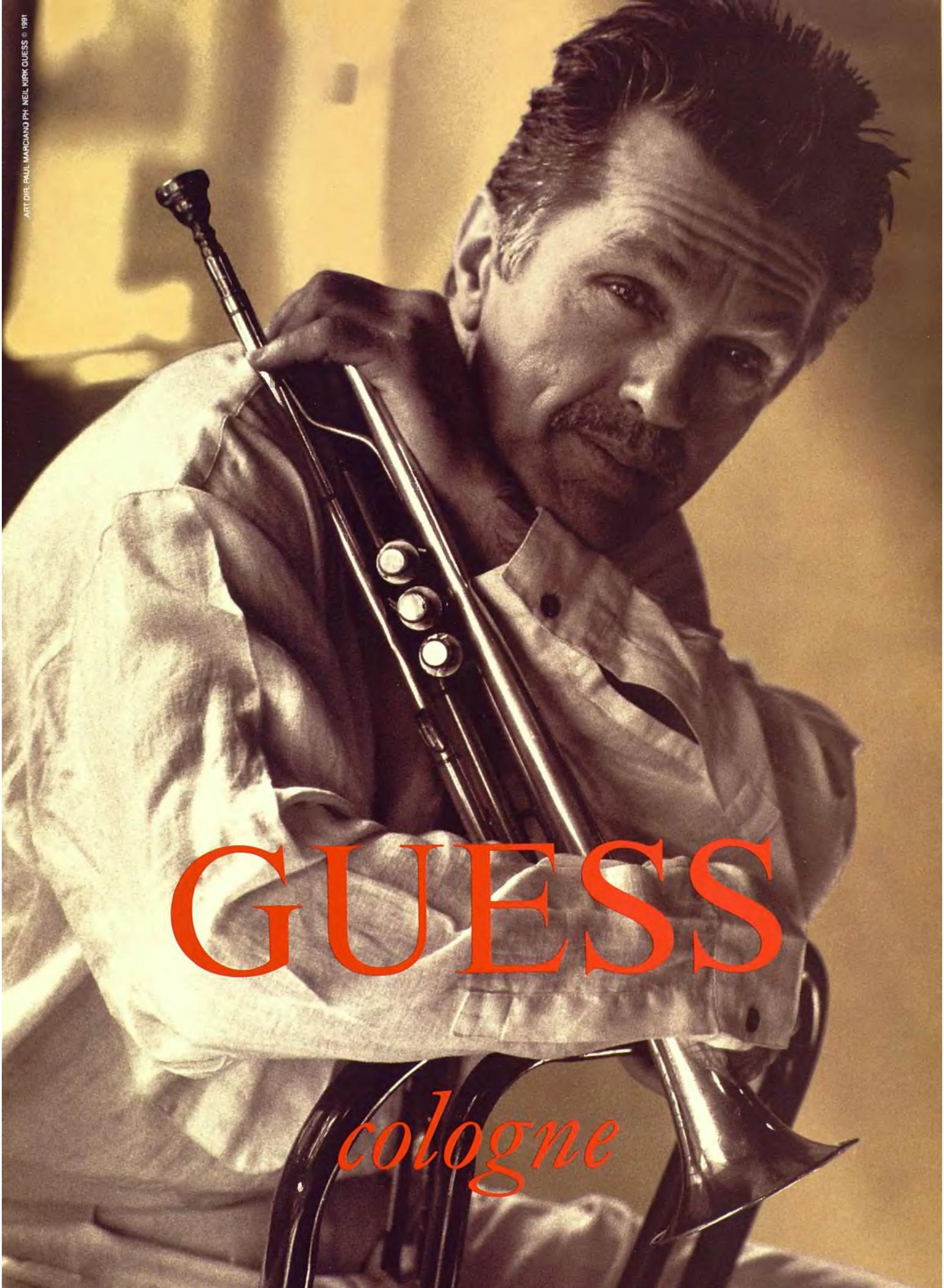
French film makers from Louis Malle to the late François Truffaut seem to have a flair for sensitive, serious movies about kids. In ***Cross My Heart*** (MK2), director Jacques Fansten carries the torch lit by his predecessors with a disarming subtitled comedy about a schoolboy named Martin (Sylvain Copans) trying to cope with his mother's death. At first, he ignores her body—still at home on her deathbed—but the gang at school soon catches on and helps him maneuver a cover-up to keep authorities from sending him to an orphanage. After a leisurely start that threatens to become an implausible sick joke, *Cross My Heart* evolves into an engaging essay on children, grownups, lies and loyalty. ¥¥¥

●

Made in 1987 before *The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover* became a hit by offending as many moviegoers as it intrigued, ***Drowning by Numbers*** (Prestige) is an only slightly less controversial film from writer-director Peter Greenaway. Males, more or less expendable nuisances, are drowned when the occasion arises by three women—all closely related, all named Cissie Colpitts. Joan Plowright plays the senior Cissie, who murders her faithless husband in his bath. Juliet Stevenson arranges for *her* man's demise in the sea, while Joely Richardson lets her guy expire in a swimming pool. Such lines as "The best days for violent deaths are Tuesdays" are typically cryptic, deadpan and quite funny in a curious movie that features a lecherous coroner (Bernard Hill) who lusts after each Cissie as soon as she is widowed. There's a young boy named Smut (Jason Edwards), who collects the bodies of dead animals and at one point circumcises himself. *Drowning* has been called "a black comic fairy tale for adults" and "a film that celebrates the English landscape." One might just as logically claim that it depicts the decline of the British Empire. All such theories may be mere poppycock. But Greenaway keeps you watching, bemused and astonished as usual. ¥¥½

●

Juliet Stevenson, one of the lethal women in *Drowning by Numbers*, mourns again for her recently deceased paramour (Alan Rickman) in ***Truly, Madly, Deeply*** (Goldwyn). He's a cellist who comes back from the beyond as a very palpable ghost, moving her furniture and often dragging along other dear, departed shades who like to watch video


ART DIR. PAUL MARCIANO PH. NEIL KIRK GUESS © 1991
GUESS
cologne

TO EXPERIENCE
GUESS COLOGNE
OPEN HERE.

GUESS

A COLOGNE OF RAW SENSUALITY

TO ORDER CALL 1-800-AT GUESS

tapes of favorite movies. All this begins to fray the young woman's nerves and also inhibit her responses to another man (Michael Maloney), a social worker who is alive and well and doing good deeds in London. Clearly, there's a serious side to *Truly, Madly*. Too whimsical for some tastes, this cheeky British import takes its time getting started but finally becomes original, amusing and romantic. ¥¥¥

•

Seven fascinating elderly women and a young black female bus driver—all with little or no previous experience as performers—are the mettlesome ***Strangers in Good Company*** (First Run/Castle Hill/Bedford). When their bus breaks down during a trip through rural Quebec (for a purpose never made clear), they are stranded in a deserted farmhouse. Gradually loosening up, they begin to talk about their lives, loves and high hopes of yesteryear. Director Cynthia Scott steers the ladies through a moving, precisely orchestrated script that took four writers to write. Brimming with a vigor that age cannot wither, the women of *Strangers* are frank, funny, timeless—every one lighting up a role no seasoned actress could do better. ¥¥¥½

•

The fashion for "voguing," or striking poses in a campy parody of fashion models, is the funniest business afoot in ***Paris Is Burning*** (Off White). Film maker Jennie Livingston has won two Best Documentary awards (from the L.A. Film Critics and Sundance Film Festival) for her compelling, etched-in-acid portrait of black and Hispanic gay men, either voguing at contests called balls or being interviewed about their more or less hopeless desires for money, superstar fame and/or a sex change. Some are hilarious and at least one—a pathetic waif billed as Venus Xtravaganza—is presumably murdered while hooking between shows. Paris is the name of the Harlem club where some of the action takes place, and the title tells it all. Under the mascara, behind the swaggering sexual mockery of gay and straight white glamour (some contestants pose as *macho* business executives or military supermen), *Burning* raises a welt of caustic social criticism about minority options. ¥¥¥

•

A night on the town turns out to be something special in ***Hangin' with the Homeboys*** (New Line). Starting in the south Bronx, writer-director Joseph B. Vasquez makes no bones about the autobiographical aspects of his rollicking slice of life, replete with foul language and the randiest foursome of new faces since moviedom welcomed a neat little sleeper called *The Lords of Flatbush*. Vasquez' feisty quartet consists of Doug E. Doug and Mario Joyner, Nestor Serrano and John Leguizamo, who trade racist insults, drink, chase women, wreck a car and begin to see who they are. Rough around the edges, *Homeboys* has the bristling energy and spontaneity of uncouth urban youth raising hell until sunup. ¥¥¥

Whaley: from drum to thrum.

OFF CAMERA

Baby-faced **Frank Whaley,** 27, who plays lead guitarist Robby Krieger in *The Doors*, is actually a musician—a drummer who moonlights with the Niagaras, his brother Robert's rock band. "Really, my brother is a much better actor than I am," Frank notes modestly. "More a leading-man type." But he hasn't had the exposure that Frank—currently shooting his 11th film, *Midnight Clear*—has.

Born to a working-class family in Syracuse, New York, Whaley was a rebellious youth who moved to New York City and sold tube socks on the street, toiled in a law office, even peddled his vital bodily fluids to a sperm bank before landing his first movie job, portraying Jack Nicholson as a teenager in 1987's *Ironweed*. He played Burt Lancaster as a youngster in *Field of Dreams* and Tom Cruise's druggie pal in *Born on the Fourth of July*.

In the spring release *Career Opportunities*, he's "a small-town pathological liar who gets locked in a department store overnight," and in the as-yet-unreleased *Cold Dog Soup*, which he describes as a black comedy, "I'm a stockbroker who falls in love with a dead dog." Whaley recently spent three months in Moscow filming *Back in the U.S.S.R.*, which he calls "a great comedy thriller" co-starring Roman Polanski and Soviet sexpot Natalya Negoda (*Playboy*'s May 1989 cover girl). "Natalya is the most brilliant actress I've ever worked with," he says. His dream is to portray the late great drummer Gene Krupa in a movie bio. "I own a pair of Gene Krupa's cuff links I got at an auction for sixty-eight cents apiece. He's my idol."

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

The Ballad of the Sad Cafe (See review) McCullers' novel filmed in style. ¥¥¥¥
Class Action (Reviewed 5/91) Hackman and Mastrantonio in court. ¥¥¥
Closet Land (5/91) Hellish to sit through but well performed. ¥¥½
The Comfort of Strangers (5/91) Getting it on in the Grand Canal vicinity. ¥
Cross My Heart (See review) Kid stuff with some fine French touches. ¥¥¥
Defending Your Life (5/91) Halfway to heaven, Albert Brooks has a close encounter with Meryl Streep. ¥¥
The Doors (Listed 5/91) Oliver Stone's apocalyptic view of the Sixties stars Val Kilmer as Jim Morrison. ¥¥¥¥
Drowning by Numbers (See review) *Cook, Thief* director's heady brew. ¥¥½
Everybody's Fine (Listed only) Family odyssey starring Mastroianni. ¥¥½
The Five Heartbeats (See review) Lots of soul but a mediocre screenplay. ¥¥
F/X 2 (5/91) OK sequel with Brian Dennehy and Bryan Brown. ¥¥½
Guilty by Suspicion (4/91) Robert De Niro in a Hollywood witch-hunt. ¥¥¥
Hangin' with the Homeboys (See review) On the go with Bronx cruisers. ¥¥¥
The Hard Way (5/91) Movie star Fox studies Woods's cop tactics. ¥¥¥
Julia Has Two Lovers (5/91) Phone sex evolving from a wrong number. ¥¥¥
L.A. Story (Listed 5/91) Steve Martin's off-and-on funny valentine to the eccentric City of Angels. ¥¥½
Once Around (3/91) With Holly Hunter and Richard Dreyfuss as the younger woman, older man. ¥¥¥¥
Open Doors (5/91) Italian justice swinging in several directions. ¥¥½
Paris Is Burning (See review) The vogue for voguing and all that jazz. ¥¥¥
Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead (3/91) Shakespeare à la Stoppard. ¥¥¥
The Silence of the Lambs (4/91) Jodie Foster, Anthony Hopkins in Demme's bound-to-be-a-classic thriller. ¥¥¥¥
Strangers in Good Company (See review) A busload of stranded women. ¥¥¥½
Switch (See review) Boy becomes girl as Barkin suffers a sex change. ¥¥½
Tatie Danielle (5/91) She's ancient, nasty, irresistible—and French. ¥¥¥
Thelma & Louise (5/91) Susan Sarandon, Geena Davis burn rubber. ¥¥¥¥
True Colors (See review) Showing what makes Sammy run for high office. ¥¥¥
Truly, Madly, Deeply (See review) Well, *is* there love in the afterlife? ¥¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

Once in a blue moon...

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1991

5 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

an ultra light with taste comes along.

Unexpected Flavor in an ultra low tar.

Merit Ultra Lights

GUEST SHOT

It's his passion that distinguishes talk-show host **Geraldo Rivera** from the rest. No surprise, then, that he's equally intense when talking about his favorite home videos. "I like films that are transporting in some Walter Mittyesque sense," Geraldo says. "My favorite is *Lawrence of Arabia*. It's the best big film ever made, and Peter O'Toole gives one of the finest rookie performances in film history. I also like *Body Double*—Melanie Griffith is my first reason, [director] Brian De Palma is my second reason and Melanie Griffith my third and fourth reasons." Also on Geraldo's hit list are *Rebel Without a Cause* ("for James Dean's outlaw power") and *They Died with Their Boots On!*, starring Errol Flynn. "That movie taught me the glory and folly of reckless courage." Oh. That explains the broken nose. —DONNA COE

VIDEO SPEED

Get the lazy days of summer movin' and shakin' with some high-velocity vids.

PLANES—***Wings of Thunder:*** Daredevil jet teams boogie to rock music; also, biplane wing walks and hang gliding (Similar); ***Airshow: The Ultimate Power Surge!:*** highlights from Abbotsford International Airshow, starring Tomcats, Thunderbolts and Canada's Snowbirds (Sony); ***The Blue Angels:*** edge-of-your-seat stuff from the U.S. Navy's famous flight demo team; coolest stunt: the Delta Vertical Break. Don't try at home (Goodtimes).

TRAINS—***Love Those Trains:*** National Geographic logs the legacy of train travel—from steam to diesel—and checks in with folks who keep loco lore alive (Vestron); ***Switzerland's Glacier Express:*** vid travelog through the Alps; if the info doesn't grab you, the scenery will (Video Visits); ***Branchline Railway:*** Michael Palin salutes Britain's bygone steam railway; footage from BBC archives (Public Media).

AUTOMOBILES—***The Ford T-Bird:*** nostalgic blast from the past—with promo footage from the Fifties, design and performance evaluations, etc. (Best Film & Video); ***Competition Corvettes:*** vintage 'Vettes—from the 1953 model (which sold fewer than 200 of the 300 made) to today's dream machine (Goodtimes); ***The Story of*** series: an inside look (even under the hood) at "the history and perfection" of the Camaro, Corvette, Ferrari, Mustang and Porsche (Similar).

All videos available from Special Interest Video catalog. To order, call 800-522-0502.

—STUART WARMFLASH

PUBLIC EXPOSURE

Is there life after *The Civil War*? You bet. The best of PBS has finally made the big move to video. Titles include:

American Playhouse: "Zora Is My Name!" with Ruby Dee electric as legendary black writer Zora Neal Hurston, who did for the rest of the American South what Mark Twain did for the Mississippi. Lou Gossett, Jr., co-stars.

Bill Moyers' Walk Through the 20th Century: "The Democrat and the Dictator." Narrated by Moyers, this Roosevelt-versus-Hitler shouting match promises more than it delivers (we're never sure what parallels we're supposed to draw). Still, the footage is remarkable.

The Creation of the Universe: Is the universe expanding? How did we get here? What was it like at the beginning? From the big bang to quarks and quasars, a crash course on our galactic neighborhood—with great F/X.

We Shall Overcome: Harry Belafonte explains how an old slave spiritual became a national anthem for the civil rights movement. Includes footage of Martin Luther King, Jr., Joan Baez, Pete Seeger and Peter, Paul and Mary.

All tapes available from Pacific Arts Video, 800-538-5856; $19.95 each.

—STEVE KLUGER

VIDEO SLEEPERS

good movies that crept out of town

Baby Face: Barbara Stanwyck's nervy 1933 classic about a young woman sleeping her way upward in the business world—with newcomer John Wayne on deck.

Ray's Male Heterosexual Dance Hall: Part of the *Discovery* series and accompanied by three other interesting short films, this socko live-action entry won a 1987 Oscar. Nothing to do with gay mating, it's a hilarious, foot-loose spoof of the games played by executive guys on the rise.

This Is Spinal Tap: The first film directed by Rob Reiner. Falling-down funny and cutting so close to the bone that some thought it was a documentary about a *real* rock group. Now a cult classic, it gives pop the hot foot.—BRUCE WILLIAMSON

SHORT TAKES

Silliest Golf Video Title: *Three Men and a Bogey*; **Best Fair-Fight Video:** *Archery Hunting Tactics for Deer*; **Best I-*Really*-Want-My-MTV Videos:** *Direct Art: Good Lovin' Guitar Man; Heterosexual Love; Bloody Stump* (music videos of the Jicketts); **Best "Ride 'Em, Cowboy" Video:** *Reno Gay Rodeo*; **Best Thrill-a-Minute Video:** *Trolley Coach Review 1937*; **Best It's-a-Living Video:** *Be a Food Detective.*

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
WANT TO CHEER	***Memphis Belle*** (Matthew Madine leads a young, heroic World War Two bomber crew toward its final sortie); ***Quigley Down Under*** (hired Yank gun Tom Selleck gets snagged in a nasty Aussie land dispute); ***El Cid*** (Chuck Heston drives the Moors from Spain to impress Sophia Loren).
WANT TO CRY	***Ghost*** (slain Patrick Swayze returns to warn flame Demi Moore of imminent peril); ***Here Comes Mr. Jordan*** (heaven takes a man before his time, then sends him back; a 1941 classic); ***Akira Kurosawa's Dreams*** (eight tales by the master Japanese director).
FEELING LAWLESS	***GoodFellas*** (Scorsese's Oscar-worthy take on Seventies Mobsters; Pesci and De Niro do tap character turns); ***Miller's Crossing*** (Prohibition-era thuggery according to Raising Arizona's Coen brothers); ***King of New York*** (Christopher Walken as a twisted modern Robin Hood).
FEELING HISTORIC	Three from MPI Home Video: ***War in the Gulf: Answering Children's Questions*** (Desert Storm made easy; Peter Jennings anchors); ***The Barbara Walters Specials*** (Babs's best grillings include Streisand, Castro, Reagan and, uh, Cher); ***Richard Nixon Reflects*** (Dick does video in 90-minute Q&A about Ike, J.F.K., China, Gorbachev and Watergate).

Joe Croghan turned
the sound of music into
the sound of money.

He also prefers
Christian Brothers Brandy.

Wurlitzer® is a registered trademark.

Owner, Juke Joint, Harpers Ferry, W. VA.
Restores and sells vintage juke boxes.

the Christian Brothers®
Good old American know-how.

THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS BRANDY® 40% ALC. BY VOL. (80 PROOF)
©1991. CB VINEYARDS, MENLO PARK, CA., ALLEN PARK, MI

THAT'S ITALIAN

In January, at the brink of the Gulf war, it was fashion business as usual in Milan as the Italian menswear designers hosted four days of runway shows to spotlight their new fall collections. Here's a sneak preview of what's headed to the States soon.

MILAN: BUSINESSWEAR

Suit jackets and sports coats were generally longer and more fitted, with popular styles that included three-button single-breasted jackets and six-button, two-to-button double-breasted suits, such as the one by Armani shown here. Lapels remained wide, as did ties, and trousers were trimmed to accommodate the proportions of the slimmer jackets. While earth tones and muddy hues remained popular, blues were the real news. Shades ranging from deep midnight blue to dusty blue appeared in everything from suits to sweaters. Soft fabrics such as chenille, velvet and corduroy were the top choices for comfort. And overcoats were shorter, falling just below the knee, and left unbelted for a wider silhouette.

MILAN: WEEKENDWEAR

While the vests of three-piece suits were trim and fitted, short, boxy-style vests were worn over sweaters for a less formal look. Hooded sweaters and turtlenecks also showed up in virtually every collection. We especially liked the contrast-colored, alpine-patterned sweater by Byblos shown here. Pants took their cue from skiwear, copying its slim cuts and incorporating stretch and knitted fabrics. Patchwork vests and jackets were a big hit, as was woodsmen-style buffalo-checked outerwear. A traditional duffel coat by Trussardi shown here was worn both with sports coats and trousers and with sweaters and casual pants.

HOT SHOPPING: SAN FRANCISCO

San Francisco's South of Market (SoMa) warehouse district is now hopping with activity and has some of the city's hottest new shops, night clubs and restaurants. Here's a sample: Nicholas Sutton (1218 Folsom): A boutique featuring looks from at least 40 Bay Area designers. Styles range from updated equestrian to space-age couture. • Zare (281 Ninth): Pop shop for club clothes and other fun stuff. • House Party (Four Brady Street): Retro collectibles ranging from Thirties cocktail shakers to Beatles memorabilia. • Limbo (299 Ninth): A restaurant featuring new videos with cheap but tasty eats and a policy of donating half its income to the nonprofit gallery Artspace.

VIEWPOINT

Despite the intense pressures of network news, choosing clothing is never a snap decision for ABC anchor man Peter Jennings. Among the items that get high ratings are Burberry shirts, "mostly in solid white and light blue, because they look best on camera." Marks & Spencer in London, he says, is his favorite spot for buying the blazer-and-gray-flannel suits he likes, plus Harrods during a sale. Jennings admits he has been known to frequent thrift shops in search of secondhand shoes and, occasionally, he'll even swap something he's wearing for a great-looking tie.

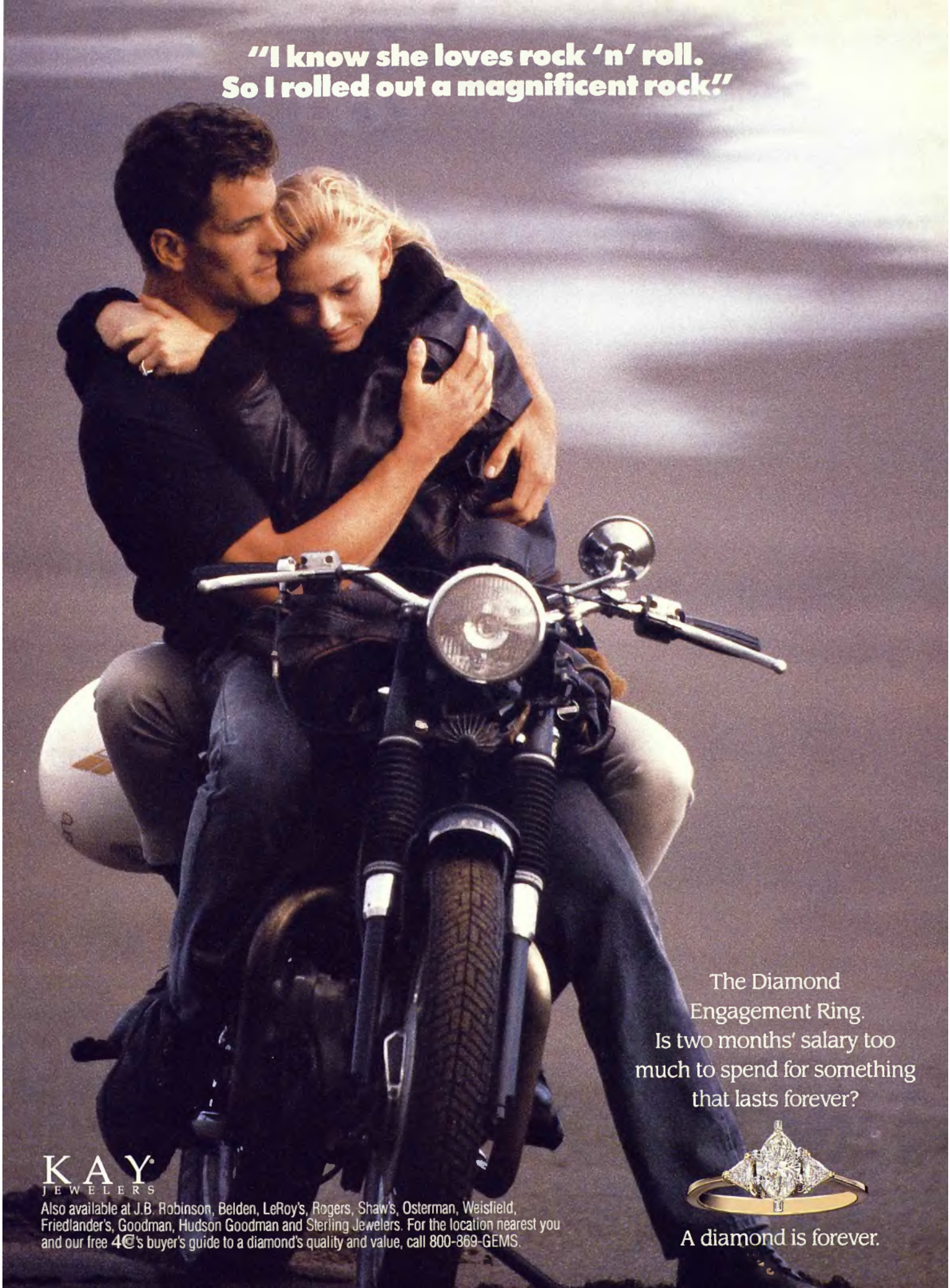
THE BASIC TOUCH

Gordon Gekko may have said "Greed is good," but in the Nineties, according to a Gallup Poll conducted for Jim Beam Bourbon, "Basic is best." What's basic? "Those elements in your life with which you are most comfortable and to which you find yourself returning again and again." Here's what people who believe they have a basic lifestyle are into these days. *Dining:* Forty-three percent dine out at least once a week. Beef is their Grade A choice. *Exercise:* To work off that beef, walking is preferred by 51 percent, with jogging a distant second. *Fashions:* Twenty-two percent of those 18 to 34 opted for jeans and a T-shirt—what else? *Partying:* Spending the night alone together was the perfect romantic evening for 70 percent of those interviewed. And 85 percent chose "a small gathering of friends" compared with six percent who preferred "a large gathering of people at a party."

STYLE METER

CASUAL SHORTS	IN	OUT
STYLE	Double- and triple-pleated; cuffed; belt loops; worn with belt	Wide, floppy legs; beltless waist; spandex and cutoff jeans
COLORS & PATTERNS	Rich earth tones; small, discreet plaids and paisleys	Loud primary colors; neon pastels; large plaids and patterns
LENGTH	Mid-thigh to just above the knee	At or below the knee

Where & How to Buy on page 191.


"I know she loves rock 'n' roll.
So I rolled out a magnificent rock!"
The Diamond
Engagement Ring.
Is two months' salary too
much to spend for something
that lasts forever?
KAY
JEWELERS
Also available at J.B. Robinson, Belden, LeRoy's, Rogers, Shaw's, Osterman, Weisfield, Friedlander's, Goodman, Hudson Goodman and Sterling Jewelers. For the location nearest you and our free 4Cs buyer's guide to a diamond's quality and value, call 800-869-GEMS.
A diamond is forever.

MUSIC

DAVE MARSH

JONI MITCHELL was the queen of singer-songwriters, the most articulate and accomplished of the bunch. Then she got interested in jazz and spent a decade failing to communicate. ***Night Ride Home*** (Geffen) is her umpteenth comeback.

This one works. The main reasons are Mitchell's own voice and her acoustic guitar. Her words, the beats, the arrangements are still embellished with feeling and intelligence, and there are piano-based songs, too. But the arrangements focus on Mitchell's performances, which play to her strengths.

Those strengths are less literary, more musical than most imagine. What's great about Mitchell's lyrics is how well they sing, the way the syllables fashion themselves into rhythms that make their primary sense as internal dialog. Perhaps the biggest compliment *Night Ride Home* can be paid is that songs such as *Cherokee Louise*, *Come In from the Cold* and *The Only Joy in Town* make perfect sense without reference to the lyric sheet. Nobody but Van Morrison does it better.

The best lines leap out, anyway: "Who're you gonna get to do the dirty work/When all the slaves are free?" Mitchell wonders, and because she then mutters something about "Exxon blue" and "radiation rose," I presume she's making a point about ecodisaster. But the real point of *Night Ride Home* is the way she makes music, with a flowing, glowing love of sound that's the essence of pop artistry.

The queen of singers returns.

Joni's *Night Ride Home* plays to her strengths.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

The cultural repercussions of our Middle Eastern adventure haven't stopped with the reduction of Iraq to rubble—George Butch himself admits that. For the first time, I've been listening to Arab music as if it meant something to me, which, thanks to George, it now does. I've been pleasantly surprised by what I've heard.

The rule of thumb is to avoid straight Arab pop, which sounds kinda stuffy, because it is—it's a genteel emotional outlet serving a social function not unlike that of *Home Sweet Home* or *After the Ball*. In both *shaabi* (working-class) and *al jeel* (student) modes, the fast new hits compiled on ***Yalla: Hitlist Egypt*** (Mango) vent wilder passions as well as livelier rhythms and instrumentation. The lead cuts speak an instantaneous international language. The rest is just the Egyptian equivalent of good rock and roll, and fun getting used to.

Abed Azrié's ***Aromates*** (Elektra Nonesuch), in which a Paris-based Syrian sets Arab poetry to Arab-inflected synthesizers and traditional instruments, is more highbrow. The translations speak constantly of desire and loss, and although one might suspect Azrié of overdoing it, these days I find his mournful music moving, even comforting—a good cry for the planet on which we live.

NELSON GEORGE

My advice this month is to forget about the guys lock-step dancing in genie pants with names like Mallet and Strawberry. If the best rap to you is still a man, a microphone and a rhyming dictionary, pick up either Stetsasonic's ***Blood, Sweat & No Tears*** (Tommy Boy) or Gang Starr's ***Step In the Arena*** (Chrysalis).

Stetsasonic, a hip-hop band that mixes sampling with live instrumentation, has endured because of the rugged rap styles of its front men, Daddy-O, M.C. Delite and Wise, and the smart musical support of percussionist Bobby Simmons and d.j. Prince Paul. Typical of its uncompromised and uncompromising approach is the decidedly direct *Don't Let Your Mouth Write a Check Your Ass Can't Cash*. Daddy-O, the band's leader, is one of the most underrated vocalists in hip hop and it's always satisfying to hear his voice wrapped around a couplet.

Not shabby either are two other New Yorkers, Guru and DJ Premier of Gang Starr, a duo who mix an Afrocentric consciousness with a relaxed, steady vocal attack. Although clearly influenced by the sandpaper style of Rakim and the black-to-the-futurism of Public Enemy, Gang Starr's Guru puts a personal stamp on the most familiar material. You've heard the tale of greed and violence told in *Just to Get a Rep* before, but there's a laconic air of truth to this version that sticks with you. There are no top-40 hits on *Step In the Arena*, just well-executed hard-core rap.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

The leader/singer/lyricist of Motörhead, Lemmy Kilmister, is an important transitional figure musically. Standing

GUEST SHOT

Kristen Vigard's *eponymous Private Music debut gleefully rebels against the stylistic dicta many albums obey. Speeding from funk to jazz to pop and folk, Vigard exhibits an eerie confidence in her intuition, and she has the chameleon singing voice to meet her intuition's demands. Both as singer and as writer, she refuses to play it safe. That same refusal from King's X is what attracted her to its second LP, "Faith Hope Love."*

"I truly got caught up in this album, both musically and lyrically. It reminds me that people are afraid to be anything but sarcastic these days. It's safe to be sarcastic. *Faith Hope Love* steps out with a very positive outlook that doesn't play it safe. And underneath is this very powerful, hard-hitting, intense music—sort of like heavy metal meets a rougher-edged Beatles. This music isn't drowned out by ideology, which often happens when musicians are expressing strong beliefs. There are no holier-than-thou trips here, and non-Christians won't feel that Christianity is being preached at them. Try the cuts *It's Love* and *Legal Kill* for starters. Then, well, just follow your instincts—just like King's X."

© 1990 SANOFI BEAUTY PRODUCTS, INC.

TSAR

de
Van Cleef & Arpels
Paris

A new fragrance for men.

The Art of Living.

Dillard's

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Joni Mitchell *Night Ride Home*	3	7	9	9	7
Motörhead *1916*	8	6	7	4	9
R.E.M. *Out of Time*	9	8	9	6	8
Stetsasonic *Blood, Sweat & No Tears*	7	7	8	8	7
Yalla *Hitlist Egypt*	8	8	7	7	8

YOU CAN ALWAYS GET WHAT YOU WANT DEPARTMENT: The word is that Snickers paid $4,000,000 to use *Satisfaction* in a TV commercial, with $2,800,000 of it going to **Mick** and **Keith.**

REELING AND ROCKING: Expect to see **Vanilla Ice** starring in an action/adventure movie. . . . The **Beatles** song *Back in the U.S.S.R.* is going to be the theme music for a movie about the Moscow underworld. Director **Roman Polanski** will act in this one, filmed in Moscow. . . . Look for **Faith No More** guitarist **Jim Martin** to play himself in the summer release of *Bill and Ted Go to Hell*. . . . Mick Jagger will star with **Emilio Estevez** and **Anthony Hopkins** in *Free-Jack*, a futuristic action film. . . . **Michael Jackson** will finally make another feature film. No title, no release date, but Columbia Pictures says the movie will include music and dancing. Big surprise.

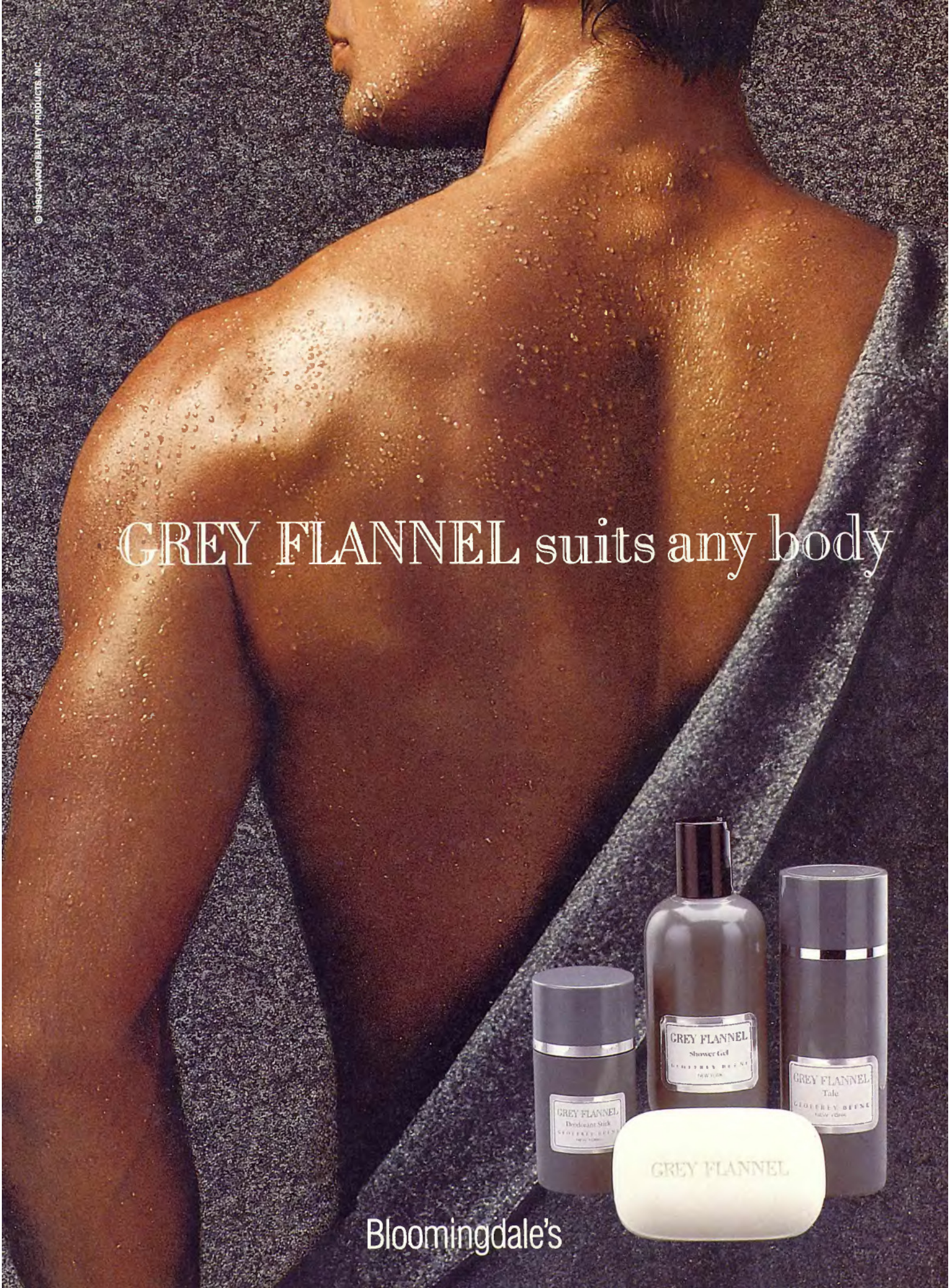
NEWSBREAKS: If you're going to be in L.A. the weekend of June 15, check out the line-up for the annual Playboy Jazz Festival. For sure, you'll see **Ray Charles, Spyro Gyra, Ruth Brown, John McLaughlin, Bela Fleck** and the **Toshiko Akiyoshi Big Band.** But order tickets early; it always sells out. . . . **Dennis DeYoung** has been contacted by a Broadway producer about writing songs for a musical. . . . Look out this summer for the Black Women in Rap concert tour. Reportedly headlined by **Queen Latifah,** the women will hit 30 cities. . . . Expect a TV special of the Amnesty International tour that headlined **Sting, Sinéad O'Connor, New Kids** and **Peter Gabriel,** taped in Chile. . . . OK, say these words together: socially conscious real-estate developer. Kinda hard to imagine, isn't it? **Joan Baez** plans a 600-home subdivision in Northern California that will include a day-care center and low-income housing for older people. . . . **Jon Bon Jovi** says his band is re-forming. . . . **Natalie Cole** is recording an album of songs her father, **Nat,** made famous. . . . According to the North American Concert Promoters Association, fans can look forward to getting more bang for their buck at summer concerts this year. Two ideas being discussed are ticket scaling (reduced prices for shows not expected to sell out) and better packaging with stronger line-ups. . . . Rhino Records has a couple of unexpectedly timely CDs, planned *before* Operation Desert Storm: One is a previously unreleased set called *There and Now* from a 1968 **Phil Ochs** concert in Vancouver; the other, called *Songs of Protest*, reprises everything from the **Temptations'** *Ball of Confusion* to **Barry McGuire's** *Eve of Destruction*. The ugliness of the Vietnam experience provided fertile ground for protest music, much of it worth listening to again. . . . It was just a matter of time: Rock musicians now have their own trading cards. Rockcards feature more than 25 groups, including **Bon Jovi, Faith No More** and **AC/DC,** as well as **Pink Floyd** and, in the Legacy series, the **Grateful Dead.** . . . *Red Hot + Blue* is so successful (on the verge of going gold) that a second album should be considered, proving that a good cause and good music are unbeatable. . . . A 22-year-old **Sonny Boy Williamson** album, *Bummer Road*, will be rereleased with a warning sticker. Is nothing sacred? . . . Finally, once **M. C. Hammer** got his own Mattel doll, we knew an animated cartoon series couldn't be far behind. *Hammer Man* may make it to Saturday morning, the mecca for cartoons and **Jordan, Danny, Donnie, Joe** and **Jonathan,** too. —BARBARA NELLIS

between hippies and punks, he managed to be humane *and* defiant. In the three years since Motörhead's last studio album, its members have had some time to write, and their new label wisely gave them a few months to record, a luxury they didn't have for much of their past work. The result is **1916** (WTG/Epic), their most complete and diverse work yet. That word diverse is probably causing diehard Motörhead fans to panic, but fear not. These guys invented thrash metal and there is enough raw aggression here that the Pentagon has contingency plans to invade Motörhead after the next election. For potential Motörhead fans, they've done three slow songs, two fast songs in different styles (*Going to Brazil* is sort of a Chuck Berry tribute and *Ramones* is definitely a Ramones tribute) and another fast song (*Lost Angels*) that even uses horns and a piano. What really recommends this band is its lyrics. Without being "politically correct," Kilmister identifies with oppressed people and is able to look at the worst in human nature without romanticizing or scapegoating it. The title song, about a boy dying in the trenches during World War One, could not be more timely. It's my favorite antiwar song since Motörhead's *Orgasmatron*.

VIC GARBARINI

Maybe you can't judge a book by its cover, but album titles are a different matter. For example, R.E.M.'s use of strings and reeds on its latest LP recalls baroque L.A. psychedelia at its best and worst. Is this a bold step into the future—or two steps back? As the title implies, **Out of Time** (Warner) is neither and both. At best, these tunes have the timeless grace of *Forever Changes*, the legendary Sixties album by Love. At worst, they're as fruity as such late Doors fare as *Touch Me*. Gutsy and ambitious, this is R.E.M.'s biggest musical leap since *Murmur*, and for the most part, the band pulls it off. The best moments rely on Peter Buck's ringing guitar and Michael Stipe's ever more confident vocals, especially the FM dissing duet with KRS-1 on *Radio Song* (yes, folk-rock rap). Ditto the Stipe collaboration with the B-52's' Kate Pierson on the ironic/hopeful rocker *Shiny Happy People* and the mesmerizing *Me in Honey*.

Australia's diVinyls debuted a decade ago with the aptly named *Desperate*, sounding like Chrissie Hynde's slightly twisted little sister out to raise hell with a postmodern Keith Richards. The first release on their new label, **diVinyls** (Virgin), is their best yet. They're calmer but still kinky after all these years, notably on *I Touch Myself*, a minor classic of naïve but knowing autoeroticism that's so delightfully coy that even the P.M.R.C. can't touch it. If you know what I mean.


© 1996 SANOFI BEAUTY PRODUCTS, INC.
GREY FLANNEL suits any body
GREY FLANNEL
Deodorant Stick
GREY FLANNEL
Shower Gel
GREY FLANNEL
Talc
GREY FLANNEL
Bloomingdale's

By DAVID SHEFF

From Russia, with love?

The amazing journey of Tetris from the U.S.S.R. to Nintendo.

ALEXEY PAJITNOV was a Soviet computer scientist at the Academy of Sciences in Moscow. Although his specialty was speech-recognition problems, his passion was always mathematical puzzles and computer games. Several years ago, on an archaic Soviet microcomputer called the Electronica 60, Pajitnov spent evenings chain-smoking his filterless cigarettes and writing lines of the code for a game that had come to obsess him. He based it on a puzzle called Pentamino, which had been played in ancient Rome. The original game consisted of 12 pieces made up of different configurations of five squares. The challenge was to arrange the pieces into a perfect rectangle on the board. As Pajitnov says, if you take the pieces off the board and mix them up, "it is a big problem to put them back."

In Pajitnov's version of the game, the shapes that dropped from computer heaven were formed out of four instead of five squares each, so he called the game Tetris, from the Greek *tetra*, meaning four. The game was a hit, at least around computer labs—so much so that one night, the director of one lab deleted Tetris from all the PCs and banned the game because no one was getting any work done.

Pajitnov and his friends copied Tetris and distributed disks to their friends. "Like a fire, it was on every PC in Moscow within two weeks," Pajitnov says. Meanwhile, he moved on to other projects.

This was pre-*perestroika*. There was no official channel for copyrighting and marketing software, let alone distributing it outside the U.S.S.R. Somehow, a copy of Tetris was smuggled out of Moscow to Budapest. Soon, the game was in the hands of such companies as Mirrorsoft, Atari, Tengen and Nintendo, each of which bought rights to it. Although some of those rights would later be contested, Tetris became the number-one computer game in the world, publicized by word of mouth and on computer bulletin boards. By 1989, it received Software Publishers Association awards for Best Original Game Achievement and Best Entertainment Program.

Tetris was so popular that news of its success even made it all the way back to the Academy of Sciences. Pajitnov, in fact, was dumfounded when he learned that a video game of Tetris had been released without his knowledge.

Soviet officials were surprised, too, and it didn't take them long to compute that the game's success translated into millions of dollars in lost income. While a successful computer game—for PCs and Macs—can sell several hundred thousand copies, those figures are nothing compared with a hit video game for Nintendo. (There are 50,000,000 Nintendo Entertainment Systems in living rooms world-wide.) The Soviets soon were navigating through the quirky seas of international copyright and big business. Lawsuits were filed and threats were made—at one point, Tetris almost triggered an international incident—as the Soviets staked their claim to a fairer share of the Tetris riches.

Although not all the suits have been settled, enough headway has been made so that the U.S.S.R. is now making millions from the game.

Tetris also meant a chance to travel for Pajitnov. It was his first visit outside the Soviet Union, and he suffered several forms of culture shock. Leaving behind the bread lines of Moscow, he found himself a star attraction at the 1990 Consumer Electronics Show in Las Vegas, where the only lines were for the $3.69 all-you-can-eat buffet. Much to his amusement, Pajitnov also discovered that he was a celebrity—kids asked him to autograph copies of Tetris, and he was sought after for interviews by computer and gaming magazines.

The low-key, heavily bearded Pajitnov endured his new status with good humor. During a stop-off on a promotional tour of a dozen U.S. cities, a photographer for a computer magazine handed him a computer monitor and asked him to put it on his head. He did as he was told. "It was highly unusual," he recalls.

Had he known the full story behind Tetris' success, Pajitnov would not have been surprised by the attention. In the world of computer and video games, Tetris is a phenomenon, a game so extraordinarily popular that Nintendo used it to help launch its Game Boy hand-held system. Nintendo had already won over young America—its mascot, Super Mario, is now as well known as Mickey Mouse is—but it wanted grownups to play, too. Adults loved Tetris, and by packaging it free with each Game Boy, Nintendo sold more than 4,000,000 systems, half of them to adults. Tetris has become so ubiquitous that one U.S. Senator—a Tetris addict himself—joked that it was a Soviet plot to hypnotize Americans. Kids are so thoroughly Tetrisized that they think Tchaikovsky's *Dance of the Sugarplum Fairy*—which plays on the Nintendo home system—is called the Tetris song.

And as the post-*perestroika* Soviet Union has discovered, this kind of popularity means big money in a free-market economy. By January 1991, some 10,000,000 copies had been sold worldwide. If Tetris were an LP, it would have gone platinum ten times. Not counting the cartridges given away in Game Boys, the game has generated much more than $50,000,000, which is divvied up among retailers, distributors, agents, computer companies, video-game companies and the Soviet government.

Oddly, one of the few people involved who aren't getting rich is the game's creator. Alexey Pajitnov will never make so much as a ruble from Tetris. It was invented in those archaic days when there was no personal property in the U.S.S.R. The state owns Pajitnov's game and gets all of his profits.

That's not to say that the government hasn't, in its own way, rewarded the Tetris crew. Some money has filtered down to the Academy of Sciences, which bought some new PCs. Pajitnov even managed to get his own IBM AT clone, for which he is extremely grateful. It cost the equivalent of 15 years of his salary.

The litigation over the rights for Tetris continues, even as more versions are released, most recently Tetris for Microsoft Windows. Pajitnov has developed a new video game called Hatris, in which he appears as an animated character. It will be released this month for the Nintendo Entertainment System and Game Boy. Under the newer, more liberal Soviet system, he'll share any potential Hatris wealth. He claims he has already learned a great deal from the fuss Tetris has caused. "So this," he says ruefully, "is capitalism."

PERRY ELLIS

FRAGRANCE FOR MEN

Bloomingdale's

BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

SOME NONFICTION is stranger than fiction, and ***Turning the Tide*** (Dutton), by Sidney D. Kirkpatrick and Peter Abrahams, subtitled "One Man Against the Medellín Cartel," is a remarkable example of the incredible-but-true genre, a larger-than-life morality tale of good battling the forces of evil. Richard Novak, a 57-year-old college professor with a passionate interest in sharks, went down to Norman's Cay in the Bahamas to study hammerheads in 1978. What he could not have known was that Carlos Lehder, a leader of Colombia's Medellín drug cartel, was setting up the island as the transportation center for cocaine shipments into the United States. Posing as a real-estate developer, Lehder had already coerced other residents of the island to sell out and leave. Not the sort of man easily coerced, Novak stood his ground. In the ensuing battle of wills, he discovered that Lehder was not just a greedy developer and went to the Bahamian police with information about his operation.

To Novak's astonishment, the Bahamian police gave him the bureaucratic equivalent of a sleepy wink and told him to mind his own business. Lehder appeared to be a friend of the Bahamian prime minister. Subsequently, Novak learned that the DEA, the CIA, the FBI, the Miami police and the Los Angeles police were all aware of Lehder's drug smuggling. But none of them took action against the Medellín kingpin, because the Navy needed to protect the lease on a submarine base in the area. Outraged, Novak waged his own personal war against the criminals who were interfering with his shark research. Meanwhile, Lehder had set up a private army in a paramilitary encampment on the island with the mission of protecting DC-3 cargo planes and ships full of cocaine arriving from Colombia. At night, smaller aircraft, as many as 19 at a time, were ferrying the illegal drugs to locations in the United States.

With the pigheadedness of an angry man, Novak confronted an amazed Lehder, who allowed him to stay on the island, ostensibly to continue his research. But at night, he spied on the drug-smuggling operation and collected evidence. Finally, barricaded alone in a shack surrounded by Lehder's troops, he was rescued by an invading DEA team.

This year is the centennial of Henry Miller's birth, and the dirtiest old man of American literature is celebrated in two biographies: ***The Happiest Man Alive*** (Simon & Schuster), by Mary Dearborn, and ***Henry Miller*** (Norton), by Robert Ferguson. Alas, both biographers had to confront Miller's claim that "I have written my own truest biography. . . . Whatever isn't said in my books isn't really important." Indeed, in *The Tropic of Cancer*, *The Tropic of Capricorn* and *The Rosy Crucifixion* trilogy, he created an autobiographical persona that is vividly erotic. Dearborn and Ferguson have dutifully recorded a great deal of information not included in Miller's books, and both attempt to sort out the facts from the fantasies in his writing. However, despite equally warm regard for Miller as a fascinating literary figure, neither of these biographers brings the man alive nearly as well as Miller did in his own pages.

Turning the Tide on the drug war.

A battle of wills; a celebration of a sexual revolutionary.

In another season crammed with baseball books, one stands out for its warm evocation of how the familiar rituals, the playing fields, the festivities, the hero worship and the theater of the game have become part of the fabric of our country. ***Baseball in America*** (Collins), edited by Karen Mullarkey, was developed by the same editorial group that created the *Day in the Life* series. Fifty-two top photographers prowled sand lots and stadiums all over the United States to preserve moments such as a kid signing autographs after the little-league world series or a 98-year-old catcher warming up before his senior softball game or pitcher Rick Clelland going to the minor leagues straight out of high school. In 218 photographs, this book captures our love affair with baseball in all its sentimental joy.

Finally, although the war in the Persian Gulf reawakened harsh memories of Vietnam, at least one vet has found a way to laugh at his experiences in 'Nam. Former fighter pilot John Keene follows in the comic tradition of Joseph Heller and Kurt Vonnegut with a brilliant novel of black humor, ***Pettibone's Law*** (Simon & Schuster). Keene is fast, funny and relentlessly witty in his philosophical recollections of flying Phantoms for the Marine Corps out of Da Nang. He skewers the absurdities of the peace movement along with the absurdities of war in a tour-de-force first novel that makes a weapon of hilarity.

BOOK BAG

The M.D. (Knopf), by Thomas M. Disch: Disch mixes supernatural terrors with the medical profession's powers; a wildly imaginative novel of suspense.

He Was a Midwestern Boy on His Own (Atheneum), by Bob Greene: A new collection of columns that includes the astonishing official record of a meeting in the White House between Elvis Presley and President Richard Nixon.

Yellow Silk: Erotic Arts and Letters (Harmony), edited by Lily Pond and Richard Russo: *The Ravisher*, *She Does the Red Dress Dance*, *After Lovemaking* and other erotic short stories and poems make up this anthology designed to stimulate the heart and the libido.

Harry Kaplan's Adventures Underground (Ticknor & Fields), by Steve Stern: A fictional tour of the far side of Mississippi rivals Huck Finn's travels as our 15-year-old hero hotfoots it in and out of saloons, dressing rooms and trouble.

If You Can't Live Without Me, Why Aren't You Dead Yet? (Atlantic Monthly), by Cynthia Heimel: Going for best seller number four, *Playboy*'s *Women* columnist dissects the anatomy of a date, explores the subject of love junkies and reveals why she'd like to lose it at the movies.

The Incomplete Book of Baseball Superstitions, Rituals, and Oddities (Wynwood), by Mike Blake: A former minor-league player takes a comedic tongue-in-cheek look at the athletes whose idiosyncrasies set them apart from the rest. This catchall of miscellany goes the distance.

Test Your Baseball Literacy (Wiley & Sons), by R. Wayne Schmittberger: That great American game serves as inspiration for 20 quizzes that cover all the bases—everything from series standouts to heavy hitters and masters of the mound. A sports-bar must.

Complete Collected Stories (Random House), by V. S. Pritchett: 82 impressively diverse stories by the distinguished English nonagenarian.

How to pack for the weekend.

1.

2.

©1989 Joseph E. Seagram & Sons. New York, NY. Blended Canadian Whisky. 40% Alc./Vol. (80 Proof).

The ultimate in sound...The ultimate in savings...The ultimate in savings...The ultimate in sound...

Start with 4 COMPACT DISCS NOW
pay only shipping & handling with membership

Buy just 1 smash hit in one year's time

Then get 3 CDs of your choice, FREE*

Enjoy 8 CDs for the price of one

Nothing more to buy...EVER!

Whitney Houston: I'm Your Baby Tonight (Arista) 10663

Jon Bon Jovi: Blaze Of Glory (Mercury) 44490

Wilson Phillips (SBK) 00726

Sinéad O' Connor: I Do Not Want What I Haven't Got (Chrysalis) 33512

Poison: Flesh & Blood (Capitol) 50207

Days Of Thunder/Soundtrack (DGC) 43603

Randy Travis: Heroes And Friends (Warner Bros.) 74597

Vixen: Rev It Up (EMI) 54615

Don Henley: End Of The Innocence (Geffen) 01064

Eagles: Greatest Hits Vol. 1 (Asylum) 23481

Boogie Down Prod.: Edutainment (Jive) 63675

Simon & Garfunkel: The Concert In Central Park (Warner Bros.) 44006

Joe Cocker: Live! (Capitol) 00529

Best Of Robert Palmer: Addictions (Island) 10819

Travis Tritt: Country Club (Warner Bros.) 60195

The Dizzy Gillespie Symphony Sessions (Pro Jazz) 44022

Linda Ronstadt: Cry Like A Rainstorm... (Elektra) 52221

Cher: Heart Of Stone (Geffen) 42874

Guns N' Rosas: Appetite For Destruction (Geffen) 70348

Kitaro: Kojiki (Geffen) 43758

Fleetwood Mac: Behind The Mask (Warner Bros.) 43766

Best Of Eric Clapton: Time Pieces (Polydor) 23385

Lita Ford: Stiletto (RCA) 63893

Moody Blues: Greatest Hits (Threshold) 34284

Damn Yankees (Warner Bros.) 14852

Richard Marx: Repeat Offender (EMI) 01118

Madonna: I'm Breathless (Sire) 00572

Faith No More: The Real Thing (Reprise) 63719

Clint Black: Killin' Time (RCA) 01112

Pat Benatar: Best Shots (Chrysalis) 44319

Anthrax: Persistence Of Time (Island) 83468

Emmylou Harris: Duets (Reprise) 00575

Horowitz At Home (DG) 25211

The Mamas & Papas: 16 Of Their Greatest Hits (MCA) 80183

Kenny G: Live (Arista) 64505

Extreme: Pornograffitti (A&M) 43557

Kiara: Civilized Rogue (Arista) 94388

Enya: Watermark (Geffen) 01041

Buckwheat Zydeco: Where There's Smoke... (Island) 11063

Michael McDonald: Take It To Heart (Reprise) 00573

Best Of The Doobies (Warner Bros.) 43738

Dirty Dancing/Soundtrack (RCA) 82522

Marcus Roberts: Deep In The Shed (Novus) 73646

Mötley Crüe: Dr. Feelgood (Elektra) 33928

Styx: Classics (14 Greatest Hits) (A&M) 14822

Bell Biv DeVoe: Poison (MCA) 00547

Johnny Gill (Motown) 00738

Bobby Brown: Dance!... Ya Know It (MCA) 73660

Yes: Fragile (Atlantic) 53807

Lisa Stansfield: Affection (Arista) 34198

Alan Jackson: In The Real World (Arista) 53833

Great Love Songs Of The '50s & '60s, Vol. 1 (Laurie) 20768

Najee: Tokyo Blue (EMI) 44482

Neville Bros.: Brother's Keeper (A&M) 63513

Best Of John Williams/ Boston Pops: By Request (Philips) 25360

Bad Company: Holy Water (Atlantic) 24784

Bonnie Raitt: Nick Of Time (Capitol) 54410

Tone-Loc: Loc-Ed After Dark (Delicious) 01033

Bob James: Grand Piano Canyon (Warner Bros.) 04899

Tommy James & The Shondells: Anthology (Rhino) 44185

The Who: Who's Better, Who's Best (MCA) 00790

Roy Hargrove: Diamond In The Rough (Novus) 14893

Concrete Blonde: Bloodletting (I.R.S.) 84212

Depeche Mode: Violator (Sire) 73408

Paula Abdul: Forever Your Girl (Virgin) 00933

Alabama: Pass It On Down (RCA) 00531

Michael Penn: March (RCA) 83798

Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young: Greatest Hits (So Far) (Atlantic) 30230

Bon Jovi: New Jersey (Mercury) 00516

En Vogue: Born To Sing (Atlantic) 14187

Temptations: 17 Greatest Hits (Gordy) 53410

Jeff Lynne: Armchair Theatre (Reprise) 00803

The Traveling Wilburys, Vol. One (Wilbury) 00711

Tom Petty: Full Moon Fever (MCA) 33911

George Harrison: Best Of Dark Horse (Dark Horse) 80307

Roy Orbison: A Black And White Night (Virgin) 64495

London Muddy Waters Sessions (MCA) 24746

Steve Earle: The Hard Way (MCA) 64216

Stevie Wonder: Love Songs (Motown) 43886

Spyro Gyra: Fast Forward (GRP) 00829

ZZ Top: Afterburner (Warner Bros.) 64042

Steppenwolf: 16 Greatest Hits (MCA) 13453

M.C. Hammer: Please Hammer, Don't Hurt 'Em (Capitol) 34791

Daryl Hall & John Oates: Change Of Season (Arista) 00543

Robert Plant: Manic Nirvana (Es Paranza) 54122

Led Zeppelin IV (Runes) (Atlantic) 12014

John Hiatt: Stolen Moments (A&M) 44540

Hothouse Flowers: Home (London) 82879

U2: Rattle And Hum (Island) 00596

Diana Ross/ Supremes: 20 Greatest Hits (Motown) 63867

Bird/Original Recordings Of Charlie Parker (Verve) 01044

Solti: Tchaikovsky, 1812 Overture (London) 25179

Bob Marley: Legend (Island) 53521

Def Leppard: Pyromania (Mercury) 70402

Merle Haggard: His Greatest And His Best (MCA) 72024

The B-52's: Cosmic Thing (Reprise) 14742

Chicago: Greatest Hits, 1982-89 (Reprise) 63363

Asleep At The Wheel: Keepin' Me Up Nights (Arista) 83578

Etta James: Sticking To My Guns (Island) 81646

Rod Stewart: Gt. Hits (Warner Bros.) 33779

Garth Brooks (Capitol) 33963

Harper Bros.: Remembrance (Verve) 14896

Lynyrd Skynyrd's Innyrds (MCA) 01150

The Sundays: Reading, Writing And Arithmetic (DGC) 63175

Hank Williams, Jr.: Lone Wolf (Warner Bros.) 64311

Frank Sinatra: Capitol Collector's Series (Capitol) 64362

Was (Not Was): Are You Okay? (Chrysalis) 00541

Paul Simon: Graceland (Warner Bros.) 72315

Nelson: After The Rain (DGC) 74079

Keith Sweat: I'll Give All My Love To You (Elektra) 51603

Garth Brooks: No Fences (Capitol) 73266

Buffalo Springfield: Retrospectiva (Atco) 00844

Bob Mould: Black Sheets Of Rain (Virgin) 53750

Elvis Presley: Great Performances (RCA) 60752

Sonic Youth: Goo (DGC) 43569

16 #1 Motown Hits-- The Late '60s (Motown) 64334

Glen Campbell: Classics (Capitol) 00564

Jeff Healey Band: Hell To Pay (Arista) 00544

Elton John: Sleeping With The Past (MCA) 10469

Winger (Atlantic) 00830

Huey Lewis & The News: Sports (Chrysalis) 44448

Marc Ribot: Rootless Cosmopolitans (Island) 53794

Technotronic: Pump Up The Jam (SBK) 34781

R.E.M.: Green (Warner Bros.) 00715

Whitesnake: Slip Of The Tongue (Geffen) 01147

Barbara Weathers (Reprise) 10610

Dick Tracy/Soundtrack (Sire) 63278

Fine Young Cannibals: The Raw And The Cooked (I.R.S.) 01068

Tanya Tucker: Tennessee Woman (Capitol) 54399

Galway: Greatest Hits (RCA) 73233

Grateful Dead : Built To Last (Arista) 72230

The Cure: Disintegration (Elektra) 01109

Bryan Adams: Reckless (A&M) 51540

The Black Crowes: Shake Your Moneymaker (Def American) 52142

John Cougar Mellencamp: Big Daddy (Mercury) 80064

...The ultimate in savings...The ul
...The ultimate in sound...The ul

8 COMPACT DISCS FOR THE PRICE OF 1

with nothing more to buy...ever!

Winger: In The Heart Of The Young (Atlantic) **00570**

Neil Young: Ragged Glory (Reprise) **34621**

Dino: Swingin' (Island) **43498**

Pixies: Bossa Nova (Elektra) **53773**

Sawyer Brown: Greatest Hits (Capitol/Curb) **43412**

Pat Metheny: Question & Answer (Geffen) **73522**

Best Of Dire Straits: Money For Nothing (Warner Bros.) **00713**

Taylor Dayne: Can't Fight Fate (Arista) **01114**

Kentucky Headhunters: Pickin' On Nashville (Mercury) **24740**

21 Great Country, Rock, & Love Songs Of The '50s & '60s, Vol.1 (Laurie) **00561**

Keith Whitley: Greatest Hits (RCA) **10728**

The Judds: Love Can Build A Bridge (RCA) **24549**

Anita Baker: Compositions (Elektra) **00921**

The Time: Pandemonium (Paisley Park) **52225**

Ratt: Detonator (Atlantic) **63335**

Duke Ellington: Orchestral Works (MCA) **53780**

Norrington: Beethoven, Symphony No.9 (Choral) (Angel) **00467**

The Best Of Steely Dan: Decade (MCA) **54135**

Barry Manilow: Live On Broadway (Arista) **24805**

Jonathan Butler: Heal Our Land (Jive) **70393**

Skid Row (Atlantic) **01038**

AC/DC: Back In Black (Atlantic) **13772**

INXS: Kick (Atlantic) **53606**

Chuck Berry: The Great 28 (Chess) **64137**

Reba McEntire: Rumor Has It (MCA) **44609**

Buddy Holly: From The Original Master Tapes (MCA) **20069**

Heart: Brigade (Capitol) **64305**

Pretty Woman/Soundtrack (EMI) **34631**

Eric Clapton: Journeyman (Warner Bros.) **53940**

Ginger Baker: Middle Passage (Island) **51335**

After 7 (Virgin) **00945**

George Strait: Livin' It Up (MCA) **00557**

Music Of Bali/Gamelan & Kecak (Nonesuch) **44671**

Boston: Third Stage (MCA) **73392**

Best Of Mitch Ryder & The Detroit Wheels: Rev Up (Rhino) **64188**

Kathy Mattea: Collection Of Hits (Mercury) **10791**

Larry Carlton: Collection (GRP) **00838**

The Police: Every Breath You Take—The Singles (A&M) **73924**

Allman Bros. Band: Eat A Peach (Polydor) **63353**

Supertramp: Classics (14 Greatest Hits) (A&M) **04891**

Billy Idol: Charmed Life (Chrysalis) **62264**

Paula Abdul: Shut Up & Dance (Virgin) **80326**

Bruce Hornsby & The Range: A Night On The Town (RCA) **63689**

Quincy Jones: Back On The Block (Warner Bros.) **64116**

Patty Loveless: On Down The Line (MCA) **00553**

Gershwin, Overtures/ McGlinn (Angel) **70391**

The Very Best Of Connie Francis (Polydor) **23434**

Restless Heart: Fast Movin' Train (RCA) **10802**

Alannah Myles (Atlantic) **30045**

The Big Chill/Soundtrack (Motown) **33970**

Aerosmith: Pump (Geffen) **63678**

Carly Simon: Have You Seen Me Lately (Arista) **20912**

James Taylor: Greatest Hits (Reprise) **23790**

Dionne Warwick: Sings Cole Porter (Arista) **53326**

Bette Midler: Some People's Lives (Atlantic) **53568**

James Brown: The CD Of JB (Polydor) **43431**

Nitty Gritty Dirt Band: Will The Circle..., Vol. 2 (Universal) **93648**

Neil Diamond: The Jazz Singer (Capitol) **32877**

Dion/The Belmonts: The Wanderer (18 Greatest Hits) (Laurie) **00999**

Slaughter: Stick It To Ya (Chrysalis) **42308**

Janet Jackson's Rhythm Nation (A&M) **72386**

Jane's Addiction: Ritual de lo Habitual (Warner Bros.) **10020**

Randy Travis: No Holdin' Back (Warner Bros.) **34766**

We're All In The Same Gang/ Rap Artists (Warner Bros.) **11102**

Deee-Lite: World Clique (Elektra) **52050**

Queensrÿche: Operation Mindcrime (EMI) **54451**

Soul II Soul: Vol. II-1990- A New Decade (Virgin) **00567**

Jethro Tull: Aqualung (Chrysalis) **24705**

SAVE 50%

INSTANT HALF-PRICE BONUS PLAN
You get 50%-off bonus savings with every CD you buy at regular Club prices...*right with your very first purchase* ...unlike other clubs that first make you buy 4, 6 or more.

START WITH 4 COMPACT DISCS NOW!
Yes, start with any 4 compact discs shown here! You need buy just 1 more hit at regular Club prices (usually $14.98—$15.98), and take up to one full year to do it. Then choose 3 more CDs FREE. That's 8 CDs tor the price of 1...with nothing more to buy...ever! (A shipping/handling charge is added to each shipment.)

HOW THE CLUB OPERATES
You select from hundreds of exciting CDs described in the Club's magazine which is mailed to you approximately every three weeks (19 times a year). Each issue highlights a Featured Selection in your preferred music category, plus alternate selections. If you'd like the Featured Selection, do nothing. It will be sent to you automatically. If you'd prefer an alternate selection, or none at all, just return the card enclosed with each issue of your magazine by the date specified on the card. You will have at least 10 days to decide or you may return your Featured Selection at our expense. Cancel your membership at any time after completing your enrollment agreement simply by writing to us, or remain and take advantage of bonus savings.

FREE 10-DAY TRIAL
Listen to your 4 introductory selections for a full 10 days. If not satisfied, return them with no further obligation. You send no money now, so complete the coupon and mail it today.

★A shipping/handling charge is added to each shipment.

C0715 BMG Compact Disc Club, 6550 E. 30th St., Indianapolis,IN 46219-1194. TRADEMARKS USED IN THE ADV'T ARE THE PROPERTY OF VARIOUS TRADEMARK OWNERS.

START SAVING NOW—MAIL TODAY!

Mail to: BMG Compact Disc Club
P.O. Box 91412/Indianapolis, IN 46291

YES, please accept my membership in the BMG Compact Disc Club and send my first four selections as I have indicated here, under the terms of this offer. I need buy just one more CD at regular Club prices during the next year—after which I can choose 3 more CDs FREE! That's 8 CDs for the price of one...with nothing more to buy, ever! (A shipping/handling charge is added to each shipment.)

I am most interested in the musical category checked here--but I am always free to choose from any (check one only):

1 ☐ **EASY LISTENING** (Instrumentals / Vocal Moods)
2 ☐ **COUNTRY** 3 ☐ **HARD ROCK**
4 ☐ **POP / SOFT ROCK** 5 ☐ **CLASSICAL**

☐MR.
☐MRS.
☐MS. First Name Initial Last Name (PLEASE PRINT)

Address Apt.

City State Zip

BMG COMPACT DISC CLUB

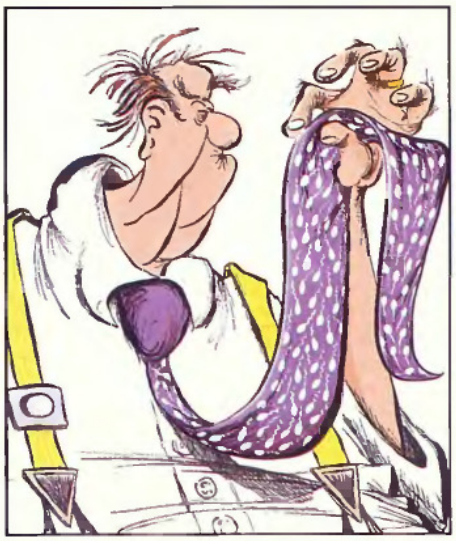
Telephone ( ) Area code

Signature

AFTFA AS

We reserve the right to request additional information or reject any application. Limited to new members, continental USA only. One membership per family. Local taxes, if any, will be added.

By ASA BABER



THIS DAY'S FOR YOU, DAD

Father's Day is on June 16 this year. Are you ready for it, Dad? This Father's Day will probably be a very amusing day in your life.

Take the gifts. Please.

How about that clock-radio made in Sri Lanka that will work for only a week? How about that pink-and-green bow tie, the same tie you got last year (and the year before that)? What about the pet turtle that was probably alive when it was packaged in plastic wrap and electrician's tape the night before, or the tissue box with red ribbon tied around it that is filled with free religious handouts? Let's face it: Father's Day is a funny day, and the gifts prove it.

Then there's the food. Take the food. Please.

How about that chicken that your kids just cooked on the grill? Notice how it's strangely purple inside, with tiny white worms still wriggling around in it? How about that spinach salad with silver crayon bits mixed in the salad dressing, along with small pieces of mystery meat that smell like anchovies but might be rat fat? And that Father's Day cake, isn't that neat for your teeth? The consistency of chocolate cement, right? Chocolate cement topped with sour whipped cream and rancid maraschino cherries. And how about those exploding Father's Day candles that almost put your eyes out?

Laughter? Oh, yeah. Take the Father's Day cards. Please.

They are either sappy ("To the greatest dad in all the universe from his totally adoring and appreciative kiddie-widdie-poos, with thanks for the incredible guidance and for being there for us every minute of every day") or New Age mystifying ("For Dad: I held a butterfly/by the wings at sunset/and as it struggled against the cosmos/and tore itself apart/like a helicopter/I looked at the clouds in their brief glory/and thought of you"). And, yes, the cards are sometimes brief and blunt ("Hey, Dad, fuck you!").

The bottom line? Father's Day is made for laughs, and that is as it should be.

But let's tell the Father's Day story in its entirety, gentlemen. There is another side to it, not quite so lighthearted. And it goes like this: For those of us who are fathers, Father's Day is also a day of self-examination and self-doubt, a time of secret introspection and private regrets. As fathers, we are men who have learned the hard way that fathering is a superhuman task. We know that fathering is not always a lark, and most of all, we know that sometimes we really fuck it up.

The truth is that for us, Father's Day has its share of difficult memories. Certainly, we remember our own fathers and our complex relationships with them. That's part of it, and that is tough enough. But, more important, we remember our kids and the mistakes we have made with them—the unjustified moments of anger, the impatience that rose out of fatigue, the times of insensitivity and awkwardness and absence that we would take back if we could.

I can talk myself into a funk in about five seconds if I chart the blunders I've made as a dad. And I would sign a pact with the Devil if I could be allowed to go back and do it all over again with the knowledge that I now have. In my instant replay as a father, I would never lose my temper, I would always be there for my kids and my home would be a nurturing and supportive place, a safe haven in an insane universe for two of the most treasured people in my life.

When I say this, I know that I am not alone, that I am speaking for most of the fathers in the world. We may look unaware and stupid at times, but we know what's going on. We know where we have failed.

Understand that this subject is something that we rarely discuss among ourselves. The perils of fathering? The secret sadness of Father's Day? We'd rather talk about commodity options or new cars or the odds on the Chicago Cubs' reaching the play-offs.

But I want to help us all through the darker side of Father's Day. And I want us to learn to deal with the subject in a more straightforward fashion, without the denial and guilt and remorse that can drive a wedge deeper between us and our kids.

You know, for all our faults and fuck-ups, for all our occasional absence and distance, our love for our children is immense. It is in many ways the deepest love we will ever experience. And, yes, that includes many of those fathers who have disappeared, dropped out, given up, those fathers who find themselves alone on Father's Day, who get no cards, open no gifts, have no meals cooked for them. They, too, are usually very loving.

So here you are, Dad. Some statements to carry with you on June 16:

- As a father, you have helped someone gain the gift of life, and you should be proud of that.
- No matter what the law or the culture says, you are vitally important to your child's sense of self. All kids need a father. Desperately.
- In many ways, children are better than adults. They are certainly more forgiving, no matter what their public pose. Extend a peaceful hand to a child, and that child will take it eventually.
- You are the adult in the situation, so if this Father's Day finds you isolated from your children, *it is your job to make the first move*. It is your job to see that contact between you and your kids is reestablished.
- Choose a new and more creative mind-set for yourself: Look at the past with clarity, at the future with hope, and screw the regrets.
- Do not give in to self-pity or self-censorship. Your kids need you. Whatever has happened in the past can be overcome if your love is evident to them. So show it, *amigo*.

Happy Father's Day, Dad. Now, tie that tie, eat that chicken and smile!

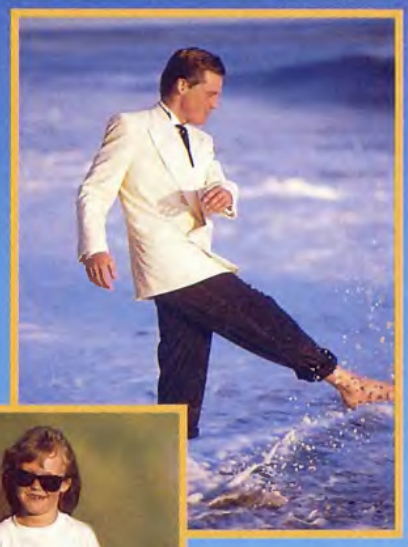
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

© 1991 B&W T Co.

Box, 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine; Kings and 100's, 12 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

CALIFORNIA

for men



A great way to feel about yourself.

MAX FACTOR

© 1991 Max Factor & Co. Available in Canada.

PAX AMERICANA?

the postwar challenge belongs to the regional powers—to drop the myth of pan-arabism and remedy the plight of the have-nots

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

The war was easy, the peace won't be.

Watching the Iraqi army disintegrate in the sand raised the hope for many Americans that finally the U.S. had gotten its act together and would provide leadership to a dangerous and divided world. But the euphoria soon gave way to the tortuous effort of trying to make sense of this most complex and intractable area. The new world order degenerated into the old world morass.

No one, for instance, has a plan for coping with the nationalist and religious extremism endemic to the region. And the tension between the oil wealthy and the oil poor remains an open sore.

With the demonized enemy defeated, defining our friends assumes a new urgency. But who are they? Are we capable of focusing our thoughts without a new Devil? Syria, until recently considered by the United States to be the major sponsor of terrorism in the world, as well as the illegal conqueror of Lebanon, showed no signs of changing its ways. Iran, to which we had grown closer in the war than we had to Westernized Jordan, was still primitive Iran. Saudi Arabia remained stridently theocratic.

The very "liberation" of Kuwait was tarnished by the emir's immediate declaration of martial law, continuing those stark policies of discrimination aimed at the majority who are not considered pure Kuwaitis and, therefore, are without rights. Shouldn't we and the UN have declared that anyone born in Kuwait, irrespective of royal lineage, had the right to vote on its future?

What about our economic interests? Shouldn't we have known that once the threat of Saddam Hussein receded, our Arab friends would not so generously pony up the money to pay for saving their oil? Some construction and defense contractors made out like bandits, but the war did not seriously improve the position of American companies trading abroad or those banks holding on at home. The war may turn out to have been more of a distraction than a source of solutions to what ails us.

I keep reflecting on two news items that ran a few days before the start of the ground offensive. One was a *People* magazine profile of a Marine corporal, an alcoholic from a broken home, who had died fighting in the Saudi sand. His Native American mother talked about having been forced to neglect him as a child because she spent too many hours at menial work. He had supported a family on the free housing and benefits he received from the Marine Corps, along with less than $1000 in monthly pay. After he died, his wife was ordered to vacate the premises and fend for herself.

The second item concerned a way of life the corporal had died to defend. Once-proud Citicorp announced that a 35-year-old Saudi prince had become its biggest single shareholder through a $590,000,000 investment. The bank, one of America's largest, was desperate for cash and this Saudi kid, only a distant relative of the king, bailed it out. Now, that's power without a gun.

Speaking of business, did anyone notice that Japan and Germany, the two countries most dependent on Persian Gulf oil, made only a checkbook contribution to the coalition victory? They supplied neither the guns nor the men to fire them. But it is the salesmen of the Japanese and German companies who will return to reap the benefits in peacetime. The Saudis and Kuwaitis, just like most folks with money to spend, prefer Japanese VCRs and German cars.

While the technical wizardry of our military hardware was dazzling, we are apparently not able to transfer that inventive genius to the production of high-tech consumer goods. The complexity of a Sony minicam is considerably greater than that of a Tomahawk cruise missile, and Sony's market is the profitable one to be in. Economic power no longer grows out of the barrel of a gun and we will continue to slip behind our competitors if we consign technical brilliance to the invention of superior arms.

But it would be a hardy Congress member who would dare oppose military expenditures in the wake of the Gulf war and America's new infatuation with high-tech weapons. And once again, the new weapons will end up in the arsenal of some future menace to our security, just as the previous generation of weaponry was sold to Iraq.

The lesson of Saddam Hussein's attack ought to be that the oil sheikdoms must get serious about making those alliances in their region that will give them protection. Surely, one Saudi (and Kuwaiti) nightmare has to be that the Egyptians, who by the millions replaced Pakistanis, Palestinians and others who fled, will tire of doing the dirty work and want to share more directly in the riches. After all, Egyptians, as representatives of a far older civilization and with a modern army, might chafe at the houseboy role laid out for them by the Saudi princes. The Saudis clashed with Egypt over Yemen in the Sixties and they may just have to cut a deal for protection when the Yankees go home.

Pan-Arabism, which is basically a cry for sharing of the spoils, will not die with Saddam Hussein. It is not enough for the Arabs to cry in unison that God is great and hope that Allah provides for their mutual security. The time is long overdue for serious regional development plans that bridge the gap between tens of millions of have-nots and the princes who share their language and religion and little else.

Finally, and most important, the Arab states will not be able to set seriously to such reconstruction if they do not end the obsession with Israel—and that involves us. As a result of the war, this problem is now more than ever a U.S. matter to broker. The U.S. intervention in the Gulf puts the Arab–Israel conflict in our face. We have empowered UN resolutions with grand importance. The burning postvictory question throughout the Mideast will be, What about those other UN resolutions, particularly resolutions 242 and 338, which call for Israeli withdrawal from the occupied territories and the creation of a Palestinian state?

Because it suited his short-term purposes, Bush wrapped his Gulf intervention in the UN flag. Where I live, the big slogan used to be, "Get the U.S. out of the UN and the UN out of the U.S." Has all that changed? Or do we just use the UN when it suits our purpose? Operation Desert Storm would seem to suggest that we feel bound only by those UN resolutions that affect oil-rich countries. Will we intervene only when other countries are willing to pay the bill because oil is involved?

The lesson of previous efforts to police the world's hot spots should be clear: No matter how one-sided the battlefield victory, the political results prove messy in the extreme.

In the bars and at church socials, they will soon start to ask, Who really won, and what did they win?

"He's not married or anything. And he drinks Johnnie Walker Red®"

Good taste is always an asset.®

© 1990 Schieffelin & Somerset Co., New York, NY. Blended Scotch Whisky 43.4% Alc./Vol (86.8°).

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My girlfriend and I are tattoo freaks. We have had several done and are constantly looking for unusual designs. Tattooing is an erotic turn-on for us. The first time we made love, we spent the entire night discovering each other's hidden art. Recently, my girlfriend confessed that she'd always wanted a butterfly between her legs, so that when she spreads her lips, behold, a thing of beauty in flight! I must admit the idea is intriguing, but how would we go about doing it? Is there a painless way to apply such a tattoo? Would any tattoo parlor be willing to accommodate us?—T. W., Newark, New Jersey.

Have you considered temporary tattoos? These are pressed onto moistened skin (we'll leave that part to your imagination), last two to ten days and can be removed with baby oil, cold cream or rubbing alcohol. They come in a variety of designs, from Harley-Davidson logos to the usual snakes and Lepidoptera. According to Spider Webb, tattoo artist extraordinaire, genital tattoos are fairly common. The process could hurt (it supposedly feels like tiny pricks). Treat the tattooed area with an antibacterial ointment and you should have no problems. There are several tattoo associations that can help you locate an accommodating establishment. For starters, contact The Tattoo Club of America (203-335-3992) for more information. There's also a club for people without tattoos—it's called the Republican Party.

I'd like to start a video collection, but I don't know how. I gave up on taping stuff from TV or cable, because the networks usually edit their films, and cable stations don't run the types of videos I'd like to own, such as special-interest how-to tapes and X-rated films. I once put my name on a few video mailing lists, but when the catalogs started flooding in, I couldn't tell one from another. Can you help me out so that I spend less time at my mailbox and more time at my VCR?—R. P., Hollywood, California.

Sure. First, think of video catalogs as record stores: They're simply retail outlets—albeit mail-order outlets—that offer a product you can usually find somewhere else. Most of the catalogs offer the same batch of videos at comparable prices, while others tend to specialize in certain genres. (For instance, a company called Home Vision offers a catalog listing mostly fine- and performing-arts tapes; another called Sinister Cinema boasts about 1000 mystery, horror and s-f titles; then there's Video Yesteryear, which is the catalog for vintage oldies; and so on.) Our own favorite is Critics' Choice, which has a terrific search service. Call 900-370-6500 for more information. If you don't want to go the multiple-catalog route, you can always join a video club. They're just like those record clubs you joined as a teenager: You get a bunch of selections at a ridiculously low price when you sign up; then you're usually obligated to buy a half dozen more "at regular club prices" over the next few years.

But if you're looking for one comprehensive guide that gives information on everything that's available on tape, we recommend "Bowker's Complete Video Directory." It's a hard-bound, two-volume set (one for entertainment and performance videos, the other for education and special-interest videos) that lists 60,000 titles alphabetically and by genre. Each entry also includes the video's current distribution information. Bowker's number is 800-521-8110 (in North America) and the set costs $169. But be forewarned: The guide is usually sold only to libraries, media companies and video stores, so have your line of b.s. down pat before you give them a call.

Everything was going great: I was in a big exciting club in the city, dancing in the midst of a crowd of young, curvaceous women. I paired off with a tall beauty and after some preliminary banter, we were making out wildly in a dark corner—that is, until I reached for her crotch and felt an unmistakable bulge. I extricated myself with minimal embarrassment on both our parts; but lately, I've been a bit gun shy when it comes to approaching women. Short of probing underneath a miniskirt, do you have any pointers on how to ask a stranger whether or not he/she's a real woman?—E. O., Dallas, Texas.

Aw, you should have stuck it out. Could have been your dream man. Actually, clubgoers who are crossing all sorts of boundaries are found in most urban centers; that's part of the charm of cities. Now that you've had this not-uncommon experience, we'd guess your eye has already become more discriminating. Here are some guidelines: Although transsexuals have often had boob jobs and take estrogen to soften their skin, men are often taller, have larger hands and feet and are thicker in the waist than most natural-born women. Also, male cross dressers prefer a dark environment, because it hides their more noticeable traits—razor stubble or an Adam's apple, for instance. So lure your new friend to a better-lighted area of the bar. But as for popping the question "Are you really a woman?" don't bother. Either way, it would guarantee a quick ending to a short relationship.

I recently moved to southern Florida from a small town in New York. My problem is that I am a great lover of music—mainly jazz, classic rock, New Age and progressive. But my fellow students fall into only two categories—metalheads and bassers. The metalheads like hard rock and the bassers like rap with that loud, pounding bass beat. I have tried various clubs, but it seems that those two groups make up the majority of the night-club scene. I have trouble meeting girls because of this barrier. Do you have any suggestions?—G. L., Boca Raton, Florida.

Relax. Remember your species. One of the benefits of being human is that we aren't limited to one mating call. Music is a great medium for meeting members of the opposite sex, but turning up a boom box is not the only social skill you possess. Try meeting women in other venues—classes, work, the beach. Your eclectic taste in music should make you more, not less, interesting. But don't make it the standard by which you judge women—maybe her interests can educate you.

The other night, my girlfriend and I were making love and, for some reason, I found myself studying the different ways she climaxes (which she does regularly during sex). While I was inside her—and just before she came—she arched her back, tightened her thighs against my hips, then threw her hands over her head. As she was actually coming, she let out a fierce scream that came from deep within her throat. It was beautiful.

But later, when I was going down on her, she came altogether differently—quietly but more intensely: Her hands moved gently through my hair, her body became rigid, then loose, then it shuddered—and her vocalization was a soft, low moan that suddenly became louder, then almost as quickly faded into a sigh. Technically speaking, how does a woman's orgasm differ when it's induced by

ILLUSTRATION BY DENNIS MUKAI

penetration from when it's brought on by oral stimulation?—J. M., Tulsa, Oklahoma.

We appreciate your curiosity, but your question is sort of along the lines of, Is a million bucks better when it's in tens or in 20s?

Still, if you must know the nitty-gritty, we'll go with the often-debated (but, all in all, adequate) Masters and Johnson explanation: While you're inside your lady, the in-out motion of your penis pulls at her labia minora, which in turn pull at the hood of skin that covers her clitoris, which in turn stimulates the clitoris itself. (In other words, the lip bone's connected to the clit bone, etc.) That final stimulation—albeit indirect—is the one that sends her over the edge.

As for the orgasm brought on by oral sex, the mechanism's the same, only the contact with the clitoris is, naturally, more direct. Women often respond more intensely to oral sex for psychological reasons, as well. "It's erotic because it's forbidden," claims one woman in Shere Hite's "The Hite Report." "[It's] another kind of 'soul kissing.'" Finally, no matter what kind of cocksman you are, your mouth will always be your most agile organ. "A tongue offers gentleness and precision and wetness and is the perfect organ for contact," says another Hite subject. "And, besides, it produces sensational orgasms!"

I pride myself on having my hair cut at a salon that doesn't charge a whole lot per head. But here's the problem: By the time I get through tipping the gang—the stylist, the shampoo girl, the assistant—I've spent 50 bucks. Exactly what *is* the right tipping etiquette in a hair salon?—P. H., Seattle, Washington.

You've got us; we go to the neighborhood barber—the one who keeps a stack of Playboys *on his magazine rack. He'd be offended if we tipped more than two bucks on an eight-dollar cut. But to answer your question, we asked the folks at a popular Manhattan salon called Oribe (where the average men's haircut, pretip, runs $65) about this money thing; this is what they told us: For the hair stylist, tip 20 percent. "It's just like in a restaurant," they said, "where you're paying someone for individual, personal service." Add to this gratuity three dollars for whoever shampoos you; a buck for the coat-check person; and a five spot to any assistant who brings you coffee, tea, a magazine, etc.*

We think this rundown is steep but fair—if you are getting circumcised.

Although sometimes I think that what I am about to describe can be a useful trick, I am also concerned about it. I am female and do not use my hands to masturbate. Somewhere along the way, I learned that the right combination of rubbing my thighs together, squeezing and fantasizing produces a pleasurable sensation that I have always assumed is orgasm. This effect is most easily achieved when I am lying on my stomach, but I can also do it sitting down with my legs crossed. It has been quite useful in the movies, on the beach or in a car. In bed, however, I find it frustrating that I cannot have an orgasm—either during intercourse or when my partner stimulates me manually or orally. When I begin to get aroused during foreplay or lovemaking, my instinct is to break away so that I can be on my stomach and do it my way—while my partner fondles me, watches me, etc. Is there anything I can do to break this pattern? I have tried masturbating using my hands, but even then, at the last minute, I resort to my old way. Would a vibrator help? A friend suggested that I try being tied up, but I haven't met anyone with whom I would feel comfortable doing that. Also, is this type of orgasm physiologically different in any way from one that I might have through intercourse, oral sex or a vibrator?—Miss T. L., Miami, Florida.

An orgasm is an orgasm is an orgasm. It is not something your partner can make happen. It is something you allow yourself to have. Control seems to be the issue here—it's not that you haven't found someone you can trust to tie you up, it's that you haven't found someone to whom you can surrender control (or exercise control in a way that fits both partners' needs). Try incorporating your lover into your basic pattern—he could enter you from behind and

The age-old question.

Most of the people who use Tabasco® brand pepper sauce prefer to think that the bottle is half-full. That there's still plenty of Tabasco® pepper sauce to drop into ground beef and make a batch of burgers that would bring the toughest crowd to its feet. Still enough to splash a teaspoon or two into a huge pot of homemade spaghetti for Monday night football. And enough for baked potatoes, cold roast beef, scrambled eggs, and a hot dog or two. But whether the bottle of Avery Island's magical pepper sauce is half-full or half-empty isn't really of consequence to the real Tabasco® sauce aficionado. Because a true Tabasco® sauce user knows there's plenty more where that came from.

The lively taste of Tabasco® sauce.
Don't keep it bottled up.

© 1991. TABASCO is a registered trademark of McIlhenny Company. For the recipes of Walter McIlhenny in "A Gentleman's Guide to Memorable Hospitality," send $3.25 to McIlhenny Co., Dept. GG, Avery Island, Louisiana 70513.

F-15 Eagle! F-117A Stealth! Tornado GR1! F/A-18 Hornet!

Honoring the victorious Allied pilots and aircraft that mounted the most devastating air assault in history!

FIGHTING JETS OF OPERATION DESERT STORM

Each replica comes with its own display stand.

Authentic scale replicas — precision-crafted in fine American pewter!

Now...own this stirring tribute to American and Allied forces who won lightning-fast air supremacy in the Persian Gulf! Presenting *Fighting Jets of Operation Desert Storm.* This superbly crafted collection is authentically detailed and includes the eight warplanes most instrumental to the stunning allied victory.

Marvel at the low radar profile of the shadowy **F-117A Stealth,** so "invisible" that pilots delivered precision-guided bombs down air shafts! Admire the **F-15 Eagle** — a lone F-15 pilot shot down the first Iraqi planes. The **A-10 Thunderbolt,** also called "The Warthog," reduced tanks to rubble! The **F/A-18 Hornet** — the Navy's newest fighter took out Scud missile launchers.

Handcrafted in fine American pewter.

Each pewter replica is precisely scaled and measures up to a full 5½" in length. The level of detail is awesome, too — fine pewter is famous for that. Each replica is handcrafted in the U.S.A. and comes with an attractive display stand. A fact-filled booklet on the history and capability of each plane is included at no additional charge.

Attractively priced... satisfaction guaranteed.

Available only from the Danbury Mint at $37 each, the *Fighting Jets of Operation Desert Storm* collection also includes the **Tornado GR1, A-6E Intruder, F-16 Fighting Falcon,** and **F-14 Tomcat.** You will receive your replicas at the convenient rate of one per month. Your satisfaction is completely guaranteed. Return your Reservation Application today!

The Danbury Mint

47 Richards Avenue • Norwalk, Conn. 06857

© 1991 MBI

RESERVATION APPLICATION

The Danbury Mint
47 Richards Avenue
Norwalk, Conn. 06857

Please return promptly.

Please accept my reservation for *Fighting Jets of Operation Desert Storm,* consisting of eight authentic pewter replicas, complete with display stands. The cost of each replica is $37.*

I need send no money now. I will receive one replica per month, and will be billed before shipment of each replica. If not satisfied with any replica, I may return it within 30 days for replacement or refund. This subscription may be canceled by either party at any time.

*Plus any applicable sales tax and $2 shipping and handling.

Name _____
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY.

Address _____

City _____

State/Zip _____

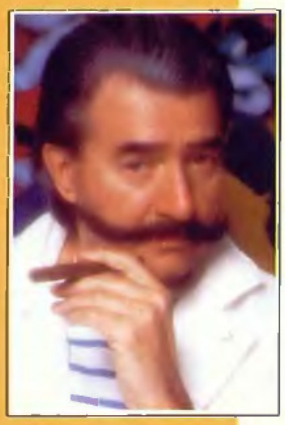
☐ Check here if you want each replica charged to your: ☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA ☐ Discover ☐ Amer. Express

_____
Credit Card Number Expiration Date

Signature _____
All orders subject to acceptance.

Allow 8 to 12 weeks after payment for initial shipment.

666EPY1



LeRoy Neiman

Dyansen Gallery, in conjunction with Norton Herrick Fine Arts Group, Inc., is pleased to present LeRoy Neiman's brilliant new serigraph, "Chemin de Fer." Based on an original painting from the acclaimed *Playboy Collection,* it is hand-signed by the artist and numbered. "Chemin de Fer" is available exclusively from Dyansen, at a pre-publication price of $3,200.

© 1991 LeRoy Neiman Inc.

"Chemin de Fer," serigraph, 26½ x 40 inches. Edition of 250.

To place your order, please call 800/541-0668.

Dyansen Gallery®

A PUBLIC COMPANY

New York ■ Beverly Hills ■ San Francisco ■ Tokyo ■ San Diego ■ Carmel ■ Maui
Waikoloa ■ New Orleans ■ Arlington ■ Boston ■ Atlantic City ■ Sarasota

lie still while you clenched and squeezed your way to orgasm. You could take him in your mouth, while crossing and uncrossing your legs. When you fantasize, do you imagine penetration or something generic (i.e., wine and candlelight, soap-opera situations, classified ads)? Try shifting your imagery. A vibrator is worth a try—the sensation is strong enough to overwhelm habit. Don't view this as a problem—just a soft shoulder on the learning curve.

My girlfriend and I want to visit the Caribbean. Neither of us has made the trek before. Looking at brochures, we are torn between clubs that offer "all-inclusive" rates and agents that offer villas or hotel rooms at a nightly rate. Can you help us?—L. S., Chicago, Illinois.

It depends upon what you want out of a vacation. Some people like to explore on their own, to discover new and interesting ways to divest themselves of discretionary income. If you don't mind waking up and making two or three executive decisions a day (where to dine, where to shine) and hassling with island transportation, you should look into the nightly rate. Others prefer to leave the decision making to experts and go to an all-inclusive club. There are advantages to this approach: You can budget costs before leaving home, and you can forget to pack your type-A behavior and still get by. All-inclusive resorts offer all the sports, sun, food and (to a certain extent) libations you can handle—but all-inclusive means different things at different resorts. The three most popular packagers—Club Med, Sandals and SuperClubs, which operates Couples and Hedonism II—seem to provide everything but sun block and neoprene condoms. Club Med offers free wine or beer at lunch and dinner; you pay for bar drinks with beads. Sandals and SuperClubs raise the ante with free bar drinks. (They must have gotten a deal on those little umbrellas that decorate tropical drinks.) Always consult the fine print in the brochure. For example, cruise prices include accommodations, meals and entertainment; shore excursions, drinks and tips are extra. If you forget to budget for those items, your trip turns into two years before the mast.

I get to see my girlfriend only on weekends. It's a long drive to her house, so I'm always looking over the people I pass along the way. I want to know how to properly flirt with a female who shares the road. Is it better to lead or to follow? Is it better to drive on her right or her left? Should I stick my head out the window and scream "I want to be intimate with you at the next rest area"? Or should I play it cool, just glance over and let her make a move?—S. S., New York, New York.

Let's get this straight: You're looking to pick up women on the drive to your girlfriend's house? Frisky devil, aren't you? There are no rules for this game. Most of the obvious tactics—bumper stickers that say HONK IF YOU LIKE CHEAP, CASUAL SEX WITH TOTAL STRANGERS *or personalized license plates that proclaim* LECHER, STUD *or* R U WET*—seem, shall we say, tacky? The safest way to get her attention might be to carry a sign that asks,* COFFEE, NEXT EXIT? *Be sure to discard it before you get to your girlfriend's house. But that brings us to the real problem. Do you get horny only on the way to a sure thing? Do your thoughts wander on the way home from a satisfying weekend? Maybe you need a new girlfriend, one closer to home. You could spend what you save in gas on a truly effective courtship.*

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

Hear Playmates' dating experiences and have them answer your dating questions and more on the Playboy Hotline. Call 1-900-740-3311 today; only two dollars per minute.

Traffic radar doesn't say which car is being clocked, it merely flashes a number. The radar operator must then try to determine which vehicle produced the reading.

Why radar makes mistakes. How to protect yourself.

It's hard to believe, but traffic radar does not identify which vehicle is responsible for the speed displayed. It shows only a speed number. The radar operator must decide who to blame.

How Radar Works

The radar gun is aimed at traffic and it transmits a beam of invisible radar waves. Moving objects reflect these waves back to the radar gun. The radar calculates speed from the reflected waves. But there's a problem.

The Best Guess

How can the operator know for sure which vehicle is responsible for the number? The truth is, in many cases he can't be sure. The result? You can be ticketed for somebody else's reflection. The only way to defend yourself against these wrongful tickets is to know when radar is operating near you.

Self Defense

We specialize in radar warning. ESCORT, SOLO, and PASSPORT have a unique warning system that tells you radar strength — with both a variable-rate beeper and a visual meter. You'll know when the radar unit is near enough to have you under surveillance.

Car and Driver called PASSPORT "A terrific radar detector." When *AutoWeek* tried our cord-free SOLO, they "fell in love at first beep." And when *BMW Roundel* tested our new ESCORT, they concluded "Nothing else even comes close."

We're As Close As Your Phone

To order, call toll-free. Orders in by 6:00 PM eastern time go out the same day by UPS. And we guarantee your satisfaction. If you're not entirely satisfied within 30 days, return your purchase. We'll refund your money and shipping costs.

The best defense against wrongful tickets can be in your car tomorrow. Call today.

Order today — Call toll-free

1-800-543-1608

Call 24 hours, 7 days a week

Major Credit Cards Accepted

SOLO® *Self-Powered Radar Receiver*
$345

ESCORT® *The Performance Leader*
$295

PASSPORT® *Over One Million Sold*
$195

Ohio residents add 5.5% tax. Prices higher in Canada.
Standard shipping and handling is $4.50
or overnight delivery is available for $14.50.

Cincinnati Microwave
▶ Department 600761
One Microwave Plaza
Cincinnati, Ohio 45249

© 1990 CMI

©M.M.C./M.N.I. © W.A. Taylor & Co. Miami, FL 1990

THEY STILL SHOOT NUDES, DON'T THEY?

no, only the people who publish them

Last November, the editors of *Popular Photography* ran an article celebrating the human form. They titled it "They Still Shoot Nudes, Don't They?" They were prepared for the debate that resulted but not for the deluge of condemnation:

A Virginia woman wrote, "We have enjoyed your magazine up to this point. We have enough sex in America . . . and sick people in our society. They don't need any more visual aids."

A Valley Center, Kansas, crusader wrote, "Featuring human nudity, as incredible as the human form created by God actually is, can only lead to everything we see around us every day . . . moral decline, loss of family values, selfishness, etc."

And so on. The magazine received 500 letters in the first three weeks after the article hit the stands. "There are people out there who passionately believe that no nudes is good nudes," editor Jason Schneider told us. "But part of the problem is that they didn't expect it. We tried to give fair warning on the cover. But, you see, during the Seventies and Eighties, we published very few nudes. The enthusiast magazines have abdicated their responsibility to present nudes as art."

Schneider is a man of conviction, not one to kowtow to a prude with the price of a first-class stamp. Other corporations (Pepsi, Burger King, Domino's Pizza, Coke and McDonald's) have folded their tents, fired their spokespersons or withdrawn their advertising at the first hint of controversy. In contrast, Schneider told his readers, "We appreciate that a small, vocal minority of our readers take the extreme position that all photographs of nudes, whatever their merits as artistic expression, are inherently offensive, indecent or pornographic. We certainly respect their right to hold and express these views, but we beg to disagree. To equate figure studies by acknowledged masters such as Edward Weston, Edward Steichen, André de Dienes and Bill Brandt with the lewd excess of 'skin magazines' and X-rated films does a grave injustice to the truth and beauty of these works. . . . We cannot allow the moralistic views of a few to determine which pictures are fit for publication."

THEY STILL SHOOT NUDES, DON'T THEY?
POPULAR photography
New Wave SLR Trio: What's The Best Way ???
SOF: New Way To Test Lenses!!!
How Good Are Sigma, Tokina & Tamron Popular Zooms ??
THEY STILL SHOOT NUDES, DON'T THEY?
. . . and they always did

When the moralistic few wear badges and carry guns, their criticism carries extraordinary weight. In Miramar, Florida, two undercover cops watched a mild-mannered grandmother working at a convenience store sell two hulking teenage boys a copy of the March *Playboy*. Within moments, five squad cars arrived on the scene and they busted Elaine Ott for selling harmful material to minors. The charge is a third-degree felony, with a potential sentence of five years in prison and a $5000 fine. Ott was taken to jail, strip-searched and held overnight, standard procedure in felony cases.

The police spokesman explained that his officers were merely enforcing a state law prohibiting the sale of obscene materials "without serious literary, artistic, political or scientific value to minors."

Fine, except that *Playboy* has never been found obscene. The March issue has a nude pictorial of the women of Cuba (were the officers afraid that the teenagers would become boat people and flee to a land less repressive than Florida?), a stunning Playmate, a pictorial of model Stephanie Seymour, whose only slightly more clothed body was available in the *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit issue. (Had Ott sold the boys *S.I.*, would that have been a misdemeanor?)

The officers equated exposure to nudity with harm—a position not held by the U.S. Supreme Court nor the prosecutor of Broward County, who dropped the charges one week later for lack of evidence.

Ott said she did not understand why she could sell condoms to minors but not magazines. Of the Playmate, she said, "Where is this harmful? The body is supposed to be beautiful."

Of course, the police were nowhere in sight the following night, when an armed robber held the store owner at gunpoint and made off with $40.

Cops go after nudity for a good reason. Nudes don't shoot back.

READER

SEXUAL BIGOTRY?

Congress is considering legislation titled The Violence Against Women Act based on the notion that violence against women is increasing faster than violence against men. Yet the Bureau of Justice Statistics reports that far higher rates of victimization have been documented for males, young people and nonwhites.

The proposed legislation considers violence against women more important than violence against men, even though men report 1.68 times as much violence as women do. Senator Joseph Biden, who introduced the bill, justified it by saying that violence against women is not only widespread but growing. He says that in the past ten years, rape rates have risen four times as fast as the total crime rate. In fact, recent Government statistics show that rape rates have *declined* 29.5 percent from 1973 to 1989.

It is incredible that Biden and the other supporters are unconscious of the sexist bigotry that they are advocating.

Roy U. Schenk, Ph.D.
Madison, Wisconsin

HARASSED MAN

Sexual harassment (*The Playboy Forum*, February) is a problem for men, too. My employer is a Government contractor and the practice here is that a woman can tell a dirty joke and get laughs. If a man tells the same joke, he's called in by his boss and lectured on sexual harassment.

A potential problem started when my female supervisor began spending unnecessary time in my work area. A male co-worker told me that she appeared to be attracted to me. My solution? I requested and got a transfer. I avoided the problem, mainly because I felt I had no recourse. It's time to end this double standard.

(Name withheld by request)
Fort Worth, Texas

FOR THE RECORD

ENDANGERED SPECIES

The University of New Mexico's Maxwell Museum of Anthropology features an exhibit called "Ancestors," in which the figures of early humans are shown without sex organs.

"'There is one little omission,' [University of New Mexico professor Erik] Trinkaus admits. 'One of our constraints is that we are a public institution, and our public includes the student population in Albuquerque—so the male statues do not have explicit external genitals.'

"One little girl, about ten, noticed this and chirped, 'Daddy, Neanderthal man doesn't have a penis!' Her father replied, 'Yes, dear, that's why they went extinct.'"—FROM AN ARTICLE BY JOHN NEARY IN *Archeology* MAGAZINE

"DATE RAPE"

Stephanie Gutmann asks, "If you have to convince a woman that she has been raped, how meaningful is that conclusion?" ("Date Rape on Campus," *The Playboy Forum*, October). As a survivor of sexual assault, I know that denial and self-blame go hand in hand. Our society's attitude toward sexual assault leads to denial and assumption of guilt by the victim. Does that make the assault a lesser violation?

Gutmann seems to think that assault-awareness programs are "outs" for women so that they don't have to accept responsibility for sexual encounters. She sounds like college-aged men I know who are paranoid that a woman will change her mind and cry rape in the morning. That outcome is possible but infrequent. I suggest that Gutmann talk with victims of assault, harassment and coercion. Then I dare her to continue her paranoid suggestion that the growing awareness of sexual assaults is merely anti-sex feminist propaganda.

(Name withheld by request)
Hanover, New Hampshire

Assault and coercion are serious crimes and rules against them inhibit no personal liberties of which we are aware. Harassment, as defined in many of the workplace and university guidelines we've seen, could be behavior as innocent as helping someone on with her coat or mere flirting. We believe that communication between the sexes will not be helped by outlawing those gestures.

NEWSSTAND SEX

Scanning the local newsstand today after buying *Playboy* (it's kept behind the counter for my protection), I noticed dozens of magazines devoted to food, clothing and shelter—three basic necessities. None of them specifically addressed sex—a human need that most people consider a hundred times more often each day than, say, Persian rugs or omelets.

With thousands of magazines out there, many solely dedicated to food and other needs, what is *Playboy* doing behind the counter? Shouldn't society consider healthy, educated sexuality at least in the same class as food?

(Name withheld by request)
Knoxville, Tennessee

Yes.

TIP FOR TIPPER

I have a question for Tipper Gore and all the other right-wing would-be censors. Why has country music been overlooked by the warning-label crusade? Gore and the others should know that no music glamourizes alcohol abuse, adultery, violence and illicit sex the way country music does. If a teenager can't buy a rock or rap record that has a warning label, then the same

standards should apply to country. Two wrongs don't make a right, but labeling country music might make those extremists see how a law to censor artists can hurt their music, too.

Ron Olechno
Bethany, Oklahoma

OF BEER AND CUCUMBERS

R. Ryen's letter on why beer is better than women ("Tufts Life," *The Playboy Forum*, January) provided my husband and me with a good laugh. I have come up with ten reasons a cucumber is better than a man in addition to the five that you already provided.

1. A cucumber won't get mad if you fondle another cucumber.
2. A cucumber won't go limp after three minutes.
3. A cucumber won't say it will call you sometime.
4. The only thing you'll catch with a cucumber is a rabbit.
5. You don't have to lie to boost a cucumber's ego.
6. A cucumber won't call you by another cucumber's name.
7. Cucumbers don't have secretaries.
8. With a cucumber, you know what you're paying for.
9. You can feed a bad cucumber to the garbage disposal.
10. A cucumber won't roll over and fall asleep.

Kate Koch
Columbus, Ohio

Aw, even cucumbers don't last forever.

FETUS FATHERS

In the abortion debate, one side of the issue has remained silent—the side representing the father of the unborn child.

Under past Supreme Court rulings, fathers were denied any voice, whether or not they were married to the mother. This is as unjust and immoral as the situation in China, where mothers are allowed to have only one child and are forced to abort any subsequent pregnancies.

Making all abortion illegal or restricting all but life-preserving abortions will not solve the problem for anyone. This course would only deny mothers and fathers any meaningful choice. Furthermore, banning abortions will force women underground and into the back alleys, where they will be endangered, beyond the reach of the law and beyond the reach of fathers who want to and need to be included in such a significant decision.

The Court has turned the issue of reproductive rights back to the states. Now the states can and should use this ruling as the basis to create the fairest and most realistic laws possible. To do this, we must listen to every side of this emotional and important issue and remember that fathers should have rights, too.

Jeffrey M. Leving
Chicago, Illinois

They don't include slavery (controlling a woman's body). The Government can't force you to produce sperm—yet. While sperm assists in producing the desired or undesired biological effect, the right to decide whether a fertilized egg will be sustained by the mother must be her decision alone.

7-ELEVEN HEAVEN

I enjoyed reading that Southland Corporation, owner of 7-Eleven, has filed for bankruptcy protection. Caving in to the Moral Majority (which is neither) and refusing to sell *Playboy* now seems typical of the company's lack of good management. Perhaps it

MAIL THIS BOOK

Censorship zealots plot their mail crusades with admirable efficiency. Now, with *Ban Censorship* (The Postcard Activist), you can fight back with pre-addressed cards to all sorts of officials who can help freedom ring.

NEA
The NEA awards grants to artists and performers that shape the arts in this country.
Dear Mr. Frohnmayer:
The attacks on the NEA have been severe, and I applaud your efforts to maintain this vital organization.
But if the price of support of the NEA is government censorship, then we have won the battle only to lose the war. You must work to rescind the obscenity clauses in your grants, and return the NEA to a merit based system, not one determined by the taste of Congress.
Name
Address
City, State Zip
Phone
The Postcard Activist
Make a Difference.
15
MAIL THIS BOOK!
BAN CENSORSHIP
30 POSTCARDS
JOIN
People For
The American Way
DETAILS INSIDE.
Write directly to the people who make policy. STAND UP FOR YOUR RIGHTS!

should consider a new slogan: "Thank heaven for Chapter 11."

Stew McDonald
Tampa, Florida

POT PERSECUTION

Richard Cohen says, "Hatred of homosexuals remains the last acceptable American bigotry" ("Profiles in Homophobia—The Senator," *The Playboy Forum*, March). How can he think that, when Oklahoma sentences pot growers to two years to life after a second conviction? All other states have their own confiscation and interdiction statutes, all contravening basic constitutional rights and all with the full agreement and encouragement of legislators, executives, law-enforcement officials and media.

Look what was done to Willie Nelson when he supported Gatewood Galbraith's pro-pot-legalization run for governor of Kentucky. Nelson's home was seized and his personal property and real estate were auctioned by the IRS. There is a big chunk of any population that seems to need some kind of slave/Jew/nigger/queer/untouchable to hate and persecute. The U.S. war on drugs provides the license for attacking and persecuting pot users. People of good conscience must act now to reverse this slide into totalitarian barbarity.

Peter Trane
Creede, Colorado

OTT'S DEFENSE

The arrest, manhandling, abuse of and finally dropping the charges against Elaine Ott by the Miramar, Florida, police for selling *Playboy* to a couple of teenagers is totally inexcusable. I applaud your decision to supply Ott with attorneys.

Michael E. Gilley
Hollywood, Florida

LOCKER-ROOM PROTOCOL

So Lisa Olson was offended by the way she was treated in the New England Patriots' locker room ("The Lady in the Locker Room," *The Playboy Forum*, February), because the players acted the way *they* wanted to act, rather than the way she felt they should act. To punish them, she censured them on television and filed a lawsuit. If anybody should have sued, it is the players, for the indignities imposed upon them. Olson should quit demanding that everyone else conform to what she can handle.

David C. Barber
San Diego, California

THE STRONG ARM OF THE CHURCH

Last year, the Catholic Church hired a PR firm to get its moral message out to the unconverted. The papal flacks may be the most visible arm of the Church, but they are not the most dangerous.

In New York, Church opposition has proved the most formidable obstacle to AIDS education in the public schools and to gay-rights legislation. The Church moves in subtle ways. Catholic Church–run AIDS nursing homes are exempt from state requirements that such facilities provide safe-sex and clean-needle instruction, condoms and abortion counseling to their residents. Under state law, such services are considered essential to protecting a patient's "right to independent personal decisions and knowledge of available choices" in his or her health care.

The Archdiocese of New York has maintained that it would sooner not provide AIDS care than accept guidelines that violate Church teachings. In a compromise agreement reached last year by the archdiocese and the state's health department, residents of six Church-run nursing homes would be referred to off-site centers to receive the taboo services.

Now gay groups have filed suit to break this gentlemen's agreement. "Why should an individual, especially an individual who may have problems being mobile, have to go to some other source to get information?" asks Gay Men's Health Crisis' David Barr. "If it's difficult for me to go cross town to where I've been referred, I probably won't go. And therefore, I won't get the information." Safe-sex education, he adds, involves more than handing someone a pamphlet and a condom: "You need the information updated, you need counseling support, and that whole program should be going on within the facility where people live."

Since virtually all of the costs associated with the homes—from site acquisition and development to primary care—are paid by the state, the groups charge that in yielding to Church pressure, New York has put itself in the unconstitutional position of promoting one church's religious views.

Says Barr, "The Church's doctrine on AIDS-prevention issues costs lives, and will cost us lives in the residences. They are using state dollars to impose their morality on other people."

In Chicago, meanwhile, a controversy has broken out over the recent decision by Illinois Masonic Medical Center to cease performing elective abortions as a condition for its purchase of an adjacent parcel of land from the Church. Here, the imposition of Church doctrine on a public facility spelled the end of an important community health resource: The hospital was one of the few in the city to offer second-trimester abortions.

"Illinois Masonic has basically decided that full-service women's health care isn't as important to them as the acquisition of this property," notes Colleen Connell, director of the A.C.L.U.'s reproductive-rights project in Chicago. "The hospital offers, or claims to offer, full-scale ob-gyn services and entices women to go there with a women's-health resource center. A woman establishes a relationship with her obstetrician, relies on him or her for advice, and if she is diagnosed as carrying a fetus with, let's say, Tay-Sachs or some other awful condition, she can't get an abortion at that hospital. She is faced with the untenable situation, in the middle of pregnancy, of trying to find a doctor who will take her on."

If the church that had owned the property were the Jehovah's Witnesses, wonders the A.C.L.U.'s Gwen Osborne, would the hospital have agreed to stop providing blood transfusions?

If the private deals are so *effective*, it makes us wonder why the Church even bothers with publicity. —STEPHEN RAE, WHO WROTE ON U.S. REPRESENTATIVE WILLIAM DANNEMEYER HERE IN MARCH

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

OFF AGAIN, ON AGAIN

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK—*In the ongoing case of the Topless Seven, the bad news was that a city judge rejected their argument that a law banning only women from going topless was sexually discriminatory. The good news was that the same judge decided that their toplessness—as a protest against that law—was constitutionally protected free speech. Now the bad news is that a county judge has reversed that decision and reinstated indecent-exposure charges against the seven women, who bared their breasts in a local park five years ago and whose supporters have made the protest an annual event. No court date has been set.*

PERIOD POLICE

Desperately trying to enforce the country's one-child-per-couple rule, Chinese authorities have created an army of 150,000 full-time and 1,000,000 part-time birth-control workers whose job is to monitor women's menstrual cycles for signs of illegal pregnancy. Many pregnant women avoid detection by moving among different jurisdictions, earning themselves the nickname "guerrilla Moms."

NEW DELHI DELI

NEW DELHI—*Wealthy foreigners are flocking to India for organ transplants, turning the trade in human body parts into a thriving national industry. The country's medical community is divided on the propriety of it all, but India's poor have discovered they can sell a kidney or a cornea for more money than they can save in a lifetime, resulting in an increase of kidney-transplant operations from about 50 in 1983 to more than 2000 last year. Medical experts say that powerful new immunosuppressant drugs have dramatically increased the success rate of the transplants, and this has been good for business. It's the ultimate chop shop.*

ENERGY SOURCE

EAST LANSING, MICHIGAN—*While Australians consider using confiscated marijuana to supplement coal as an energy source, the Hemp Environmental Activists at Michigan State University think the killer weed should be legally cultivated as a source of methanol for cars. Activist Michael Fischer says that hemp produces ten times as much methanol as corn, the next best source, and that hempseed oil can be burned in diesel engines.*

FROM THE OTHER FRONT

The latest skirmishes in the war on drugs:

BOSTON—*Authorities have tolerated the activities of former drug addict Jon C. Parker, founder of the National AIDS Brigade, who passes out clean needles to I.V.-drug users from the back of a van, as long as he keeps on the move. But his efforts to open a storefront distribution center have been stymied by neighbors, who don't want addicts congregating in one place, and by police, who say it's illegal.*

SEATTLE—*Police are pleased with local ordinances that now permit them to arrest presumed drug dealers and users on loitering charges. But the same laws are making things tough for health-care volunteers, who can no longer conveniently find gatherings of I.V.-drug users at which to pass out clean needles. A county health official said that last summer, needles were being given away to about 500 people a week, but the number has now dropped to half that.*

NEW ORLEANS—*A technicality is making it hard to enforce the state's newly expanded drug law. In amending the antidrug statutes, legislators failed to specify punishment, using three asterisks to indicate that the penalties were unchanged from elsewhere in the law. The public defender for one drug suspect is arguing, in effect, that the state can't sentence his client to three asterisks.*

MODERN TIMES

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*A 1988 survey of 8450 women between the ages of 15 and 44 by the National Center for Health Statistics found that 50.3 percent were married, 7.8 percent were divorced, 5.2 percent were cohabiting, 2.8 percent were separated, .7 percent were widowed and 33.3 percent were still single. Among women 25 to 34, nearly half said they had cohabited at some time; and more than 25 percent of all married women said their first marriages had been preceded by cohabitation with a prospective spouse. The survey found that slightly more than half the couples who lived together ultimately married, 37 percent split and the others, presumably, were still shacked up.*

HANGING ONE

One hundred "tanned and healthy" surfboarders responding to a Get Wet News *poll said that good surf always takes precedence over good sex. Inquiring as to how safety conscious these wave jockeys are, the magazine found that few surfers wear helmets when riding the waves but most wear condoms. When having sex, we assume.*

THE BLAMELESS SOCIETY

a guide to the fine art of finger pointing

By Chip Rowe

It doesn't matter what the scandal or the crime, it doesn't matter that there are eye witnesses or that you actually committed the crime—don't worry, it's not your fault! Welcome to the blameless society. If you murder the mayor of San Francisco, you can blame it on the Twinkies; if you are a self-righteous hypocrite and get caught having kinky sex, you shift the blame to Satan or television or some arcane psychological disorder. More and more accused sinners, we've noticed, conveniently point their fingers at a growing list of alibis provided by the fields of law, medicine and pop psychology. Here's our record of recent reckless fingers of blame. If you booze it up and seriously injure yourself on a subway train track, you are not the guilty party—blame your fall on the transit system for not patrolling you closely enough. Sure, some do-gooder will try to make you take the heat. Evidently, you don't have to. Use your imagination.

THE BLAMELESS
Jim Bakker
Jim Bakker, born again
Marion Barry
Ray Belknap and Jay Vance
Richard Berendzen
Ted Bundy
George Bush
Michael Deaver
Thomas J. Garchar
Tipper Gore
Joseph Hazlewood
Saddam Hussein
Charles Keating, Jr.
L.A. bodybuilder
David Letterman
John Paul Mack
U.S. Representative Jim Wright
Francisco Merino
Oliver North
Ronald Reagan
Donald Rogerson
Six children
Joel B. Steinberg
Randall Terry
K. Wise, A. McCray, Y. Salaam, R. Santana, K. Richardson

FORUM

THE PROBLEM	WHAT YOU MIGHT THINK	INSTEAD, BLAME . . .
Exposed for hoving sex with church secretory	Horny dude, hypocrite	Friends "conspired to betroy me into a sexuol encounter."
IRS finds $13,000,000 unaccounted for	Bod lior, crook	The Devil got into the computer.
Busted for smoking crock	Drug oddict, poor judgment	Feds for trying to kill him with neorly pure cocoine.
Teens committed suicide	Troubled teens need help	Porents blome Judos Priest's subliminol messoges on olbum.
Ex–Americon University president cought making obscene phone colls	Sicko with o touch-tone	Uncontrolloble-impulse disorder.
Killed dozens of women	Bloodthirsty psychopath	"Pornogrophy."
Drug epidemic	Americans like to use drugs	Monuel Noriego, invade Ponomo.
Repeotedly lied to Congress	Perjury	Absent-mindedness due to olcoholism ond tranquilizers.
Drove car into decorotive boulder in median; poralyzed	Stoy in your lane	City fathers of Tomoroc, Florida (court initiolly owords $4,700,000).
Doughter leorns obout mosturbation	Normol teenoger	Prince's song *Dorling Nikki*.
Grounded tonker, covering Aloskon shore with oil	Next time, steer clear of shore	Coost Guard, which foiled to warn him thot one third of eorth is lond.
Tried to annex Kuwoit in "border dispute"	Bod move, Bozo	Mixed signols from U.S. Stote Deportment, ottocks Israel.
Bad loons cost U.S. billions	Greedy sleozeboll	"Regulotors . . . ore fully responsible for the debocle."
Injured when he stropped refrigerator on bock, entered foot race ond strop slipped	Get o life	Manufocturer of strop (court owords $1,000,000).
Cought speeding	Only one slow enough to catch	"Selective persecution by the estoblishment."
Attocked woman with hommer ond knife	Vicious psycho	Stress. "I blew my cool for a second."
Hired John Paul Mock os oide	Poor judge of chorocter	Humon noture. "I don't suppose anybody is immune from mistakes."
Fell off subwoy plotform while intoxicoted, lost orm	Next time, watch where you stand	Tronsit cops who foil to boby-sit drunks (court owords $9,300,000).
Destroyed key Iron/Contra documents	Lowbreaker	Following orders from President.
Iron/Contra cover-up	Liar or puppet	"I don't recoll. . . ."
Shot womon deod in her own bock yard	Idiot with o gun	Woman's foshion faux pas (for not weoring an orange coot during deer seoson).
Burned when trying to ignite toad	Dumb kids	Product liobility suit filed agoinst the maker of the gosoline can.
Beot child to deoth	Child killer	Heddo Nussboum. "I should hove sensed Liso's need for medical ottention."
Followers hurt blocking obortion-clinic doors	Risky business	The police.
Sexuolly obused Central Pork jogger	Brutol monsters	Rocist society. Lowyer soys, "The defendonts ore the reol victims in this cose."

THE NEW OFFER YOU CAN'T REFUSE

if you can't trust your lover, your lawyer or your landlady, who's left?

When we watched the video tape of Rasheeda Moore helping trap Marion Barry, we recalled a scene from a James Bond movie. In *From Russia with Love*, it was the enemy who filmed the hero in a compromising position. Now we don't even flinch when our Government adopts the tactics of totalitarian states. We have become the enemy.

Ask yourself how you would feel about the tape if the then–Washington, D.C., mayor had simply turned down the drugs and had sex with Moore. You'd wonder what the Feds were doing in the middle of a lovers' tryst. English legal scholar Sir William Blackstone said: Better ten guilty escape than one innocent suffer. To paraphrase Sir William, better ten guilty men go untaped than one innocent man get taped.

Reprinted by permission: Tribune Media Services.

Law enforcement is turning this nation into a nest of informers. It is destroying the private bonds of trust between you and your lover, your lawyer, your neighbor, your boss, your landlady. Drawing from an arsenal of threats, extortion, payoffs and tradeoffs, cops are wringing the most personal details out of *sub rosa* confidants. How did Moore come to work against Barry? She made a deal: She gave the Feds access to her privacy; the Feds dropped their threat to prosecute her for lying to a grand jury about the Barry investigation.

Sometimes the incentive is cash. Under Government bounty awards, a snitch can earn as much as $250,000 per case—about 10 times the pay of a rookie DEA agent. Does money buy increased sensitivity to civil rights? We doubt it.

Sheriff Gene Taylor of Anderson County, South Carolina, flattered the Feds with imitation: He promised rewards of as much as 25 percent of the value of property seized, touting his offer on billboards reading, NEED CASH? TURN IN A DRUG DEALER.

Others ask you to inform as a public service. The *Clinton* (Iowa) *Herald* ran a coupon that readers could use to inform anonymously on anyone suspected of using or selling drugs.

Even spookier than cash incentives are the techniques of coercion being developed by some Federal agencies. In 1988, at the height of the Zero Tolerance antidrug campaign, the Coast Guard seized a fishing vessel at Fort Bragg, California, for containing two marijuana seeds. The owner and his father were told by agents of U.S. Customs and the DEA that the Feds would let them use the boat to fish if they would inform on drug activity among other fishermen. If they failed to turn in someone within 90 days, the Feds would take the boat.

In 1989, the IRS sent threatening letters to 963 lawyers demanding that they turn over names of clients who had paid fees of $10,000 or more in cash. The plan was that the names would help the IRS piece together tax cases against suspected drug dealers. So if you pay cash, and your lawyer finks, you may become the target of a drug investigation, no matter what business you're in.

All but 90 lawyers immediately complied. What happened to the principled 90? A Federal judge has ruled that two New York criminal-defense law firms must disclose the names to the IRS. Other lawyers have been jailed in Tulsa and Houston for refusing to violate attorney-client privilege.

And a Supreme Court ruling allows prosecutors to seize your attorney's fees simply by *claiming* that they came from a drug deal. The charge doesn't have to be proved. You will be left with the best defense that no money can buy.

Municipalities have launched their own assaults in the name of zero tolerance. Los Angeles and New York are forcing landlords to evict alleged drug dealers, even without convictions. By threatening fines or worse, the cities compel a property owner not only to abrogate a lease but to screw someone who—at least according to the courts—is innocent.

By virtually deputizing lovers and lawyers in the name of the war on drugs, the Feds have demonstrated the terrifying power of veiled coercion. Taking the cue, in two Tennessee counties, judges began making deals with people convicted of possession or the sale of drugs in order to collect evidence for local prosecutors. By threatening defendants with contempt citations and manipulating plea bargains, the judges would elicit the names of alleged drug dealers. Fortunately, the judges scrapped the plan.

And rightfully so. First, judges are not supposed to be law-enforcement officers. If judges are going on fishing expeditions for the prosecution, how can anyone be assured of a fair trial? Second, what happens to the presumed innocence of the defendant? Why should the accused have to buy a deal under threat of being tried in a kangaroo court? Next thing you know, he or she will be forced to star in a Government-produced home video. Call it the new pornography.

—JOHN DENTINGER, WHOSE ARTICLE "NARC, NARC" APPEARED IN *The Playboy Forum*, APRIL 1990

ADVERTISEMENT

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: SCHICK TRACER

a face-to-face conversation about close shaves and flexible attitudes with the sharpest new member of the Schick dynasty

Your father grew up with one. Your grandfather grew up with one. Chances are, even your great-grandfather regarded a Schick as an intimate friend. In recent months, however, the world has become much more curious about the successor to the great Schick tradition.

To interview the youngest Schick, Playboy selected special correspondent ***Evan Growth.*** *Here's Growth's report:*

"I met Schick Tracer at Cheekbone resort, where it had been hitting the slopes with a vengeance. After settling in with a frothy menthol cream, the Tracer became quite talkative."

PLAYBOY: Let's start with the obvious question: You're the most recent in a long line of well-known Schicks to step into the spotlight. We're sure there have already been, well, the inevitable comparisons.

TRACER: You know, you hear this all the time now—all this talk about how great the last generation was; all this noise about how the new one is just trading on the old reputation. Sure, the links are there, but I'm more than confident about my own abilities.

PLAYBOY: So in other words, you want to keep your distance from the older Schicks?

TRACER: Listen, there's a lot of tradition behind the name Schick, and it's a tradition I'm proud of. But there are also plenty of things I do that my folks would never have dreamed of.

PLAYBOY: For instance?

TRACER: I'm just a lot more flexible than they were, a lot less rigid. Why make life more difficult than it already is? Just enjoy it, that's what I say. Bend a little.

PLAYBOY: Everybody seems to agree that it's this kind of attitude that has made you such a hit with the younger crowd.

TRACER: Well, I work pretty hard to get maximum contact with my fans—and don't think it's easy. A lot of razors in my position can't cover even half the angles I do.

Remember, in this line of work, there are a lot of rough patches—it gets pretty hairy sometimes. You have to be able to bend without breaking, you know?

PLAYBOY: Let's go back a moment. You mentioned "maximum contact." Is that why you've been seen at hangouts such as The Adam's Apple?

TRACER: Right. I make it a point to get to all of those out-of-the-way spots, instead of just the places right under everybody's nose. 'Course, I make sure I get *there*, too.

PLAYBOY: And your popularity just keeps on growing. How do you manage to do it?

TRACER: I'll be honest with you: I get extremely close to the people I work with. And in order to do that, you've just got to know when to give.

PLAYBOY: A lot of your fans *do* swear that you're a sensitive guy. But you're also considered to be quite a smooth operator, aren't you?

TRACER: [*Laughs*] What can I say? I'm completely unique!

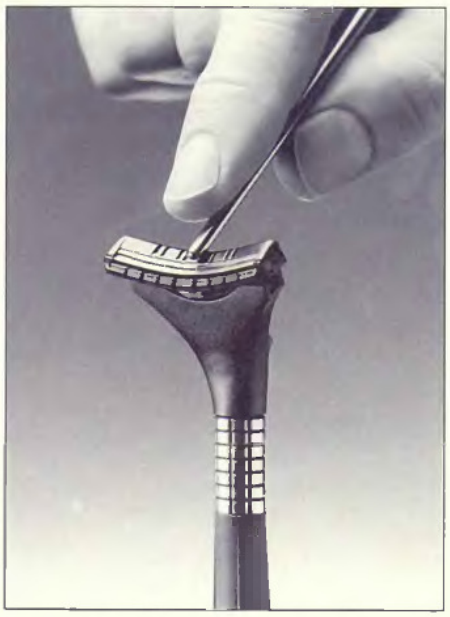
PLAYBOY: So if you had to sum up your thoughts right now, what message would you give to your fans?

TRACER: Avoid hassles. When life throws you a curve, just go with it—and things will always turn out smoothly.

PLAYBOY: Terrific. And what are your own plans for the future?

TRACER: Well, I just plan to look sharp and go with the flow. Life's filled with a lot of ups and downs, but by staying flexible, *I* intend to stay on top. Believe me, it's a strategy that works wonders.

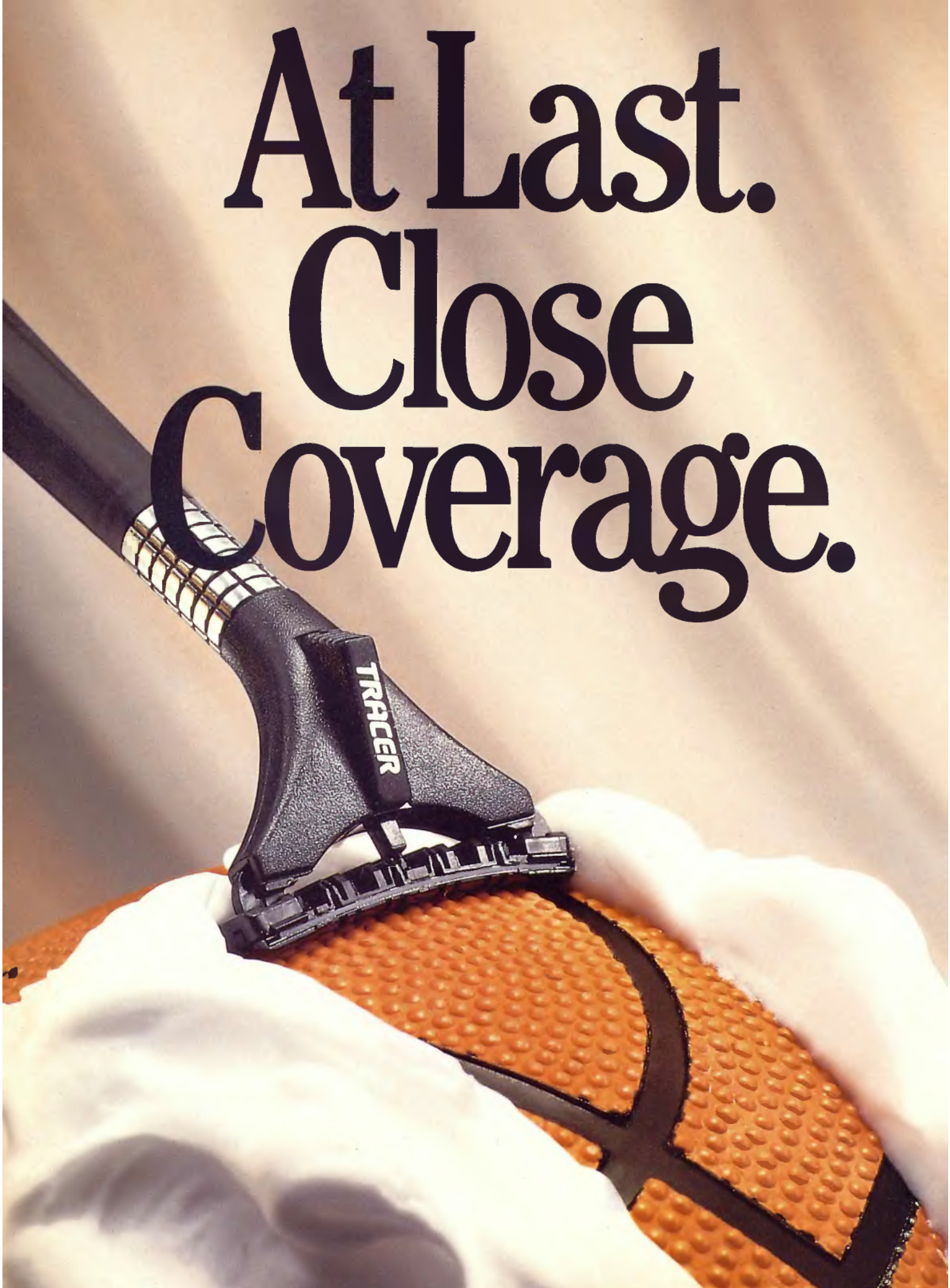
"I'll be honest with you: I get extremely close to the people I work with. And in order to do that, you've just got to know when to give."



"In this line of work, there are a lot of rough patches—it gets pretty hairy sometimes. You have to be able to bend without breaking, you know?"

"I work pretty hard to get maximum contact with my fans—and don't think it's easy. A lot of razors in my position can't cover even half the angles I do."

At Last. Close Coverage.



INTRODUCING TRACER FROM SCHICK

Tracer is the first razor with a blade that flexes. It traces every curve on your face, to put more blade edge against your skin.

© 1991 Warner-Lambert Co.

PEACHTREE KEY LARGO BLUESBERRY TRIPLE SEC PEPPERMINT SPEARMINT

OLD TAVERN ROOTBEER CINNAMON MOUNTAIN STRAWBERRY APPLE BARREL MELON LIQUEUR CRANTASIA PEACHTREE

Key Largo™ Tropical Schnapps. And a wave of more than 40 other flavors, too.

WILDERBERRY PEPPERMINT 100 TRIPLE SEC SPEARMINT BLUESBERRY BUTTERSHOTS HOT DAMN! CRANTASIA

CACTUS JUICE KEY LARGO BUTTERSHOTS RAZZMATAZZ HOT DAMN!

DEKUYPER

DeKuyper® Key Largo™ Tropical Schnapps Liqueur, 15% alc./vol. Bottled by John DeKuyper and Son, Elmwood Place, OH © 1991 Jim Beam Brands Co.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: MACNEIL/LEHRER

a candid conversation with public tv's no-frills news team about bucking the networks, covering the gulf and "disturbing the peace"

A few decades ago, the network evening news was presided over by a single dignified anchor. This Spartan presentation of the day's pressing events was as elemental to the lives of millions of Americans as their morning newspaper. The "CBS Evening News" was particularly valued, due in large part to "the most trusted man in America," Walter Cronkite, who would eventually man the program for a formidable 19-year tenure. Emulated to varying degrees by his rivals at NBC and ABC, Cronkite's grave but avuncular manner exemplified the basic philosophy of the evening news show: that TV journalism was serious business.

But times—and anchors—have changed. The once subtle, genteel rivalry of network newscasts has developed into an outright free-for-all. Dogfighting for ratings and prime-time lead-ins, hyping their "exclusives" and glamourous anchors (who compete in star power with the likes of Stallone or Madonna), the networks have become near parodies of themselves—real-life incarnations of the institutions satirized in the films "Network" and "Broadcast News" and on TV's "WIOU." Meanwhile, illustrated dramatically during the Gulf war, CNN has proved cable TV to be a genuine player in the battle for the nightly news.

Yet just across the span of channels, one evening newscast marches to a different, quieter drumbeat. "The MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour" has been, since its inception, a straightforward news show devoid of glitz, absent of hype and, according to some critics, even a bit staid. Yet the program clings to the concept that the news—especially those stories that directly affect the lives of American citizens—can and should be explored to exhaustion. Its format deliberately eschews the "sound bite" and the quick cut to video tape.

"MacNeil/Lehrer" strays from the network-news format in other ways: Its two anchors—Canadian Robert "Robin" MacNeil and American Jim Lehrer—share their air time generously, a stark contrast to the solo bravura performances of Tom Brokaw, Peter Jennings and Dan Rather. There are few satellite feeds from exotic locations, featuring breathless foreign correspondents in Banana Republic garb; and because the show airs on public television, there are no commercials. Yet, its devotees and even some of its critics insist that it is "MacNeil/Lehrer's" conceptual simplicity—its remarkable starkness—that has made the program a contender in the nosy, noisy world of broadcast journalism.

"MacNeil/Lehrer" first aired on public television in 1976. The original concept was modest: to explore the day's big story in depth. In 1983, the program expanded from the half-hour "The MacNeil/Lehrer Report" to the 60-minute "The MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour," and interviews and panel discussions were added. Although the show has consistently booked an impressive roster of guests, some critics have taken swipes at the hosts' motives behind the line-ups. "Their idea of a balanced panel," cracked New York Newsday *last December, when "MacNeil/Lehrer" was celebrating its 4000th edition, "is Henry Kissinger and Zbigniew Brzezinski, with Brzezinski turning out to be the liberal."*

Despite the debate over the show's political posture, "MacNeil/Lehrer" has gained credibility. Its influence can be seen on the commercial networks themselves, which have launched similar shows, such as ABC's "Nightline" and CBS' "America Tonight." All have rallied against the prevailing wisdom—not only of TV news but of commercial television in general—that the public's attention span is less than 30 seconds. In the case of Robin MacNeil and Jim Lehrer, it was precisely this refusal to dismiss their audience that ultimately brought them one.

The men behind the show are as unconventional as the program itself. Despite their personal and professional successes, they have not succumbed to celebrity, nor do they envy the millions of dollars their network colleagues haul in. "I wouldn't for a moment

MAC NEIL: *"They said, 'Those are just a couple of talking heads and we don't need that.' But we gave public television credibility. We helped them define themselves."*

LEHRER: *"It is the public's right to be informed. We don't have a constitutional mandate to do that, but we have an obligation. I believe that with all my heart."*

MAC NEIL: *"This business is easy for some. One day, somebody's asking for your advice; six months later, here's this son of a bitch earning a million and a half."*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BENNO FRIEDMAN

LEHRER: *"In the new world of CNN, VCRs and public-affairs outlets, the network news programs are losing their audience. People want more news, not less."*

A team known for speed, skill and winning. That's Marlboro Racing Team Penske. Watch this year as they race wheel-to-wheel, competing for $21 million in prize money in the seventeen events of racing's most exciting series—The CART/PPG Indy Car World Series. Catch all the action at Marlboro's three premier Indy Car events. The Marlboro 500, home of the fastest 500 mile race in history. The Marlboro Grand Prix, raced under the skyline of Manhattan. And the Marlboro Challenge—Indy Car's "Race of Champions." Join Marlboro Racing '91 for every second of thrilling, high speed Indy Car excitement.

Marlboro
PRESENTED BY
MARLBORO
CIGARETTES
© Philip Morris Inc. 1991
17 mg "tar," 1.2 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking
Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

trade what I have for what the anchors get," says MacNeil, insisting that the inflated network salaries bring with them a high-pressure, cutthroat existence—a lifestyle uncommon in public television. At the same time, both men are keenly aware that they are in the TV business and that to remain successful, they must remain popular. "To be noncompetitive in this business," says Lehrer, "is to be dead."

Robin MacNeil grew up with the idea that he would follow the career footsteps of his father and enter the Canadian navy. But then he flunked the algebra section of the entrance exam to the Canadian naval academy. He tried his luck on Broadway—but "a voice came to me out of the blue that said, 'You'd make a lousy actor'"—so he left New York and hopscotched from job to job. He wrote plays in Europe and served in various capacities with Reuters News, NBC News and the British Broadcasting Corporation. Ultimately, he landed a job in public television, where his reportage earned him, along with colleague Sander Vanocur, the displeasure of President Nixon—an uncommon distinction for a public-TV reporter.

When television began broadcasting the Watergate hearings in 1973, MacNeil was teamed with reporter Jim Lehrer in Washington, D.C., where, gavel to gavel (and "bun to bun," says Lehrer), the two developed their unique synergy.

If MacNeil in his early years epitomized the Canadian journeyman journalist, Jim Lehrer was the quintessential American. A native of Kansas, Lehrer graduated from the University of Missouri, then went on to serve as an officer in the Marine Corps (where his father had spent many years). After leaving the Service, he worked as a newspaper reporter for the Dallas Times Herald, *specializing in murders, politics and three-alarm fires. He soon became a columnist for the paper and later moved up to city editor.*

But what Lehrer really wanted to do was write, so he began work on an original story about a modern-day Mexican general bent on reclaiming the Alamo as a tourist attraction. When the novel was completed, he permitted a budding film producer to shop it on speculation as a film project. The gamble paid off: "Viva Max!" starring Peter Ustinov and Jonathan Winters, was released in 1969, earning Lehrer $45,000 and the opportunity to retire from the newspaper business.

But life as a free-lancer spooked Lehrer, and he switched to part-time work as a consulting editor of a local nightly news show for a public broadcasting station in Dallas. The experience eventually led him to Washington, D.C., the Watergate hearings, Robin MacNeil and, ultimately, "The MacNeil/Lehrer Report."

To talk with the men for whom talking has become a livelihood, Playboy *called on Contributing Editor* **Morgan Strong,** *whose previous "Playboy Interview" subjects have included P.L.O. leader Yasir Arafat, physicist Stephen Hawking and CBS' "60 Minutes" team. Here is Strong's report:*

"Considering the potential difficulty of coordinating my schedule with those of two very busy men, I was surprised at the ease with which MacNeil, Lehrer and I arranged our interview sessions: There was no evasion, no postponement; a date was set and that was it. Straightforward and simple.

"Our first meeting took place early one morning in MacNeil's New York City office—an unpretentious and pleasant workplace, nothing at all like the anchor suites at the networks. The first thing that struck me was their blatant genuineness. MacNeil greeted me himself, forgoing the usual phalanx of secretaries and functionaries. Lehrer, meanwhile, informed me that he had made the trip up from Washington—canceling his appearance on the show that evening—to do the interview.

"When I told them that I had set aside my usual four-hour block of time for our first session, they were startled; apparently, they had had no idea that so much time would be needed. I found this curious, since these two men are known for their own protracted interviews. But once our talk got under way, they became passionate.

"Of the two men, Lehrer seemed more down-home—often candid, sometimes profane and always animated. MacNeil, on the other hand, occasionally exhibited a bit of Canadian reserve—though not aloofness—and while he spoke with greater intensity than Lehrer, he was physically less demonstrative.

"But together, they are like the Siamese twins of broadcast news—matched by opposite personalities yet linked by remarkably similar views of their responsibilities as professional journalists. Their enthusiasm about what they do—and how they go about doing it—is the obvious common bond. They are committed to telling the American people all that they are capable of telling them and as fully as they think it should be told. But there is also a refreshing self-deprecation that surfaces on occasion. They don't take themselves too seriously.

"And they are alike in another way: in the reverence they share for their fathers. Frankly, I have never witnessed that sort of respect in anyone else I've interviewed. It is, I suppose, a perfect demonstration of their devotion to elemental values—and the very reason so many people want to listen to them.

"We began our conversation by discussing the Gulf war, which, as we went to press, had culminated in the liberation of Kuwait."

"This war has been a field day for tacticians, weapons specialists, people who observe political behavior, people who know Iraq. We feel very involved."

PLAYBOY: Let's begin with the most important news story in years: the war in the Persian Gulf. Given the networks'—especially CNN's—instant, on-location reportage of the war, does *MacNeil/Lehrer* feel a detachment from the crisis?

LEHRER: Quite the contrary. We feel we're right in the center of it all. I have never felt so involved in a story as in this one.

PLAYBOY: In what way? After all, yours is probably the only news show that doesn't have a team of correspondents reporting from the eye of Desert Storm.

MAC NEIL: Well, so far, I think this war has played to the strengths of this program. First of all, we are almost no worse off in terms of access to the Gulf than the networks—we share the network pools, and we do have a correspondent there, Charlayne Hunter-Gault. But most important, our strength is in analyzing what's going on, and what developments mean, and what the public response is. This war has been a field day for the tacticians, for weapons specialists, for people who observe political behavior in this country, for people who know Iraq—its spirit, its culture. It's been very much a talk war, and we feel very involved.

We've also noticed a steady increase in our audience—judging by the New York metropolitan market, which is by far the largest—from August second until war was declared. There were a few days when it dipped, because the audience was watching the outbreak of the war on CNN and the networks, but then it came back. I think we've come into our own again. I would think if our audience felt we were out of it, we would be. But clearly, our audience doesn't feel that way.

PLAYBOY: CNN's Bernard Shaw said he felt uncomfortable about the celebrity heaped upon him as a result of CNN's coverage in the Gulf. Is there a place for personal heroics in TV journalism?

LEHRER: Television journalism is no more a place for personal heroics than any other line of work. There are men and women in policework and other social work who regularly put their lives on the line. The only difference is that they don't do it on TV.

PLAYBOY: Then perhaps heroics is the wrong word; maybe we should talk about star power and the ease with which anchor men and women can become overnight media darlings.

MAC NEIL: But there's nothing new about that. Back in the days of the big press wars, guys were emblazoned all over the front pages and treated as heroes. That's been a standard of popular journalism for a long time. It's just that the power of the television age—and the hunger and competition among the networks—allows today's media people to dramatize themselves like never before.

Somebody pointed out recently that

COLORS. A NEW WORLD FOR MEN.

UNITED COLORS OF BENETTON.

I-800-722-7070
FOR INFORMATION

BENETTON BOUTIQUES

DILLARD'S

DAYTON'S

HUDSON'S

MARSHALL FIELD'S

the correspondents in Riyadh are doing stand-ups in flak suits and gas masks, whereas their crews are in T-shirts. The ones you see on camera are the ones wearing the gear. I found that amusing.

PLAYBOY: Overall, are the media going overboard reporting on the media?

LEHRER: No. The media need to be covered because they are an important player in the public's business. The coverage should be as vigorous and direct as that of all other public institutions.

MAC NEIL: We did an entire program on this recently. I don't think the media are a sidebar to this war anymore; rather, they became a main news story as the event accelerated. Coverage of the media has even outpaced that of the peace movement. The battle for public opinion, both domestically and internationally, has become a major ingredient of this war from the first shot.

PLAYBOY: To the point of overkill? CNN has launched a show called *Gulf Talk*, and *all* of the networks started leading into their war coverage with logos and opening music more reminiscent of a miniseries than of the news.

MAC NEIL: This is a very difficult point. There's nothing in the First Amendment or anywhere else that says that good taste shall govern. I don't know whether it's overkill. Obviously, the war is a story that is pre-eminent in the minds of the American people—they've stopped traveling, they've started worrying about their kids' futures, they are completely *consuming* the news. It's a story that Americans are really thirsting to have covered. So the media are going to cover it in their own way, and that's going to include a lot of bad taste—groundless speculation, sensationalism, false heroics. But those are all things that the popular media do in a democracy. So it's up to the viewers to choose which shows they like and which ones go too far—and that colors their attitude from then on. If you think channel X went overboard, that they're just a bunch of assholes, then you're not going to watch them anymore. If you think they're doing a great job, you're going to make them your favorite.

Also, remember that we're in a time when the networks are in serious trouble. All of them are competing with one another and trying to make themselves distinctive.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of which, is there any specific network—or are there correspondents, for that matter—that deserves special mention for its coverage of the Gulf war?

LEHRER: Yes. But I would not want to name them. There is too much attention already paid to individual journalists.

PLAYBOY: OK, then with the caveat that you're not glorifying—rather, simply admiring—the coverage, who *is* doing a good job in the Gulf?

MAC NEIL: Well, I don't want to get into personalities, either, but it's clear that [CNN's] Peter Arnett is now—and will be historically—a very significant player in this coverage. There will be a lot of seminars at universities about this someday. In my personal opinion, I think journalism is lucky to have as experienced a man in this position at this time. I don't see a point in singling out others.

PLAYBOY: What about the Arnett bashing that has been going on—the charges by some media analysts that his reporting is so censored by the Iraqi government that it's pointless to listen to it?

MAC NEIL: I'm upset about that. I asked some of those bashers, What are the media supposed to do, accept everything from the Pentagon as gospel truth, and everything from Iraq as lies? They didn't know what to say.

PLAYBOY: What about our Government's censorship? Military security notwithstanding, is Government censorship of breaking news stories appropriate?

LEHRER: Yes. Censorship is necessary to the conduct of a war. But I believe that among reasonable people, this doesn't have to be a problem.

"There are millions of people in this country who want to get news on television. It's insulting to them to say you've got to turn it into MTV to get their attention."

MAC NEIL: I agree with Jim. It's obvious in any war that it's appropriate for the military to withhold some information altogether, or in some cases take the press into its confidence, as was done in World War Two. There are some things that it's appropriate to withhold even from the freest of free presses. In this war, the Pentagon seems to have learned the wrong lesson from the war in Vietnam, saying, "We're not going to lose a war again through the press," then going as far as they can to hermetically seal it off. I think that's fair; they're trying to control it much more this time. But the press didn't lose the war in Vietnam.

The other thing is that the Pentagon has an adversarial relationship with the press that grew up two decades ago, when the fundamental trust between Government and press broke down. In the early Sixties, you believed what the Government said until it was proven to be a lie. After Vietnam, you believed that something was a lie until proven correct. There's an element of this that has carried over to the professionalism of the press. The Pentagon is still dealing with this as part of the Vietnam hangover.

PLAYBOY: The censorship issue aside, is the public simply being fed too much information about the Gulf war?

LEHRER: There is no such thing as too much information on such a story.

PLAYBOY: Then let's move from content to form. Throughout the war coverage, the public has embraced TV's quick-cut coverage—with its sound bites, opinion polls and hourly updates. Is the industry going through a life change—with this MTV-style news on one end and *MacNeil/Lehrer*'s round-table type of discourse on the other?

LEHRER: There are a lot of people in this business who think the thirty-minute nightly newscast is the only way to do news on television. But they're wrong. In the new world of CNN, VCRs and public-affairs outlets, the network news programs are losing their audience. People want more news, not less.

MAC NEIL: It's insulting to the people, really! There are millions and millions of well-educated, thoughtful, curious people in this country who want to get news on television. It's insulting to them to say you've got to turn it into MTV to get their attention.

PLAYBOY: Public television has a reputation of speaking mostly to a liberal audience. Is that true in your case?

LEHRER: We've got both conservatives *and* liberals reacting to what we do. I don't think it's accurate to describe the public-television audience in general as liberal. But I can't prove or disprove that.

PLAYBOY: We've seen demographics, provided by your publicity department, suggesting that your program is watched by the better educated, more affluent viewer. That smacks of elitism, doesn't it?

MAC NEIL: We broadcast for the people who are interested in knowing how the system is working today. We try to clarify the issues that the system throws up.

LEHRER: Look! The fact of the matter is that as long as *I'm* on this program, there's no *way* it can be elitist. I'm not from the elite; MacNeil isn't from the elite. Sure, the surveys will show that a lot of our viewers went to college, but we also have a lot of viewers who have only a high school education or below. Our program is very accessible. We do try to work through the complexities. We start with the A of an issue and work through the B, then the C. I think it's elitist to suggest that only people with college degrees care about war, peace and taxes.

MAC NEIL: A lot of this springs from the old assumption that what everybody *does* on television should be appealing to everybody who *watches* television. I think that used to be the governing idea. "What? You guys *can't* be doing viable television, because you appeal to only a segment of the audience!" Well, I think

CAN YOU FIND THE HIDDEN PLEASURE* IN REFRESHING SEAGRAM'S GIN?

*Hint. It's as refreshing as a splash in a pool.

© 1990 Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, New York, N.Y. Seagram's Gin. 100% Neutral Spirits Distilled From Grain. 40% By Vol. (80 Proof)

that audience is now breaking up into many segments. We put on a quieter, more thoughtful—— Well, I don't know how to put it; there is a more *civilized* atmosphere to what we do. Some people find it boring. But the people who find it boring don't watch, and the people who do watch don't find it boring.

LEHRER: Right. If you care about arms control, then a story about arms control is not boring. If you don't give a shit about arms control, *all* stories about arms control are boring. People generally imply that *MacNeil/Lehrer* could have a wider audience if we would make some *appeal* to that wider audience. But, as I said, it's deliberately accessible.

PLAYBOY: Still, you seem to be saying your program is directed at those who run the system—those with a compelling need for the information you provide.

MAC NEIL: In a sense, yes. People who are college-educated are the people who run the country. But they certainly aren't the *whole* country. And that certainly doesn't mean that only college-educated people appear on our program.

LEHRER: I have a point to make. There are thirty-seven million people who don't have health insurance in this country. Those thirty-seven million people probably do not watch *MacNeil/Lehrer*. But the people who can make it possible for them to have health insurance—the people able to effect change—may watch the program. We believe, as Jefferson said, that it's necessary to have an informed electorate. We try to inform our audience, whoever they are.

PLAYBOY: What news shows do you watch—other than your own—to get the kind of information *you* need?

MAC NEIL: I watch almost no television besides CNN, which is on here in the office all day long; I use it as a tip service. I also watch *60 Minutes* quite often. But I switch the TV off when I'm finished at work, so I don't see the morning and evening network news shows.

If you work in television, you never want to watch it. You could spend your whole day watching television, but then you'd never read a book.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about the tone of your program. Some say that a postgraduate degree is required to understand it. With that kind of reputation, how can you reach the people?

MAC NEIL: [*Laughs*] I don't know that that's true. That implies that because we're so highbrow, people are scared away. But even though the program may have a reputation among some groups that you need a Ph.D. to watch it, I believe what Jim says is true: It's deliberately accessible. It tries to make things as intellectually absorbable as possible. And another point is that the people who are uninterested in what's happening or who are outside the system don't watch Jennings, Brokaw or Rather, either. And they don't read *Playboy*.

LEHRER: One of the most telling questions I was ever asked when I was a newspaperman was by a little fifth-grade girl in Texas. She asked, "When you sit down to write a story, who do you see reading it? Your mother? An old high school teacher?" It was a stunning question.

So, no, I sure as hell *don't* see somebody with a Ph.D. as my only audience when I write copy for *MacNeil/Lehrer*. When we do an interview on the show, we ask the questions that anybody would ask. If somebody says "the Fed," we say, "You mean the Federal Reserve."

PLAYBOY: Step-by-step news analysis with a little *Sesame Street* thrown in.

MAC NEIL: That's a point that can be made. But you can also make the argument that the networks, which are trying to be popular, are in a perverse way even *more* elitist.

PLAYBOY: Explain.

MAC NEIL: The network journalists are as sophisticated in what they do as we are in what *we* do. They're interchangeable, really, with any other network journalist. They don't have the time to ask the basic questions—What happens now? What happens after that?—so they have to compress everything into short periods of time. Consequently, a lot of what they do is in a sort of shorthand.

"It's terrific work. It's like eating candy, like a little kid's fantasy. The fire engines go by here and [we] find out what is going on. We get to chase fires."

LEHRER: My favorite example is the Dow Jones. Say you're sitting in Ada, Oklahoma, and you're watching the evening news show. The anchor says, "The Dow Jones closed down eighty-four points today," and you say, "What the hell does that mean? Is that something I should be worried about?" I mean, who except a very few people knows what the Dow Jones *really* means? [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: You're making some good points, but——

LEHRER: But you feel as if a dump truck just pulled up and unloaded on you.

MAC NEIL: You ask a damn-fool, simple question and get a three-hour answer. [*Laughs*]

LEHRER: We just hate to talk about ourselves. The truth of the matter is, if we were guests on our own show, we'd never be asked back, because our answers are too damn long.

MAC NEIL: Right. So could you keep your questions a little shorter? [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: OK. Let's back up. How did you get to be *The MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour*?

MAC NEIL: Why don't you ask him? He's younger! He's got a shorter bio. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: All right. Jim?

LEHRER: I made the decision when I was about sixteen or seventeen years old that I wanted to be a writer, a newspaperman—for all the wrong reasons, in some ways. I lived in Beaumont, Texas, down near the coast, and two things happened when I reached my sophomore year in high school: One, I discovered for sure that I was not going to be a major-league baseball player [*laughs*], but at the same time, I noticed these incredibly neat guys who used to come around baseball practice—the sportswriters. I just loved them, and I decided that would be a terrific thing to be. Two, an English teacher of mine told me, "Hey, Jimmy, you can really write." So the two things, you know, kind of came together.

PLAYBOY: So you began as a sportswriter?

LEHRER: Well, no. I wanted to be a fiction writer, but I remembered Hemingway's dictum that if you want to be a writer, be a newspaperman first. It keeps bread on the table, forces you to deal with the English language every day, and if you pay attention, it may give you something to write about later. Hemingway also said you should spend only about two or three years being a journalist. So I'm way over. But that's how I started out.

PLAYBOY: How did you get into public television?

LEHRER: I was an investigative reporter for the *Dallas Times Herald*, then I was city editor. But I had written this story that was produced as a film. [*Laughs*] It was called *Viva Max!* Peter Ustinov and Jonathan Winters were in it. I was paid forty-five thousand dollars for it. I had been making eleven thousand a year at the *Times Herald*, but my wife and I figured we could live for five years on the movie money.

PLAYBOY: So you left the paper. Was it easy adjusting to the life of a free-lancer?

LEHRER: Well, the first day you don't have to go to work, you get scared. There's this typewriter with a blank page in it staring you right in the face. But before long, the local public-television station in Dallas asked me to consult with them one day a week. Finally, I began going full time.

PLAYBOY: And now you relish your job.

LEHRER: Oh, sure, it's terrific work. It's like eating candy, like a little kid's fantasy for me. I mean, the fire engines are going to go by here in a minute and Robin and I can go and find out what the hell is going on. We get to chase fires and, hell, I've been doing that for thirty years now.

PLAYBOY: Your turn, Robin. Was yours a similar road to *MacNeil/Lehrer*?

We Thought It Was Impossible To Make A Clarion Car CD System Skip. Until We Mixed Paint With It.

A good many companies can offer you a car CD system that doesn't skip.

Until you leave your driveway.

That's when potholes, speed bumps and foul roads come into play.

Along with skipping.

Which is why you should consider owning a Clarion car CD system.

In recent vibration tests against other high-end car CD units, ours were unsurpassed in shock absorption.

But we must confess that we didn't conquer the Red Demon paint shaker.

Which just proves a point. While we may make the most skip-resistant car CD systems on the market, there's always room for improvement.

And something to shoot for next year.

clarion Car Audio

For a free brochure write to Clarion Corporation of America, Dept. #PL, 661 West Redondo Beach Blvd., Gardena, CA 90247-4201 (213) 327-9100 - Clarion Canada, Inc., 2239 Winston Park Drive, Oakville, Ont., Canada L6H 5R1.

MAC NEIL: No, my history is totally different. I never wanted to be a journalist at all. All through my teenage years, I thought I would go into the Canadian navy. My dad had been in the navy during the war, and that's what I was going to do. We never discussed anything else. But to get into the navy, I had to pass an exam, and I flunked the algebra section, so I couldn't get into the naval college. I went off to school, hoping to get into the naval college later, but after about a year, I discovered that I didn't want to go into the navy after all. I had done some acting in high school and college and, as a result of that, I was hired by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation to do some radio plays. I did quite a lot of them.

After two years of college, I quit and went into radio. I was an all-night disc jockey for a year, and I continued to act in summer stock. Finally, I came to New York to try Broadway.

PLAYBOY: The boulevard of broken dreams?

MAC NEIL: [*Laughs*] Right. But, fortunately, I had a vision in Times Square. A voice came to me out of the blue that said, "You'd make a *lousy* actor."

LEHRER: What it really said was, "Get the hell out of here." [*Laughs*]

MAC NEIL: Yeah. Like, "What are you doing here? You're supposed to be a writer. You're supposed to be the cool one *behind* the scenes—the writer, not the guy selling his ass out there, not the raw meat. And if you're going to do that, you'd better go back to college."

So I went back to Canada and spent three more years getting a degree, all the time working in radio and television for the CBC. I got my degree and got out of Canada as quickly as I could.

PLAYBOY: Joining the likes of Peter Jennings, Morley Safer and so many other Canadians who'd eventually make a mad dash for American television.

MAC NEIL: Well, it all seemed to be happening somewhere besides Canada. But I actually went to London to write plays.

PLAYBOY: Did you have any success?

MAC NEIL: Well, I *wrote* the plays, but they were never produced. [*Laughs*] I was getting married and needed a job. And I got a temporary position at Independent Television News in London, just as it was starting off. Then someone suggested I try Reuters News. So I started writing news there and stayed for five years. That was my real beginning as a journalist. After that, people offered me one job after another. Finally, I went to NBC; in 1965, I was co-anchor for a show called *The Scherer-MacNeil Report*.

PLAYBOY: Why didn't you stay with NBC?

MAC NEIL: Because it wasn't reporting, it wasn't what I really wanted to do as a journalist. So I went back to London and worked for the British Broadcasting Corporation as a reporter for its weekly *Panorama* series, which dealt with in-depth stories. Then I returned to the States and began with the National Public Affairs Center for Television in Washington. That's where Jim and I met.

PLAYBOY: Your first joint assignment in public television was coverage of the Watergate hearings.

MAC NEIL: Right. Jim came in as the other correspondent on a series called *America '73* in Washington.

LEHRER: And we did the Watergate hearings together—gavel to gavel. Pretty soon, we discovered that we lived near each other in Bethesda and that we also had daughters in the same kindergarten class. As a result of the Watergate hearings, we ended up sitting next to each other, bun to bun, for four months—day in, day out. By the end of the hearings, we were close friends, both personally and professionally.

PLAYBOY: And that led to fifteen years of nightly news broadcasts.

LEHRER: We were lucky. We just happened to come along at the right time. What we wanted to do was what public television needed, and there was an audience for it at the time.

PLAYBOY: Whose idea was the show?

"The networks are prisoners of their own system. The good intentions they bring to their shows are ultimately shaped by the imperatives of commercial television."

LEHRER: [John] Jay Iselin, who was running WNET at the time, wanted Robin to do something nightly, so Robin started the program and brought me in. I'm not putting down my role, but it was his deal to begin with. He brought me into it and we developed the thing together.

We're very much in sync about what we wanted to do and what we've done. And what is so incredible about it is that we've been successful doing what we wanted to do, rather than what somebody else wanted us to do. I think that's the most remarkable thing of all.

MAC NEIL: I was going to say the same thing.

LEHRER: But the story of how all this happened is—well, it's a *wonderful* story. When the show started—and it was to be Robin's show—they had to think of a name. Something generic. So, at first, it was *The Robert MacNeil Report*. Then, when I came on in the joint deal, the name had to be changed.

MAC NEIL: We spent days trying to think of a name: *Night Beat*, *Night Watch*, *Night* whatever.

LEHRER: And they said no, no, no. Since Robin was going to be number one and I was going to be kind of a degree less—which I'm very comfortable with, by the way—they had to figure out what to call us. I told them it had better be something generic or they were going to create a monster. [*Laughs*]

MAC NEIL: Two monsters. [*Laughs*]

LEHRER: So they made it *The MacNeil/Lehrer Report*. And they created a monster. I mean, they gave us power that they didn't have to give us. That's what it boils down to.

PLAYBOY: How so?

MAC NEIL: Because of the spin-off benefit; the name became a *commodity*. I don't mean that there is a profit in that—there can't be a profit in public television, of course. Or in the *NewsHour*.

LEHRER: But the name now *means* something. Which is really weird.

PLAYBOY: Like the *Good Housekeeping* seal?

MAC NEIL: In a sense. For instance, NBC recently wanted to do a series with C. Everett Koop, after he retired as Surgeon General. But Koop insisted that MacNeil/Lehrer produce it, because he had worked with us and found the spirit—or ethos—here agreeable. We eventually produced five one-hour prime-time shows for NBC.

LEHRER: They were terrific.

PLAYBOY: Let's get back to your show. How is *MacNeil/Lehrer* different from the network news shows?

LEHRER: Robin's original idea was to do one story a night for thirty minutes; that was fifteen years ago. Now, that was kind of an unusual idea. I mean, everybody said, "What? People are not going to sit in front of their TVs for thirty minutes and listen to one story a night!"

MAC NEIL: Right. They said, "Those are just a couple of talking heads and we don't need that." But eventually, a small majority agreed and we got the go-ahead. Still, we really had to fight for our survival, because many people disagreed with the concept. But in the end, we gave public television credibility and plausibility. We helped them define themselves, bring in an audience. Therefore, we've been given latitude to do essentially what we think is good journalism.

PLAYBOY: And where does that leave the network news shows?

MAC NEIL: The networks are prisoners of their own system, in a way. All the good intentions they bring to their shows are ultimately shaped and molded by the imperatives of commercial television—which are ways to attract the maximum possible audience to every program in order to make it an efficient vehicle for commercials. So whatever you do as responsible journalism—or great entertainment—has to be secondary to that. It

EVEN THE SANDS OF TIME MOVED ACCORDING TO HIS WILL

Hourglass shown smaller than actual size of approximately 11" in height.

THE LEGENDARY TIMEPIECE FROM A MAGICAL TIME

THE INTERNATIONAL ARTHURIAN SOCIETY PRESENTS

MERLIN'S CRYSTAL HOURGLASS

A MAGICAL TIMEPIECE CRAFTED OF FINE PEWTER AND SPARKLING EUROPEAN CRYSTAL. GLEAMING WITH ACCENTS OF 24 KARAT GOLD AND FIERY CRYSTAL CABOCHONS.

Inspired by the legend of that wondrous magician Merlin, the International Arthurian Society presents an extraordinary timepiece.

A powerful combination of fine sculptured pewter and hand-polished European crystal. Aglow in the mystical brilliance of 24 karat gold electroplate. And within the crystal chambers, an hour's supply of finely granulated sand – the very essence of time. Priced at $395.

THIRTY-DAY RETURN ASSURANCE POLICY
If you wish to return any Franklin Mint purchase, you may do so within 30 days of your receipt of that purchase for replacement, credit or refund.

Surmounting the hourglass, Arthur's crown glows in the imperial radiance of 24 karat gold electroplate and is further embellished with a fiery red crystal cabochon.

ORDER FORM

Please mail by June 30, 1991.

The Franklin Mint
Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091

Please send me MERLIN'S CRYSTAL HOURGLASS, crafted in hand-polished European crystal and fine pewter and embellished with 24 karat gold electroplate.

I need send no payment now. I will be billed for a deposit of $79.* when my imported hourglass is ready to be sent to me, and for the balance in four monthly installments of $79.* each, after shipment.

*Plus my state sales tax and a one-time charge of $3. for shipping and handling.

SIGNATURE _____
ALL ORDERS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE

MR/MRS/MISS _____
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY.

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE/ZIP _____

© 1991 FM

13332-4

MISS JUNE IS JUST
A PHONE CALL AWAY!

1-900-740-3311

PLAYMATES ON-THE-AIR!
Fantastic Miss June, Saskia Linssen, and surprize bonus Playmates, reveal themselves to you! Tell them your fantasies!

PLAYMATES LIVE!
Hundreds of lucky Hotline callers have private talks with the Playmates each month. You can too! Call today to find out how!

PLAYMATE PAJAMA PARTY
Join three lovely Playmates at an all-night pajama party!

NIGHT MOVES
Your favorite Playmates bring you saucy bedtime stories from actual romantic adventures.

PLAYBOY EVALUATOR
Are you a romantic hunk the Playmates want to know? Take the Evaluator today and find out!

Call Saskia Linssen, Miss June Today!

ALL NEW!
PLAYMATE "MINI-MALL"
For Hotline Callers Only: Purchase fantastic Playboy gift items at great discount prices, right on the Hotline with your credit card!

MISS JUNE WILL SEND YOU PLAYMATE GIFTS FREE!
Call Today To Find Out How!

© 1991 Playboy Enterprises, Inc.

Only $2 a minute

means you have to broadcast to the dummy and the well-informed at the same time; the person who is curious and the person who isn't.

PLAYBOY: But don't you have to do that on *your* show?

MAC NEIL: Well, yeah, you've got to get everybody into the tent at the same time. But the networks do that by formula; the programs are designed for short attention spans, lots of violent action, visual stimulation, one thing interrupting another. Anything that a Rather, a Jennings or a Brokaw does in terms of serious journalism is shaped by all of this. And in one corner of television, there should be a place where it can be tried differently.

LEHRER: So everybody said that to do one story in depth for thirty minutes or so each night was crazy. Well, I'll be a son of a bitch, but people *did* want it!

MAC NEIL: What public television did—and what it stands for—was to push the network imperatives aside. And we got away with it. I mean, if the idea had fallen on deaf ears—if the audience hadn't been there—we would have been out of business in six months.

LEHRER: It's bullshit to think that television news has to follow the formula. Television shows can come in all forms. There can be the MTV type of television news and there can be our kind of television news.

MAC NEIL: And we have stretched television journalism a bit at one end of the spectrum. We have increased the possibilities for journalism on TV. And we've had an influence on commercial television as well.

PLAYBOY: How?

LEHRER: By the emergence of network shows like *Nightline*, for instance. And *Sunday Morning with David Brinkley*.

PLAYBOY: But in the long run, isn't it true that you can't do as much as the networks do because public television doesn't have the money?

MAC NEIL: We use targets of opportunity—Government officials, Cabinet members, whoever's available and in a responsible position to answer questions. But, no, we don't have crews all over the world. For example, a few years ago, when the networks had all those crews in Beirut, we didn't have any. But I think our audience is well served despite that. We run some documentary types of reports; but even if we had the kind of money the networks have, it would be crazy for us to do what they do, because they do it brilliantly, and there's no need for a fourth one to come along.

LEHRER: From our perspective, the purpose of really good film or tape coverage from abroad is to take people *to* that place so they'll better understand the story. That's where we hurt; it's sometimes difficult to do that when we don't have that little piece of tape.

PLAYBOY: But isn't relying on that little piece of tape the network approach—the

What A Trip.

Everything is right. No obstacles, no interruptions.

This moment is yours. You savor every second. Curves, straights, hills, banks. The road is challenging — and the view has the perfection of a dream.

Series 10 Radar Detector

Series 2000 Radar Detector

You round the turn and the vista opens wide. There are no words to describe it. It must be experienced.

Nothing like a road trip. Nothing like a timely arrival. Nothing like Maxon.

Fine products like the Maxon Expressway Series radar detectors and auto alarms are priced starting at under $40. Maxon also manufactures a full line of quality electronics equipment including 49 MHz two-way radios, hand-held CBs and weather radios.

27-SP Hand-Held CB | 49-SX Two-Way Radio | PAA-1 Auto Alarm | WX-3 Weather Radio | Series 20 Radar Detector | Series 1000 Radar Detector

maxon®

SYSTEMS INCORPORATED

A Clear Signal For Tomorrow.™

Call 800/922-9083.

©1991 Maxon Systems, Inc.

If you'd like to know more about traffic radar, call R.A.D.A.R. at 800-448-5170 (513-667-5472 in OH) for a FREE report.

use of showbiz to sell the news?

LEHRER: There is absolutely nothing wrong with showbiz. I mean, we have an obligation as professionals to make the news interesting and accessible; and there's nothing wrong with using showbusiness techniques to do that.

MAC NEIL: And what *is* showbiz, after all? Showbiz is entertaining people, holding on to them, keeping their attention. We're required to do that in our way, and we use techniques to do that. We run news tapes at the beginning of our program, but that isn't the central act and core of our being. We acquire them fairly cheaply, while commercial television has to spend most of its budget getting those pictures. We spend our money on the creative end—the thinking part, the ideas and the story part.

PLAYBOY: How about sponsors? There have been accusations that sponsors can influence broadcasts. You, of course, have no sponsors, but you do have powerful corporate contributors. Is there ever any potential for influence by them?

MAC NEIL: I think that the days of commercial networks' or commercial television's being directly influenced by advertisers are long gone. The days are over when Eastern Airlines could threaten, "If there's an air crash on the news tonight, drop our commercials." In commercial TV, the idea now is to make a show a better *vehicle* for commercials, for all kinds of advertisers.

LEHRER: I don't think that in the past several years there has been one instance of undue influence in all of broadcast TV. It's *sure* not the case with us. The money we get is the cleanest money you could ever get. The underwriters of our program know what the rules are.

PLAYBOY: Nobody has ever tried a little nudge with *MacNeil/Lehrer*?

MAC NEIL: It's funny. The only one that ever tried was Mobil Oil. That was when they had a very aggressive vice-president of public relations—Herb Schmertz—who was trying to make Mobil into a much more controversial player in the media. He was doing op-ed pieces in the *Times*, and we invited him onto the program one night when an oil crunch was going on. After a lot of hemming and hawing, he said he wouldn't come on unless he appeared *first*. We said, "The hell with that" and didn't put him on.

LEHRER: Another example: When we had that big AT&T breakdown a while back, we decided we wanted to have the chairman of the board of AT&T, Robert Allen, come onto the show. Somebody said, "AT&T is one of our underwriters. How would it look?" And I asked, "If AT&T *weren't* one of our underwriters, would we want to have him on?" Everybody said yes, so we did it as a news story.

I suppose it's really hard for people to understand that we wouldn't be influenced by underwriters, but you have to take it on faith. And if you watch our program, you realize that we're not influenced in any way.

PLAYBOY: The network anchors reportedly make millions of dollars in salaries. You fellows don't make that kind of money. Does that bother you?

LEHRER: I have no idea how much the network anchors make.

MAC NEIL: I have no idea, either. All I know is that I see stories every now and then about what their salaries are supposed to be. I don't know specifically.

PLAYBOY: And you don't feel even a little bit of envy?

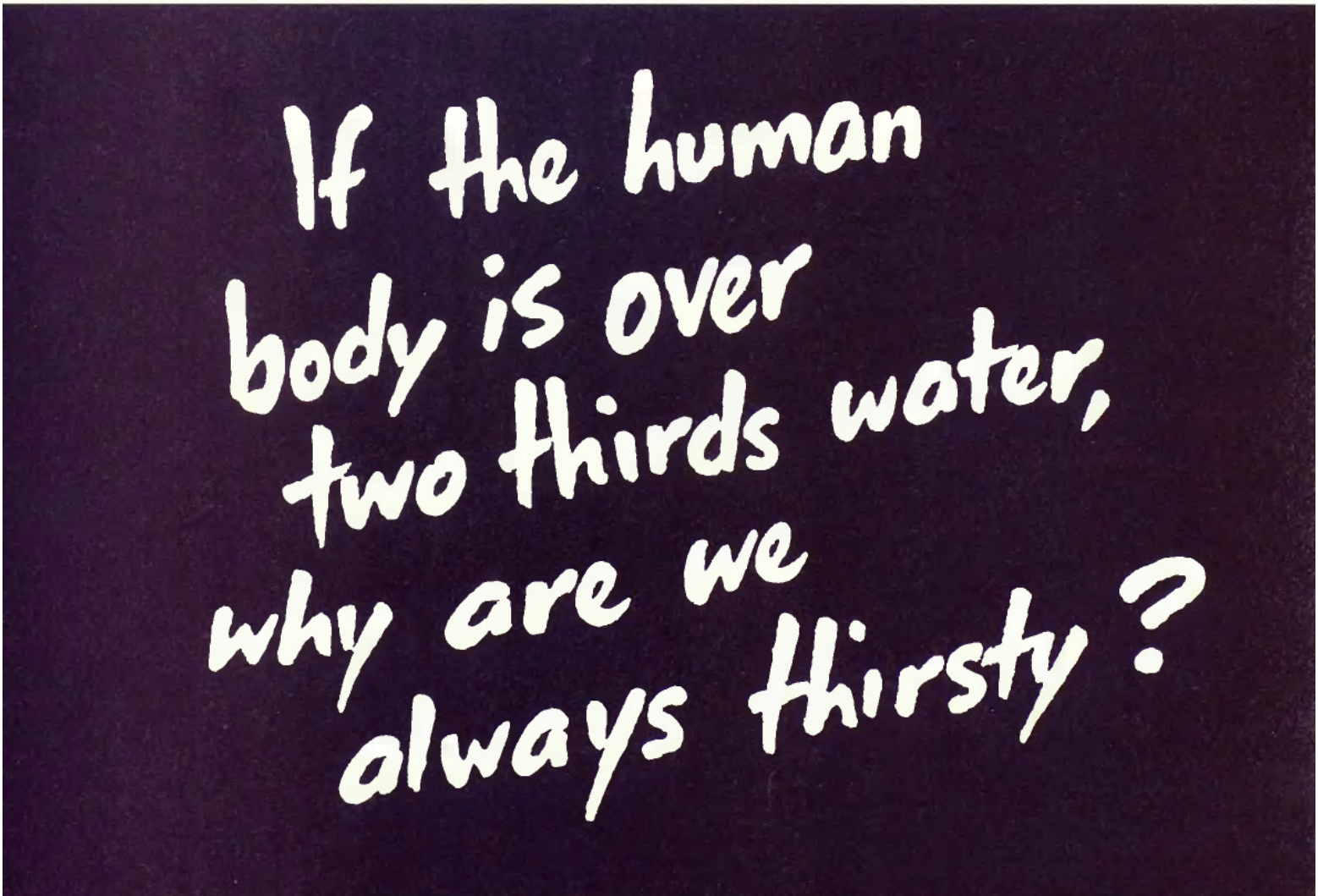
LEHRER: Not at all.

MAC NEIL: Not a bit.

PLAYBOY: Still, it would be nice to make a couple of million a year.

MAC NEIL: We are *looked after* by public television. We both have opportunities to make other income through writing, and so on, and we are both very comfortable. Besides, I wouldn't for a moment trade what I have for what the anchors get, simply because of the other parts of the equation—the other things that go along with the kind of money they make.

PLAYBOY: Such as the competitive, cutthroat atmosphere?



MAC NEIL: Yes, and that's something that's common in any highly competitive business—on Wall Street, for instance, or in academia.

LEHRER: But the way to success—the *only* way to success—in television is to be on air. So you've got to get more air time and make sure somebody else has less air time. It's like insurance salesmen competing, only it's just so damned personal.

MAC NEIL: I can remember when I was with NBC and we were covering politics. My competitor at CBS was a guy I really liked—Bob Pierpoint, a wonderful guy. At the time, CBS had this thing they did after some politician won an election or something. There would be this group of reporters gathered around and throwing questions at him, and somebody from CBS would quietly come up behind him with a set of earphones. He'd whisper into the politician's ear, "Walter Cronkite wants to talk to you," and then plop the earphones onto the politician's head. [*Laughs*] In the middle of this gang of reporters—*bang!*—and Cronkite would have a live, exclusive interview. So I told Pierpoint that if they kept that up, the hell with it, I was going to pull the earphones off!

LEHRER: Look, to be noncompetitive in this business is to be dead.

MAC NEIL: Yeah, but you can be fair to the other guy at the same time.

LEHRER: Right. Fairness is what it's all about. Just being a fair competitor.

MAC NEIL: A fair competitor.

PLAYBOY: Has either of you been offered a network job?

MAC NEIL: I had the chance to be one of three anchors at ABC.

LEHRER: Just for the history, his offer was to replace Barbara Walters and Harry Reasoner.

PLAYBOY: Why didn't you accept?

MAC NEIL: Because when I looked at what they did—how they divided up the available time to the anchors on a show, which was largely doing intros to reporters' pieces—I saw that it was actually a very short time. I imagined myself competing with two other guys for time and bargaining with executive producers for another six seconds. I didn't want to spend my life doing that. My talents don't lead in that direction. Here, it's much more fun.

I can remember years ago, when I was a kid—this was during World War Two—I was out sailing and some of my friends wanted me to go along for a ride on their big sailboat. But I preferred my own little boat. It's much more satisfying to sail your own boat on your own little pond. Then again, in the case of our show, the boat has gotten a lot bigger as we've sailed her.

LEHRER: I cannot think of two other journalists who have a better deal than we do. We are truly the masters of our own screw-ups and *un*screw-ups. We created this organization to do what we *wanted* it to do. And it does.

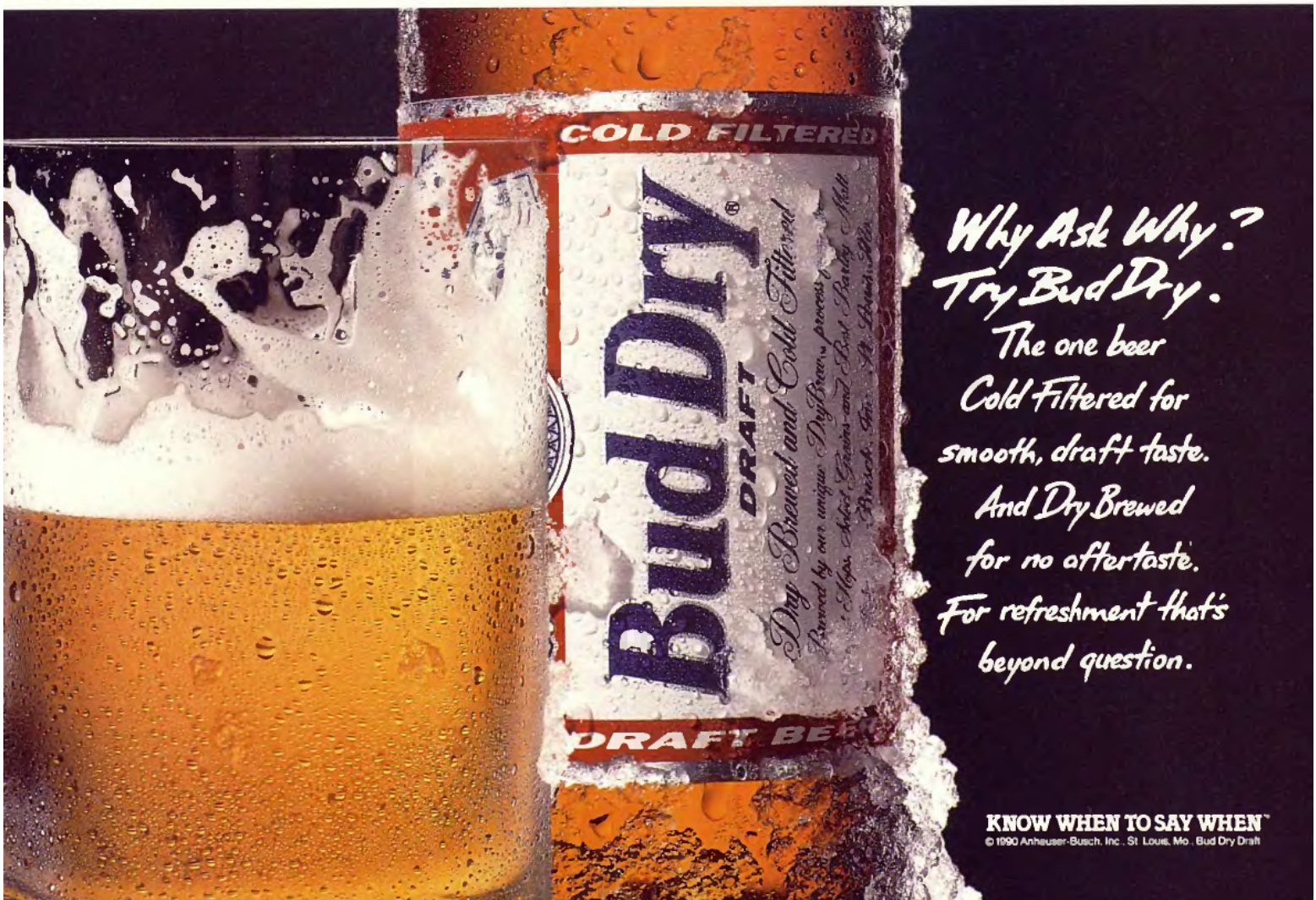
[*The telephone rings. MacNeil answers it, talks for a moment, hangs up and returns to the conversation.*]

MAC NEIL: That was Morley Safer from *60 Minutes*. He said to tell you that we've lusted only in our hearts. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: We'll remember that, thanks. We were talking about competition in the news industry.

MAC NEIL: The networks are in a bind because their audience is shrinking, and one of the ways the competition has become fiercer among the three of them is by battling one another for *firsts*. Which anchor was first at the big event? And the newspapers and news magazines connive in all this because they applaud the winner. They say, "NBC won because Brokaw got to the Wall first," or "CBS won because Rather got to Baghdad first," or "Jennings won because he was in South Africa with Mandela." And these new forms of competition are supposed to mark their journalism!

LEHRER: Eric Sevareid makes the point that it's the print people who set the standard for the competition on TV. They publicize the fact that Rather was in Tiananmen Square and the other


COLD FILTERED
Bud Dry
DRAFT
Dry Brewed and Cold Filtered
DRAFT BEER
Why Ask Why? Try Bud Dry.
The one beer Cold Filtered for smooth, draft taste. And Dry Brewed for no aftertaste. For refreshment that's beyond question.
KNOW WHEN TO SAY WHEN
© 1990 Anheuser-Busch, Inc., St. Louis, Mo., Bud Dry Draft

guys weren't, making a big deal out of it.

PLAYBOY: Have the anchors become as important as the stories they cover?

MAC NEIL: Yeah, and they all have their kind of clique in the press, too. There are some columnists who persistently love one network or one correspondent more than another, and they're there to cheer him whenever he opens his mouth. For instance, Tom Shales of *The Washington Post* loves Dan Rather's ass, you know?

LEHRER: And he's lost a lot of credibility with me because of that. It's absolutely crazy.

PLAYBOY: So the focus of newscasting is becoming somewhat lost.

MAC NEIL: Right. The network anchors and principal reporters are now like the movie stars of the Thirties and Forties, only they're paid more than those stars earned. I once saw a survey that said Barbara Walters had a name identification of ninety-four percent. That's higher than politicians, even the President.

LEHRER: And to think, some people never get over the first time they're recognized at the 7-Eleven! That sort of adulation makes grown men and women less than adults.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that the temperamental anchor person has, in effect, helped create a sort of star system in television news?

MAC NEIL: In my experience, NBC was a kinder, gentler place to be when I worked there. But now there's a two-world feeling at the networks: There are the favored few who get put on the air and have all the fame and all the money, and then there are a lot of hard-working journalists who do the work but are *not* recognized. There is real tension there, and some executives manipulate that tension, play one off another.

LEHRER: The other part is that since the executives feel that they are paying these people so damn much money, they've got the right to do anything they want with them. There's this kind of built-in contempt, so when someone takes a fall, nobody really cries very much.

PLAYBOY: How does all of this affect the viewers?

MAC NEIL: The viewers don't see it. They watch their favorite shows and don't switch around that much. Not long ago, the president of NBC News gave a very sensible speech and commented that there's a lot of very intense and very expensive competition among the networks that the viewers aren't the least bit aware of. The viewer doesn't know whether one network is ten seconds behind in reporting a story. Most people don't know which anchor belongs to what network! And so there's an awful lot of money being spent on useless forms of contrived competition.

LEHRER: We are fortunate to have the time, the ability and the opportunity to do more than that. It's just wonderful.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean? Are we supposed to believe that there's no cutthroat competition at *MacNeil/Lehrer?*

MAC NEIL: In television, all the people behind the camera refer to the people in front of the camera as "the talent." That's a term of contempt—that is, when you're not kissing its ass. [*Laughs*] Behind the scenes, you can give yourself power by manipulating talent, by playing on jealousy and rivalry. Public television doesn't confer some kind of virginity on this sort of exercise—we're not purer or holier or less ambitious than anyone else in the business. But what I'm saying is that we—Jim and I—have a unique relationship and we value it, because it relieves us of that particular piece of professional anxiety. The hardest thing in this business is getting a straight answer from people, because they always have a motive and they put a little spin on it.

LEHRER: That's what makes Robin and me stronger. Because when one of us gets into any kind of situation where we need advice, we can depend on each other to give an honest opinion. We're never alone. Ordinarily, being a TV correspondent can be a very isolating thing.

"I once saw a survey that said Barbara Walters had a name identification of ninety-four percent. That's higher than politicians, even the President."

MAC NEIL: There is a feeling among people who make the decisions in television that there's something a bit unfair about how you succeed in TV. You may succeed because you're a great journalist, but you also may succeed because you have a cute face. This business is awfully easy for some people; they get jumped up so fast. One day, somebody's at your door asking for your advice—and he's scared, and you give him a little compassion. You turn around six months later, and here's this arrogant son of a bitch earning a million and a half. Everybody knows who they are in this business. Male and female.

PLAYBOY: For those who don't know whom you're talking about, do you care to name names?

MAC NEIL: No.

LEHRER: Basically, there's an animal-trainer aspect to it: Keep the stars happy.

PLAYBOY: And what in your relationship—or at *MacNeil/Lehrer* in general—is different?

MAC NEIL: Who else in this business is going to give you the real *gen*—the *truth?* Working with Jim—because he's a good friend—I can be at peace with my soul. I don't have to go home at night worrying whether or not he's going to do something to further his career at my expense. I don't have to worry about someone's shooting me in the back here.

LEHRER: Whom can you let your hair down with, if the guy you're competing with for air time is the only guy you can talk to? Look, if Robin says to me, "Hey, your opening is a little long tonight," or "Your copy on the budget is a little long," I know what he means. It's not him trying to get a little more air time; he just means it's too long. Do you realize how rare that is in this business? I mean, I have a colleague who has the power to diminish me but will not use it!

PLAYBOY: In what other ways is your partnership different?

MAC NEIL: Apart from the fact that we can be comfortable—not feel we're going to stab each other in the back—we try to make it clear throughout our organization that decisions on news are *not* made for the reasons of getting on air, getting exposure. And, also, that what is good for the program is good for everybody.

LEHRER: Let's be honest about it, though. This is *The MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour*, coproduced by MacNeil/Lehrer Productions. So we have to be eight-hundred-pound gorillas around here. There are not a lot of people walking into Robin's or my office saying, "By the way, I really thought you blew the show last night." The producers and staff here don't do that very much.

MAC NEIL: Yet, we'd be *so* kind to them if they did that. . . .

LEHRER: As we kicked them out. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: But is that kind of criticism taken well anywhere?

LEHRER: I don't think honesty is built into the process. That's what Robin is saying.

MAC NEIL: But it's not built into *any* hierarchical process. I can't imagine someone at *The New York Times* walking into Scotty Reston's office and saying, "I thought your column stank yesterday."

PLAYBOY: According to statistics, the great majority of Americans don't pay much attention to the news in any form, television or print. If that's the case, aren't you and the other journalists taking yourselves a little too seriously?

MAC NEIL: But then look at the people who do take [the media] seriously—those who use them to get elected, to stay in office, to communicate to the people they're governing. *They* take it extremely seriously.

LEHRER: There's a question that everybody in our business should ask himself all the time—at least if he's serious about what he does: If somebody did nothing but read my magazine, or my column, or

"So, Russ and I are bombing down the coast in Ozzie, the land shark, when he says, 'Hey, check out my new CD player.' I look down and all I see is the radio. I'm like, 'I don't get it.' That's when he pulls out the remote.

So now I'm thinking, 'Whoa, don't tell me he's got a TV in this starship, too.' Turns out it's the controller for the CD. He had hooked the whole thing up so the CD system worked right through a frequency on his regular FM radio, with a 6-disc CD changer tucked away in the trunk. Cool."

Pioneer 6-Disc CD Changers can be added to any car or truck with an FM radio, or by installing a tuner/cassette/CD controller in the dash. And, the 6-disc CD magazine is compatible with the Pioneer 6-Disc CD Changer for home. To receive more information please call 1-800-421-1603.

PIONEER
The Art of Entertainment

© 1991 Pioneer Electronics (USA) Inc., Long Beach, CA.

whatever in the hell it is I do, could he have an informed opinion about all the key issues of our day? If the answer is no, then something's wrong.

PLAYBOY: And do you think you're doing that job adequately?

LEHRER: Well, that is one of the reasons we've expanded to an hour. When we did a half hour, we were a supplement to the newscasts. At an hour, we're an alternative to them. If you want to find out what's happened in the past twenty-four hours that's important, then you go to *MacNeil/Lehrer*. We believe strongly that it is the public's right to know, to be informed of the political decisions that affect their lives. We don't have a constitutional mandate to do that, but we have an obligation. I believe that with all my heart and soul. Da-da-da-da! Fanfare! Forgive me. I get carried away.

PLAYBOY: But this gets back to the question of whether or not the news is important only to those who have an interest in maintaining power.

MAC NEIL: You can't lay that at the networks' door. In any generation of American history, it's always been the media of the day that shape the political dialog and the way that discourse gets to the public. They decide which column to run, how long the sentences will be, all that kind of stuff. Television is just the latest in that line and it's extremely influential. I think the way TV presents the news has been helpful in shaping how political dialog gets across.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

MAC NEIL: It wasn't the politicians who invented the dreaded sound bite, after all. And it isn't the politicians who have made the sound bite shorter every year and every time there's an election. The pace and brevity are dictated by the requirements of commercial TV. So, yes, there is some connection between the way television news has evolved in the quick-hit mode and the way political dialog happens in this country now. And that distresses so many people.

LEHRER: Politicians didn't create this atmosphere.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree that they use it?

MAC NEIL: Well, politicians have never been immune to exploiting—and quite rightly—whatever they thought the opportunities were at any particular time in order to get something across and sell themselves. Naturally, they use it.

PLAYBOY: You don't run political commercials on public television, but what are your thoughts on them?

MAC NEIL: Well, you see, that's not really for us to judge. I don't want to speak for us as an institution, or for Jim, but personally, I deplore the fact that so much of the political dialog is carried through commercial spots. I think they're bad for the public's health. I'd like to see them banned, but I don't have any say in that and, the way things work in this country, they won't be. I think it's kind of monstrous, but then, I think it's kind of monstrous that news programs are interrupted by commercials.

LEHRER: But the other part of that is, if you're going to be President of the United States, you have to be able to communicate to the American people on television. That is as much of a qualification for the job as anything else. In fact, it may be at the top of the list.

MAC NEIL: Mondale said that.

PLAYBOY: Yet he did lose the election to "the great communicator."

LEHRER: It wasn't commercials that got Reagan elected, it was the sound bites.

MAC NEIL: The first time I ever heard a Ronald Reagan speech was during his 1966 gubernatorial campaign in California. I had thought, Well, he's only an actor. But that first speech I heard was fantastic. It didn't matter that he read it off cards and he was saying the same standard things he'd said before—he *had* that crowd. And he could have had a crowd like that a hundred years ago.

PLAYBOY: How does George Bush measure up as a communicator?

"These days, there's this notion that if you're going to be a sharp media person, you should be knocking Government all the time. Well, we don't buy that."

MAC NEIL: George Bush gave a speech on the budget some time ago; it was one of the few times he'd spoken directly to the American people. He wanted them to get out and *do something*, but they didn't pay any attention. That may be one of the most significant moments of the Bush Presidency. He had the bully pulpit to urge the people to support their Congressmen on the summit tax package, but nobody paid any attention. And if you can't do that. . . .

PLAYBOY: Does television ultimately tell the American people whom to vote for?

LEHRER: Well, not exactly. We don't have that much power. I mean, we have fifteen hundred stories to do every day and we choose four or five. The big complaint is—and it may have some validity—that the people at the top in television are mainly white males, and most of them have gotten to the top by covering politics. That has always been the route to success in American journalism. Political stories may be overworked in this country, and some of the nitty-gritty stories aren't covered as they should be.

MAC NEIL: It's interesting how it's changing. The ladder of promotion in American journalism has always been via national politics and foreign affairs. But now the economic stories are just as important. I wouldn't be surprised if some of these guys who cover business start to go much faster on the promotion track.

PLAYBOY: Do these journalists carry ideological baggage with them as they move along the promotion track?

MAC NEIL: By and large, the media in this country are nonideological. The days of the partisan press are over. And I think broadcasting influenced that, because its reporting is more or less down the middle. But there's a new ideology creeping into vogue: that Government is dumb, and everything that has to *do* with Government is not relevant. It's no longer "the left" and "the right"; people simply think that Washington is not relevant.

PLAYBOY: Can you deal with that?

MAC NEIL: These days, there's this notion that if you're going to be a sharp media person and a disturber of the peace, you should be knocking Government all the time. Well, we don't buy that. It's not that we're here to praise the Government or its institutions, but I do think that it's part of our job to say, "This is the system that runs our country, and here's how it's working at this particular moment. Is it working well? Is it *not* working well?"

When one of the debates about the budget was going on, I heard NBC say in the opening lines of its news show something like, "In Washington today, it was like a fifth-grade schoolyard brawl." Well, I mean——

LEHRER: Give me a break! What the hell do they think democracy is all about?

MAC NEIL: That was the opening line of the *NBC Nightly News*! It was as though we should all say, "Aw! Boo, Government!" It is *their* Government, too. Well, *MacNeil/Lehrer* is one journalistic institution that takes it seriously. We don't genuflect before it, but we do take it seriously. These are the institutions that run the country. They're deciding on the kinds of taxes a person pays, whether our kids are going to war or not.

LEHRER: That's really important stuff. I do not want it on my conscience, as a professional journalist, to one day hear, "I watch *MacNeil/Lehrer* every night, and suddenly, we went to war and they didn't warn me!"

MAC NEIL: Or "I watch *MacNeil/Lehrer* every night and they acted like cheerleaders for 'the ugly American!'" I mean, we have raised as many difficult questions about the Middle East as could be raised. There has been no question unasked—no *tough* question—about whether George Bush did the dumb thing or the smart thing, and whether the options are easy or difficult. I do sense, however,

A fistful of flavor
for small change.
BULL DURHAM
BULL DURHAM
BULL DURHAM
Filters: 14 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.
© The American Tobacco Co. 1991.

that this new feeling—this trendy feeling that Government is full of shit—has crept into the media.

PLAYBOY: So what do you do about it?

LEHRER: There are thousands of tents in the desert over there in Saudi Arabia, and *that*'s what we have to concern ourselves with. The people in Washington, for example, make the decisions as to whether or not you go bankrupt when you get sick, so I think it's a failure of American journalism not to have made the people out there aware that our Government is as important as it is. They're not a bunch of kids; it's not the fifth grade. It's real and *very* important.

MAC NEIL: If you joke about it all the time—if you knock it and treat it as an object of ridicule all the time—then you're playing into the idea that Government isn't useful. The most frightening phenomenon in this democracy is that fewer and fewer people vote. And if you don't like the fact that all those blue suits in Washington often seem more interested in surviving in their jobs in Congress than in dealing with important, principled issues, then there's one way to get them out: with your vote.

PLAYBOY: And you feel a responsibility to get that message out.

LEHRER: Well, I'll tell you. I go back to Oklahoma, Kansas and Texas a lot, because that's where I write my books, and I've got a lot of family out there. There are a lot of folks there who don't give a shit about ninety percent of what we do on *MacNeil/Lehrer*, but there are also a lot of them who *do* care about what we do.

So I always think about what the guy in Okmulgee, Oklahoma, should hear on our show—not what he wants to hear but what's *important* to him. That's my job. He can say to me at the local coffee shop, "You know, I don't give a shit about that budget stuff," and I'll say, "Yeah, but let me tell you why you *should*. Let me tell you what these guys are doing with *your* taxes. Now, you damn well better pay attention!"

MAC NEIL: We're not trying to beat somebody over the head and say, "You have to watch this." It's just that we figure there are a few million people out there who are curious about what we put on the air every night and depend on it. These are the people we're talking to; the ones who don't give a damn don't watch.

PLAYBOY: So your job, as you see it, is to rattle people a little?

LEHRER: Remember H. L. Mencken's theory that the job of a journalist is to be a disturber of the peace. Well, that's what we're here to do: disturb the peace. I am not the least bit bothered about disrupting somebody's peace of mind in Tulsa or anywhere else. Quite the contrary.

MAC NEIL: We're here for those people who, every now and then, are thirsty for more. If we weren't here, there wouldn't be anyplace else for them to go. None quite like us.

PLAYBOY: You both sound confident of your ability to get the word out.

LEHRER: From a personal standpoint, you can't do what we do and *not* be optimists. If we believed the country was going to hell in a hand basket—that Government was incapable of solving the problems and that we couldn't bring people together to talk about those problems—then we couldn't do the program. The idea that most journalists are cynics is bullshit. We're optimists. We believe that the systems *work*—the system of government, the system of justice, the system of public debate.

MAC NEIL: And if the system proves *incapable* of solving a problem, we're going to talk about it.

PLAYBOY: How have you both maintained this almost boyish enthusiasm for your jobs over the years?

MAC NEIL: I can't imagine a life that is more fun than this one. It's just wonderful. I have had incredibly good luck. I just kept getting better and better jobs. I mean, people have actually paid me money to travel around the world and stay in nice hotels and eat good food and

"The idea that most journalists are cynics is bullshit. We believe that the systems work—the system of government, of justice, of public debate."

be where exciting things were happening—and then broadcast about it.

LEHRER: That's the most terrific thing about what both of us have done, about the lives we have led. For the past thirty years, we've been present for all these incredible events. Maybe not as participants, but we were *there*. I just realized the other day—and I'm not sure you'll agree with this, Robin—that there is no such thing as a cliché for people like us anymore.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

LEHRER: In other words, somebody says, "Oh, he's just one of those goddamn millionaires," or "He's one of those poor people," or "He's one of those"—you know, fill in the blanks. Well, these are people we *know*! We have *interviewed* these folks! There are very few kinds of people, nationally or internationally, whom I have not already eyeballed, not already talked to. We have gotten to know all kinds of people throughout the world. It's just an incredible thing to be able to sit here and say that.

MAC NEIL: I've always thought of myself as a writer, and the lives we've led have given us an endless procession of characters and stories. I mean, we're at the margins of great writing here.

PLAYBOY: Have you been writing about these adventures?

MAC NEIL: Not as much as we used to.

LEHRER: In my case, I'm writing a bunch of novels and I've suddenly realized that I have all of these things just popping out of my head all the time—little stories.

MAC NEIL: He writes novels like a hen lays eggs! You reach under him in the morning and there's another one. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Who was the best guest you ever had on your show? Or the worst?

MAC NEIL: There are too many bests and worsts. People I have enjoyed interviewing most, though, have usually been nonpoliticians. Artur Rubinstein. Yevtushenko. People like that.

PLAYBOY: Overall, are you both pleased with the way things have turned out?

LEHRER: Absolutely. You know, my dad had an eighth-grade education, so that means that when I was in the ninth grade, I had already done better in that way than he had. He was a corporal in the Marine Corps, and my brother and I were both lieutenants. My father was *so* proud to have two sons who were officers in the Marine Corps; and now, to have a son on national television, with his last name on the credits! God, it would have been such a terrific thing for him to see that. Unfortunately, he died before all this happened.

MAC NEIL: Jim and I just happened to notice a few years ago that we are both living out our fathers' fantasies in some ways. My brothers have lived some parts of Dad's fantasies, but it's very real how the unfulfilled yearnings of parents guide children throughout their lives—whether it happens consciously or not.

LEHRER: My father started a bus company in 1946. It lasted for a year and then went broke. It was a little three-bus line in Kansas. I now own the bus that my dad wanted to buy but couldn't afford: a 1946 Flexible Clipper—23 passengers, in pristine condition. It even *smells* like 1946. I keep it in a barn in West Virginia and, when I can, I bring it out and take people for rides in it.

So it gives me extra pleasure to know that my dad would have been in heaven for my having done what I've done.

MAC NEIL: My dad died long before he knew about any of the stuff I've been able to do. But he loved books and he loved traveling and writing. And I've been able to do so much more of those things. He was also a great sailor, and I've owned the yachts he couldn't afford. So when I set out in the boat—to go on a two-week cruise down East to Maine—my father is in my thoughts. If only he could be here, enjoying this.

Cutty Sark Blended Scots Whisky. 40% Alc. by Vol. Imported by © W. A. Taylor & Co., Miami, Florida 1991.

Some people wear trendy clothes
to attract attention. Others drive flashy cars.
A glass of Cutty Sark won't turn any heads.
But if you insist on creating a stir,
you can always ask the bartender
for one of these.

CUTTY SARK®

SCOTS WHISKY

UNCOMMONLY SMOOTH

BLUE TRUTH

crime has torn apart our streets—imagine what it does to a cop

memoir

By CHEROKEE PAUL MCDONALD

IT WAS A HARD-METAL trinity: the badge, the gun and the handcuffs. Each was cold and heavy with inherent power and responsibility; each was forged with precise purpose.

I wore that hard-metal trinity as part of my Fort Lauderdale police uniform the day I stood at proud attention and graduated with the 33rd Police Academy class in Broward County. The virginal handcuffs lay coiled in their leather pouch, still unaware of the taste of angry sweat or the pull of resisting tendons. The gun rode in its holster, waiting, confident, a passive judge in condescending repose. And on my chest, stroked by the rhythmic beating of my heart, lay the badge. It was pinned to the fabric of my uniform shirt, and it summed up with a singular clarity everything I worked for, stood for and represented. It was my identity, my reason, my passport to the truth.

And what of the flesh and blood that was me?

I was a young soldier come home from Vietnam, curiously aged by a war I did not yet know I had lost. Battle had triggered something in me. I was fueled by the sure knowledge that I had fought for the right, the good. I liked soldiering against evil, I liked taking up arms and pitting myself against an enemy who would do bad things to good people. I came home to the only war in town, the only battle I could soldier in—the field of struggle where the good side needed me, where an identifiable enemy could be met in physical combat and defeated.

I came home to the street.

•

Here we go, out of the car and feet sliding in the gravel of the alley. There *you* are, roundin' the Dumpster, one crushed-down sneaker comin' off while your feet grab for traction. I see you look over your shoulder, eyes wide, mouth open. You tryin' to be

ILLUSTRATION BY MIKE BENNY

cool and run from me at the same time, asshole?

"Freeze, motherfucker, or I'll blow your face off!"

So you look over your shoulder again and turn right between the buildings, heading for the open field and the green apartments on the other side. You and I both know that when you get to those apartments, you gonna disappear like a rat in a hole, huh? Well, guess again, asshole, 'cause there's my partner in the cruiser, waitin' for you.

"I said *stop*, asshole—I swear I'll blow you away!"

But you keep on runnin', turnin' again to get back into the alleys. Did you run this fast when you grabbed that old lady's purse? Did you have to knock her down and break her hip, dirtbag?

Now! Now you slip right in front of me, don't you? Now you roll and fall, and you look up at me with those big eyes. What you coverin' your head for, boy? 'Cause you know I'm comin' *down*, huh? *Yeah*. You so bad when you be takin' that old woman's purse, so bad when you be knockin' her down and runnin' off like the wind. If you so bad, how come a little Paddy motherfucker honkie cop like me done got you down in this alley? Huh? Why you be lookin' so helpless now? *Why, motherfucker?*

I stand over him, breathing hard. He's lookin' up at me with those big, wide eyes. His mouth is open, and when his shuddering breaths come out, his lips quiver and the spit falls on his chin. And he stinks—he stinks 'cause he's scared. I watch his mouth as he looks up to say, "Why you crackin' on me, man? I din' do nuthin', man. Why you crackin' on me?"

And my fist hits his face so hard it makes me want to shout. I *do* shout, "Yeah, motherfucker, let's see how bad you really are!"

And I come down with the other fist. I'm gettin' good leverage 'cause I'm standin' on the balls of my feet, puttin' everything into it, left and right, my fists crunch into his face.

He screams, "*No*, man!" as his nose shatters and the blood goes everywhere. "I ain't bad, man! Oh, *please*, mister, I ain't bad."

But you were so bad back there on the sidewalk, weren't you? You *so* bad, and *so* cocky. Yeah, knock that old woman down—old woman lives only a couple of blocks from you, shithead. Knock her down and run off with her sorry little Social Security check. Such a *bad* little motherfucker.

I lose my grip on him and he falls to the gravel, bleedin' real good all over.

So here comes the sergeant and my partner, both sweating from running. I straighten up, clip my radio back on and tuck my shirt back into my pants, dusting myself off.

Sarge says, "What happened?"

Partner says, "You OK?"

I say, "Motherfucker fought with me, tried to take my gun, went for my throat, so I beat his ass."

Sarge looks down at the spitball, who is slowly trying to sit up. Sarge says, "*Guilty*," and we stuff him into the back seat and drive out of the alley.

The people look. They say, "They hurt that boy."

Yeah. We did. *I* did.

•

"Alpha two-three, make it code three, baby choking, not breathing. E.M.S. also en route."

I'm on Commercial Boulevard, just west of 18th Avenue, when it comes down—only a short distance away. I stuff the accelerator through the floor, make a wild, sliding turn north through the intersection, and with my siren and lights blazing, I head for the address. Nothing gets a police officer going like a report of a child in trouble. All you want to do is get there and fix the problem. Now.

From several blocks away, I can see a man standing in the middle of the avenue, waving his arms. He moves out of the way as I roar up and slide into the parking lot. I pop the trunk, jump out, grab the oxygen and run toward the apartment. The door is standing open, and inside, a young woman is crying on a sofa, her face buried in her hands. The man in the street is behind me. He looks terrified and points excitedly toward one of the back rooms.

Baby's room. Winnie the Pooh and Garfield the cat. Blue sailboats and yellow kites. Tiny T-shirts and miniature jogging shoes. Hopes and dreams and Ferris wheels.

I run into the room and look into the crib. There's the baby, about one year old, lying on his back in a little blue jumper. The muscles in his neck are stretched tight and his face is bright purple. I throw down the oxygen, sensing I don't have time to fool with it, and grab the baby out of the crib, letting his little head fall back against my hand.

His skin feels cool but not dead cool.

I open my mouth, cover his nose and mouth with it and blow carefully. I do it again, and then again. Each time I do, I watch the tiny chest rise and fall. Snoopy the dog and Mickey Mouse. Both parents are standing in the doorway behind me now, the father with a stricken look on his face and the mother with tears in her eyes, wringing her hands. A furry monkey from Grandma and a mobile made of little airplanes. Prayers and wishes and baseball caps.

I bend down and blow once more into the baby's nose and mouth. He hiccups, struggles, gags, turns pink, and then starts crying like you wouldn't believe—his small chest heaving as he takes big shuddering gulps of air. He spits up on my shirt and grabs my collar with his tiny hands. He is *breathing*. And crying. And breathing.

I stand there with the E.M.S. guys, watching as the parents drive off with the baby to the hospital. Then I drive a few blocks away and sit on a park bench in the shade, drinking a lemonade. It tastes great, and as I bring it to my lips, I notice that my hand is shaking pretty good. I think about Dad standing in the street waving his arms around, and Mom sitting on the sofa crying her eyes out while the hopes and dreams and wishes and prayers lay there turning purple. I shake my head.

After that baby started breathing again, I should have put him back in his crib, turned around and kicked his parents' asses.

•

"Why are you turning the car around? What did you see back there? We have dinner reservations for eight. We don't have time——"

"Wait a minute, honey, something didn't look right back there at that convenience store."

"Something didn't look right? So you have to turn around and go back, while we're supposed to be on our way to dinner? You already did a shift today. You're *off duty* now!"

"Yeah, but somethin' just didn't look right. One dude by the side of the building and the other one hangin' by the phone."

"So who are you, John Wayne? Can't you just leave it alone?"

"Well, damn it, they're gone now, anyway. Must've just been looking the place over. Gee, honey, don't get upset. I just had to take a look, that's all."

"But what if they'd still been there? You would have done . . . *what*?"

"I don't know, watched them for a moment, that's all. They're gone, let's forget it, OK?"

"You're supposed to leave the job at the station when you get off duty."

"Uh-huh."

"I don't want to play cops and robbers when we go out to dinner."

"All right."

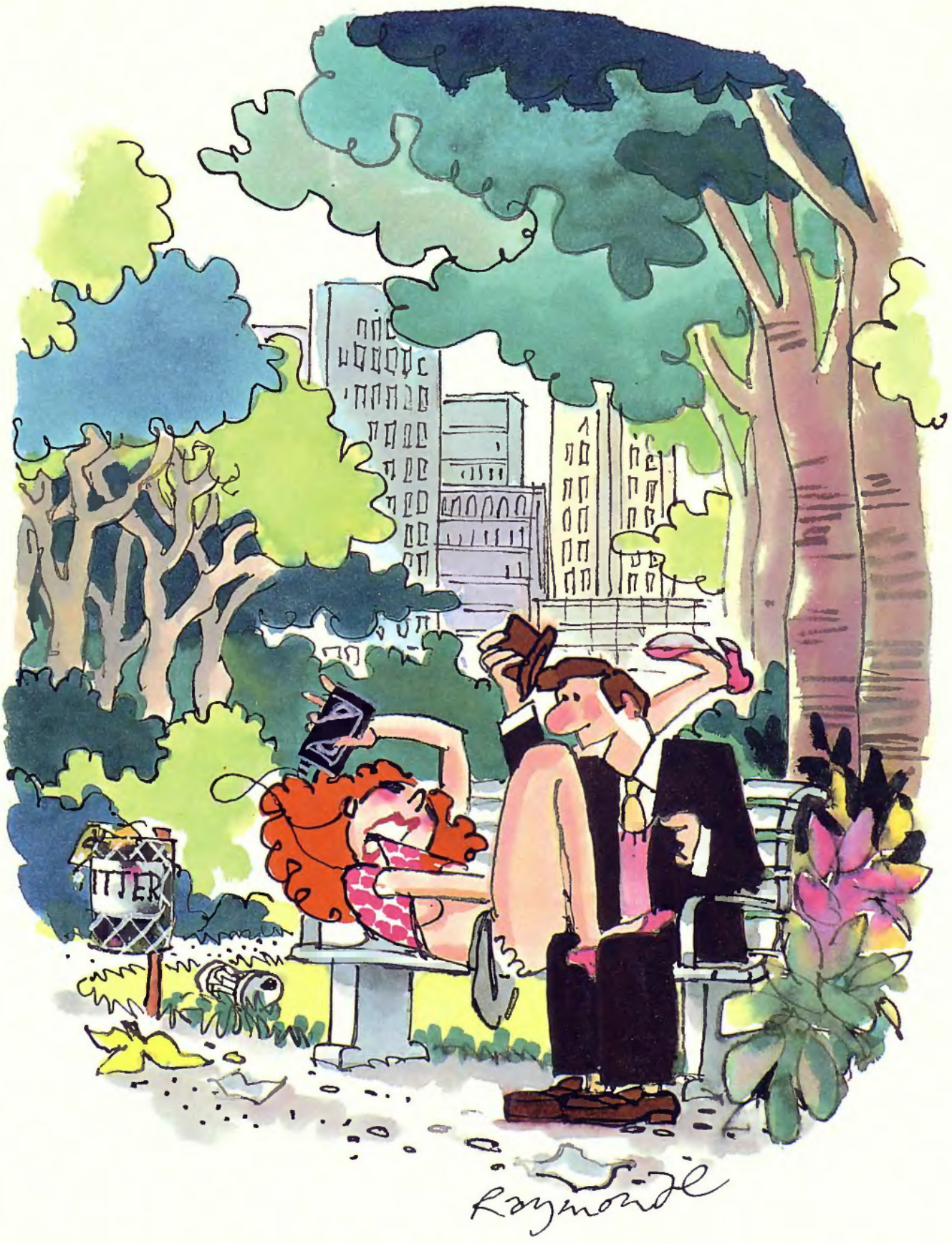
"I want my husband to be a person all of the time and a cop only some of the time. I feel like I don't even know you when you're a cop."

Silence.

•

Three bad guys in a blue Torino. I'm right on their ass as they skid across a big parking lot and run off the pavement into a ditch.

(continued on page 134)



"Pardon me, miss—but I'd surely like to get a copy of whatever it is you're listening to."

Ladies and gentlemen, put your hands together and give a big welcome to a fabulous fivesome, a quotable quintet of sidesplitting sisters, gorgeous gagsters, professional comediennes who are not only funny but beautiful. On this page, clockwise from top left, are Oklahoma-born Diana Jordan, Louisianian Rhanda Shear, Atlanta native Kitt Scott and Ria Coyne, who hails from Scranton, Pennsylvania. Kitt works out of New York; the rest are L.A.-based. As far the mischievous miss an the appasite page, you'll more easily recognize her when she staps fooling around with that blande wig and matching merkin: She's Rosanne Katon, our Playmate of the Month for September 1978. All five have forged successful careers in stand-up comedy—more often despite than because of their good looks.

who says comedy isn't pretty?

FUNNY GIRLS

JOHN HOWARD GRIFFIN
Black Like Me

It used to be that all comediennes looked like Totie Fields or Moms Mabley. But comedy today isn't just pretty, it's downright sexy. Although a mere ten percent of the 4000 comedians currently working are women, some of them are knockouts. One such is Rhonda Shear. "When I started in standup," she recalls, "everyone said, 'You'll never make people laugh. You're too pretty.' Well, I wanted to prove that a woman can be attractive and sexy and still be a comic. So I went to *Playboy* with the idea for this pictorial." Rhonda, who started out in 1987 opening for Wayland Flowers and Madame, is now on the bill in Vegas with the likes of Joe Piscopo and hosts cable's *Up All Night* cult-movie fest on Fridays. Rosanne Katon, *Playboy*'s Miss September 1978, does reality-based stand-up. A recent example: "Saudi Arabia is the safest place for a black guy today. Only three black guys have been killed there since the war started. Three have been killed in L.A. in the past sixty minutes." Diana Jordan used to be a lounge singer. When she found herself spending more time on her patter than on her songs, she enrolled in a comedy class (fellow students: Robin Williams and John Ritter). Now she appears on cable and headlines at clubs across the country. Nine years ago, Ria Coyne boarded a Greyhound bus from Scranton, Pennsylvania, to Los Angeles with $75 in her pocket. After a succession of bizarre jobs, including wearing a six-foot chicken costume (she passed out from its weight) and selling lemonade at the Gay Pride Parade, she broke into acting (three films last year) and comedy, which she finds therapeutic. "A sense of humor can get you through anything," she says. "I like to think

(text concluded on page 96)

KITT SCOTT "When I was ten, I used to take my father's magazines, cut the heads off the models, paste my pictures on the bodies and tell everybody, 'That's me!' You can imagine what kind of trouble that caused," says Kitt. Seriously, she observes, "There's a fine line between being a pretty, funny woman and being a bimbo." Kitt gets laughs from family jokes: "I went to the school of hard knocks and my mother was the principal."

RHONDA SHEAR *Playboy* and Rhonda go waaay back—to April 1977's *The Girls of the New South*, as a result of which, although she'd posed in a full-length ball gown, blue-noses stripped her of her title as Queen of the Floral Trails Society. She won others, though, and mines her beauty-pageant experience for material ("One girl had her breasts done and one was larger than the other. In the swimsuit competition, she placed first and third").

RIA COYNE A self-described combinotion of Goldie Hawn, Betty Boop and Marilyn Monroe, Ria claims that her childhood role model was Barbie. "You know, blonde hair, extensive wardrobe, no nipples." Things hove obviously changed. "The other day, my boyfriend said, 'You can't show your breasts in *Playboy*. They're not just your breasts, they're our breasts.' Yeah, well, my breasts got paid." When it comes to dressing-room decor (opposite page), it oppears that Betty Boop hos won out over Goldie and Marilyn.

DIANA JORDAN "The greatest thing about doing stond-up," says Diana, "is that I make lots of money for doing the things I got in trouble doing as o kid: talking loud and nasty, acting weird and stupid." Philosophizing about the difficulty women hove breoking into the field, she observes, "If you're pretty, you'd better be damn funny. Men are obsolutely intimidated by funny women." But now that she's posing for *Playboy*, she jokes, "Kellogg's wonts me to be on the box of its new cereol—I Ain't Weoring Nuttin' Honey."

EXIT
BETTY BOOP

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
ARNY FREYTAG

of myself as the Dr. Ruth of comedy." Ex-model Kitt Scott taxied off the fashion runway when, after a European stint, she "got tired of being a human pincushion." Whoopi Goldberg, whom she met in New York, told her she was funny; so did Arsenio Hall after he caught her five-minute ad-libbed act at The Comedy Store in Los Angeles. "That locked it in for me," she says. "I've been doing comedy ever since." So here they are, five women who explode the myth that looks, humor and intelligence are mutually exclusive. After all, if Woody Allen can be a sex symbol, then, damn it, so can Carol Burnett. —DONNA COE

ROSANNE KATON She was born in New York City but brought up in Jamaica. "Jamaicans," she quips in a favorite routine, "are a group of Afro-American immigrants even blacks don't like. We're blacks from the bizarro world. My family went on *Family Feud* and it was a disaster. They asked for the top five soft drinks and my mother said, 'Chicken blood.'" Setting shtick aside, Rosanne disagrees with Diana: "I don't think men are threatened by women who are funny. I do think that women censor themselves."

THE CORRUPTION OF NEIL BUSH

running with the biggest rats of the s&l mess, the president's son became the poster boy of bunko banking

article

By STEVEN WILMSEN

IT WAS a small, private affair in the summer of 1985, attended by a few of Denver's new rich. Dinner hadn't yet been served and the guests stood in small groups, clutching glasses and cocktail napkins. An expensive-looking man excused himself from one of the groups, approached Neil Bush and introduced himself as Michael Wise, chairman of Silverado Banking.

The words spoke volumes. Yes, Neil knew of him, partly through the investors in his oil firm, Ken Good and Bill Walters, two of Denver's wealthiest and most extravagant real-estate developers. But he also knew of Silverado. It was the savings and loan that was beating Denver's economy—which was just beginning to slide—and making millions doing it.

Wise must have been impressed with the young man, because he phoned Neil a couple of weeks later to discuss a possible place for him on Silverado's board of directors. Wise observed that there were a lot of older people on the board, people who had been around for a while. He thought it was important for Silverado to acquire new blood. It wasn't a savings-and-loan expert they were looking for, he said. A bright young man who had an inside track on Denver's oil industry might do wonders for Silverado. Wise asked Neil to think it over and set a breakfast date with him to discuss it further.

True to his promise, Neil considered Wise's proposal. How could he go wrong? He was flattered by the offer. It fit perfectly in his career plan: He would make his fortune in oil, get rooted in the community, gain influence by being associated with the biggest and best businesses in town, then make a move on politics. The blueprint had been laid out neatly by his father, George Bush, and Neil followed it with slavish devotion. After a breakfast meeting with Wise at a neighborhood pancake house, Neil Bush shook Michael Wise's hand and sealed his fate as the poster boy of one of the worst financial crises in the nation's history.

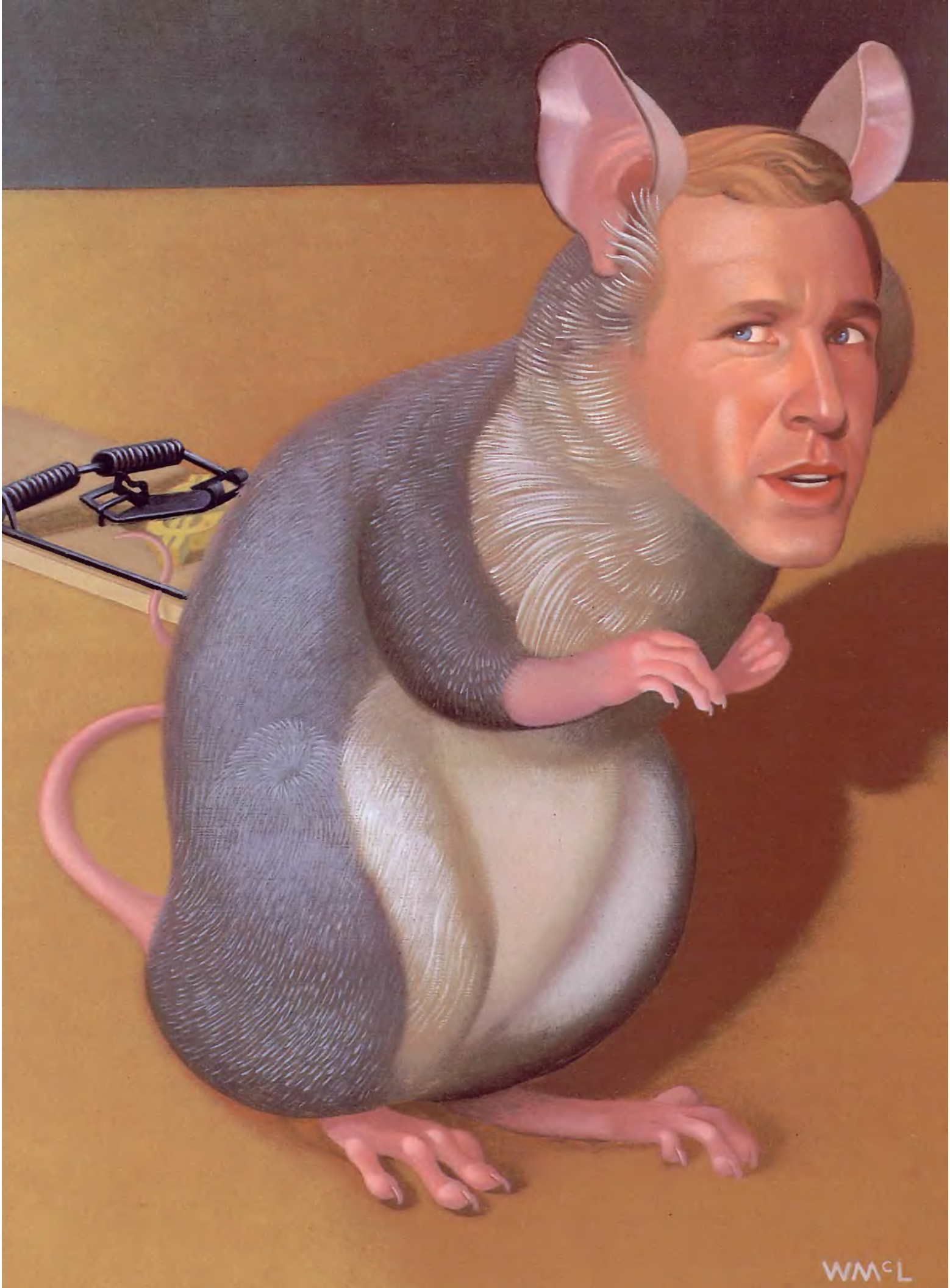
•

When Neil and Sharon Bush arrived in Denver in 1980, the family name seemed to sit well with people, and soon they were invited to the right parties and asked to join the right organizations. Neil "didn't have a business reputation, he had a name," said Marvin Buckels, executive vice-president of Denver's Bank Western Federal Savings. "He and his wife both photographed well at cocktails."

Former Colorado Attorney General Duane Woodard tells a story about a ritzy black-tie affair he attended. Neil and Sharon and most of Denver's dignitaries and important business people were there. As the evening closed, Neil shook hands with the people around him, smiled and joked, obviously enjoying the status his name brought him. But as the guests filed out, he groped in his pockets and, chagrined, found nothing. "Hey, Duane," he said, "could I borrow a couple of bucks from you for parking? I don't seem to have any cash."

Soon Neil would begin uttering a variation of those words to start his oil business. Practically from the time he settled in Denver, the thought had been in the back of his mind. In 1980, Denver blazed with oil money. A lot

ILLUSTRATION BY WILSON MC LEAN


WMcL

of people were getting rich. Not Neil. He was making 30 grand working for Amoco Production as a lease negotiator.

Neil made his split with Amoco in late 1982. Soon he would form JNB Exploration with two of his co-workers—James Judd, a geologist with a Ph.D., and Evans Nash, Jr., a geophysicist. "Neil knew people because of his name," Nash said in 1990. "He's the one who made it happen for us."

Neil insisted it wasn't his name that opened people's wallets. Indeed, he claimed to take steps to avoid such things with what he called his "Smith Smell Test": Would a Neil Smith get the same treatment as Neil Bush? If, under the test, Neil Bush got a better deal, "I would automatically reject it," he declared. But his actions didn't seem to support his words. While out looking for JNB investors, he once left a message with a wealthy Denver oilman's secretary. "Tell him Neil Bush called," he reportedly said. "You know, the Vice-President's son."

Late in 1982, the Vice-President's son placed a call to Bill Walters Companies. Neil had met Walters at a business lunch some months before and knew that he wanted to invest in oil. When the multimillionaire real-estate developer got on the phone, Neil explained his plan. The company would need a $150,000 investment from Walters in exchange for a 6.25 percent share in the profits. Neil would put in $100 of his own money for a 33 percent share. He quickly explained that if their calculations were correct, the JNB plan virtually guaranteed that Walters would get a quick return on his money.

Neil finished his pitch. There was silence on the other end. He resisted the temptation to break it. "Make an appointment with my secretary," Walters finally said. "I'd like to hear what you have to say."

A week later, Neil and his two partners sat in the richly appointed reception area of Walters' office. Of Denver's real-estate lords, Walters was the king. Sporting a perpetual suntan and a $6500 Rolex watch, he was known as "the Donald Trump of Denver," which at the time was a compliment. Neil fidgeted in his chair. It had been 15 minutes since he and his partners had given Walters' secretary their names. Finally, the suntan strolled from his office, flashing straight, white teeth and extending a big, fleshy palm. The court advisors appeared and whisked the entourage into a conference room. For a half hour, Walters sat silently, leaning back in his chair, finger tips together, as Judd and Nash shuffled documents, proposals, maps and diagrams. The advisors scribbled notes.

Neil sat with his hands folded. His partners finished and Walters leaned forward. "With all this you've given me, I ought to go out and do it myself and not even fool with you guys." He flashed his teeth. An overly loud laugh burst from Neil. "Thanks for coming by." When they left, Walters nodded to one of his advisors. "Prepare the standard forms."

With a promise of $150,000 from Walters and another $150,000 from a Denver oil company, JNB officially opened for business on January 6, 1983. Neil set up his new office with a bust of his father on the credenza behind him and his grandfather's name plate on the desk in front of him. Now he was a Bush. Now he was like Dad. And, thanks to Walters, he was making $66,000 a year, a tidy little raise from his salary at Amoco.

Still, a $300,000 stake wasn't going to keep JNB alive for very long. So it was a bit of fortune for Neil when, in the summer of 1983, he received an elaborately engraved invitation to attend the opening of the Good estate at 16 Lynn Road. Built for $10,000,000, Ken Good's new house was the largest in Colorado. It had 15 bathrooms, six kitchens, a wine cellar, guest suites with private offices and exercise facilities that included a sensory-deprivation tank, a 150-gallon saline flotation tub and marble-walled locker rooms.

Good, like Walters, had built his empire on the other-people's-money method of real-estate development. In the tradition of big-time developers of the age, he designed elaborate deals that created wealth that hadn't been there before—with a little help from obliging savings and loans such as Silverado. For example, Good and several partners traded two parcels of vacant land three times in six months, with the value increasing each time, until they finally sold them to Silverado for a $3,200,000 profit.

Neil probably didn't know or care about the sources of Good's wealth when he and Sharon, tuxedoed and ball-gowned, politely elbowed their way among Denver's elite, who were clogging a cavernous white hallway in the developer's hilltop mansion. At the buffet table, adorned with swans carved in ice, Neil was standing in front of the poached salmon and the steamed lobster when Walters approached him and introduced Ken Good.

The man who stood grinning before Neil was bald on top with a wreath of black hair that descended along his cheeks into a massive coffee-colored beard. (Its length constantly changed, Good explaining that he trimmed his beard in accordance with his prosperity; when he felt rich, he let it grow, and when the cards didn't fall to his liking, he cut it close.)

Good must have been delighted to make Neil's acquaintance. He made it a point to foster relationships both within circles of power and on the periphery, and he had a long track record of exploiting those relationships. Good became a friend of Jack Kinstlinger, head of Colorado's Highway Department. Kinstlinger oversaw (with Federal approval) a highway-department purchase of Good's land for a reported $2,000,000 more than it was worth.

Whether or not Good was attempting to expand his political base with Neil Bush, he took the young man under his wing. The two talked during the night, and Neil told him of his plans to make it big. Good told Neil he wanted to expand his holdings into oil exploration, and it seemed as though they could help each other out. Weeks later, Good arranged to acquire 25 percent of JNB and put $10,000 into the partnership. "It was nothing more than a way to make a valid contract," said Neil's partner Nash. "It was just so he could get ownership in the company and start getting us the capital we needed." With his ownership interest in place, Good went to Cherry Creek National Bank, which Walters owned, and acquired two lines of credit eventually worth a total of $1,750,000 for JNB. It was the start of a beautiful relationship.

By 1984, JNB had struck oil three times, but after ecstatic celebrations, the wells proved too small to be profitable and were abandoned. Still, JNB provided a comfortable existence for Neil. Or, rather, Ken Good did. Good entreated Neil to make use of his magnificent estate. He wanted Neil and his partners to join him each morning in workouts. "He got us all involved," Nash said. "He liked to see us there working out, enjoying his place." Neil took to running laps around the grounds in good weather, breathing in the pine-scented air and listening to horses neigh in nearby pastures.

JNB meetings were also held at the Good estate. The partners gathered once every couple of weeks to go over the partnership's progress in a grand conference room that streamed with sunlight. Good usually arrived in workout clothes, sometimes carrying his tennis racket.

It was after one of those meetings, when the others had left, that Good asked Neil if he'd like to make a little

(continued on page 156)

"Wow! Your high school yearbook picture doesn't do you justice."

O'NEILL

suit up, guys! off we go
into the wet and wild blue yonder
with the "maui air force"

WAVE RIDERS

fashion By HOLLIS WAYNE

You don't have to be the ultimate wave warrior to wear the latest swimwear, but as "Maui Air Force" top guns Buzzy Kerbox, Pete Cabrinha and Laird Hamilton demonstrated during our windsurfing photo session in Hawaii, these suits are made for more than soaking up rays. Those with tough, durable fabrics such as nylon, neoprene and spandex are built to withstand salty surf and high winds—some even filter out ultraviolet rays. Look for mid-thigh volley-length styles that provide plenty of room to move and muted-neon colors that are as radical as the latest boards and sails. If you don't want to come off like every other sandbagger on the beach, check out a pair of printed patchwork rayon trunks that are reminiscent of the early Beach Boys' days and top them off with a sun-and-wind-resistant tank top. Complete your look with surf accessories that are both fun and functional: Aqua Socks that stand up to the sand and waterproof packs with built-in water bottles and fog-resistant sunglasses.

Left: Checking his fin in Maui's 15-to-25-knot winds, Pete Cabrinha wears a Lycra neoprene wet-suit bottom, $46, a Lycra-blend tank top, $22, and nylon neoprene Tube Sax, $41, all by O'Neill; and a K-28 surf watch with sun-screen container and thermometer, by Timex, $65. Right: Cabrinha's back! This time, he's "caught in the rinse cycle" sporting nylon volley-length swim trunks, by Big Dog, $35; spandex/mesh Aqua Socks, by Nike, about $30; a nylon hip pack, by Ocean Pacific, $18; and a diver's watch, by Swatch, $55.

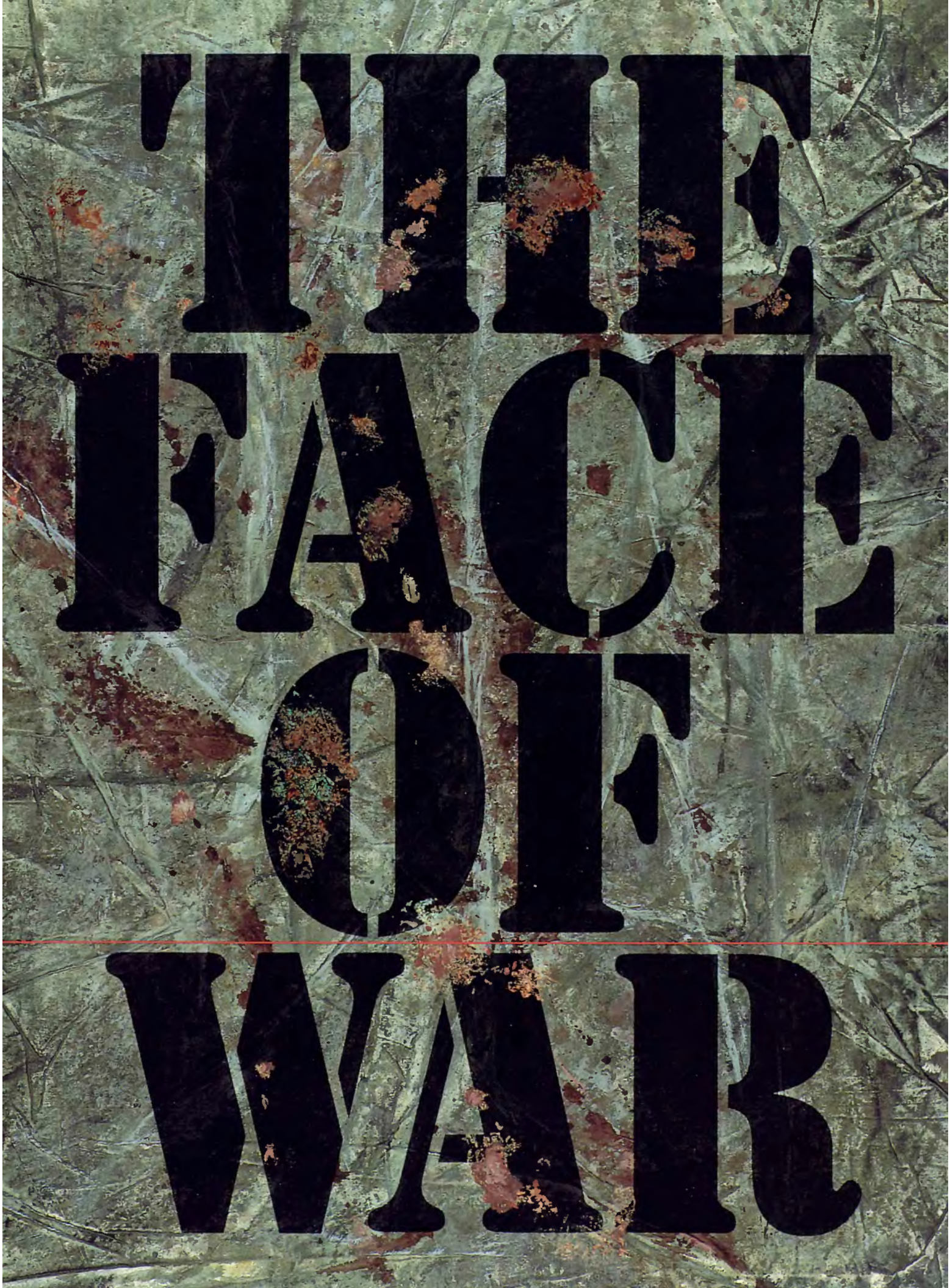
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ERIK AEOER

Opposite poge: It's just onother beoutiful doy in parodise, ond Loird Homilton eogerly woits for the perfect wove, weoring corbon-fiber-frome sunglosses, by Killer Loop from Bousch & Lomb, $100; royon multipotterned potchwork drawstring mid-thigh-length trunks, by Jimmy 'Z, $32; and o neoprene Lycro body-hugging torso surf vest with diogonal bock zipper, by Nike, obout $65. Above: Kids, don't try this ot home. Pete Cabrinho enjoys o bolonced rig—hooked in ond hands free—weoring owning-striped Toctel volley-length trunks, by Noutico, obout $40; o tonk top, by Jockey, obout $12; ond o diver's-style wotch thot's woter resistont to 50 meters, by Timex, $55.

Above: The weather and the waves are right and here's Laird Hamilton again, one of the "Maui Air Force's" top guns, in perfect formation, hanging ten in the wet and wild blue yonder wearing multicolored Toctel volley-length swim trunks, by Body Glove, about $25; and multicolored four-way-stretch-spandex mesh Aquo Sock with block sole, by Nike, about $40. Opposite page: Mel Gibson played Mad Max in *The Road Warrior*. Meet Buzzy Kerbox, the wave worrior, ready to take on all challengers with his awesome combat-wave sail. Kerbox' choice of swimwear is swirl color-block-patterned nylon volley-length trunks, by Speedo America, about $40.

Where & How to Buy on page 191.

AMBIENT
AMBIENT 2.0


THE
FACE
OF
WAR

previously unpublished reflections on the ordeal of battle from america's premiere chronicler of men at war

fiction by

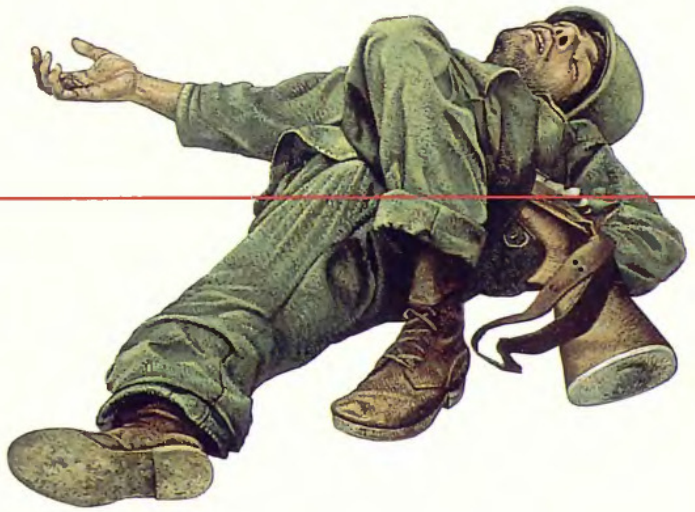
JAMES JONES

A year after his medical discharge from the Army in 1944, James Jones completed the manuscript of a novel, which he titled *They Shall Inherit the Laughter*. It was shelved in favor of *From Here to Eternity*, and some of the material in it was "cannibalized" for use in later novels, among them *The Thin Red Line*. That book was first excerpted in *Playboy* in three parts in 1962. We thought it fitting to present the artwork from those excerpts to accompany these fragments, which contain some of Jones's most descriptive war writing.

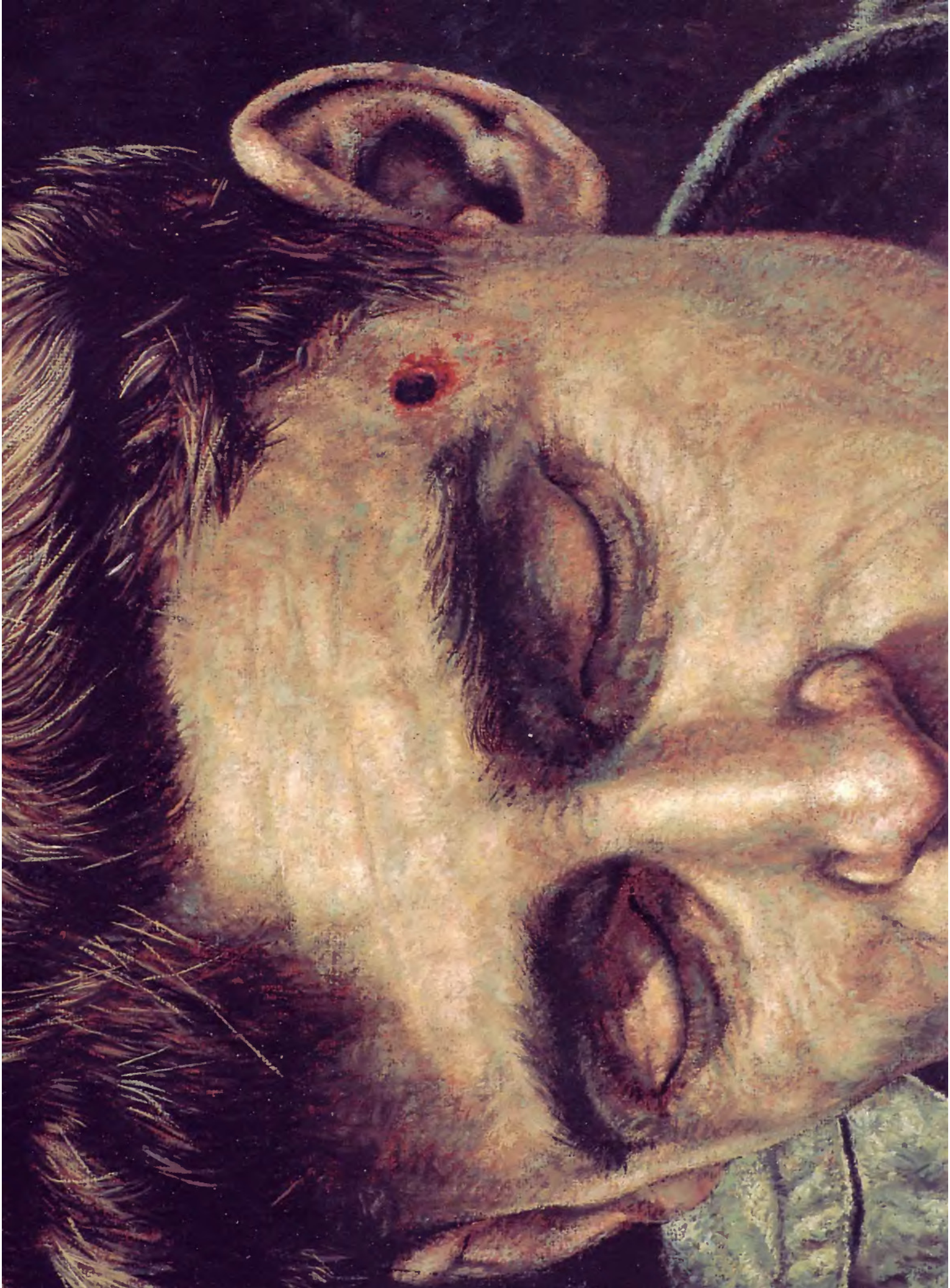
JOHNNY'S FIRST KILL; THE WOUNDING OF SHELLEY

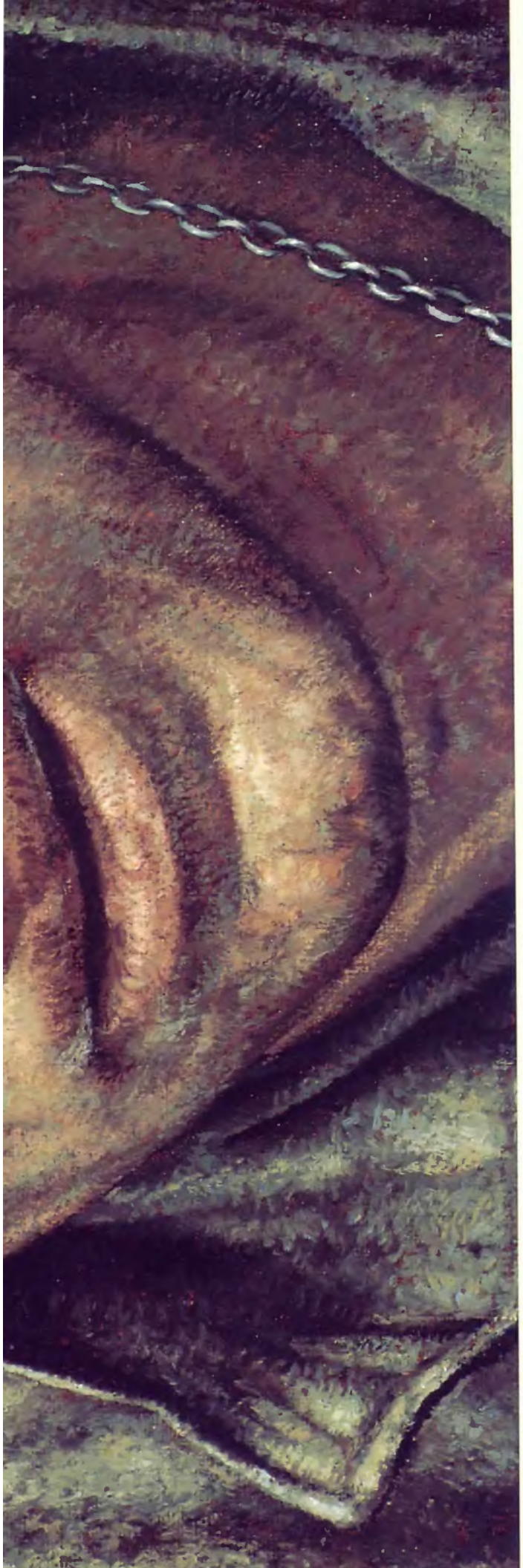
Johnny was sitting quietly, staring at his drink and listening abstractedly to Titan's voice as it ran on. He hardly knew who it was that spoke; actually, he didn't hear beyond the first sentence. All he heard was, "Like ducks in a shooting gallery," and the phrase leaped up and slapped him in the face. His mind cleaved onto it and was gone. . . . He is walking down the hill. Other men are walking down the hill. They are scattered haphazardly like propaganda leaflets dropped from a plane. There is no formation to their moving. Some are close together, some too widely scattered, some far ahead, some far behind. They are simply men with rifles and they are walking down the hill.

There is lots of noise, so much noise that most of it is undistinguishable. The ears cannot encompass this great amount of noise. Now and then, an individual sound rises above the mass. Perhaps the soft *sh-sh-sh-sh-sh* of a mortar shell coming down nearby; sometimes long, four or five seconds; sometimes short, a second and a half. And then its explosion. If it sounds like it will hit near, perhaps some who hear it will collapse quickly to the ground. Then again, perhaps they will not. It is too confused, everything is too confused, to be able to know whether it will land close or not. Perhaps a bullet will *bzzt* fiercely by, too quickly come and gone to cause a reaction until it is long way past. Then the hearer will duck, will half crouch, will jerk, will do nothing, according to how far the numbness has advanced inside him. The strain is much too great. It is already beginning to show in some. The blank faces and staring eyes. These faces are contrasted with the screwed-up faces and



ILLUSTRATIONS BY HERB DAVIDSON





drawn half-open mouths of the others, whose fear has not yet grown strong enough to turn to numbness.

They are men with rifles and they keep walking down the hill. Farther down the hill. None of them has fired a shot. The Japanese are in the jungle that grows part way up the hill; that is why they are walking down the hill with their rifles in their hands. There is nothing to shoot at. The tension is immense, and it seems they walk in complete silence, though the noise around them is a bedlam. Then, as they get closer to the jungle, a man over on the left yells, "There's one! I see one!" His voice is shrill with excitement and disbelief. Half a dozen men fire a clip apiece in the direction of the excitedly pointing finger. It is a great discovery, greater to them than the discovery of radium or the sulfa drugs or of America. For a while walking down the hill, they doubted whether there was anybody at all. They believed the Japanese had left their machine guns, rifles and mortars firing full blast and had gone away. Maybe back to Japan.

Then he sees it. He will never know why his eyes fastened upon it, for when he first looks, it seems nothing more than a dark blob of wood on the side of the tree. The tree is on the edge of the jungle, maybe 15 yards away. Somehow, his eyes have fastened themselves upon the innocent-looking blob of wood and recognized it for a helmet. He is astounded; he does not believe it is a helmet. If it is, it is the first time he has ever seen a live Japanese. He leans forward and peers. Yes, by Christ, it is a helmet! He becomes excited and starts to shout, but a sly cunning creeps into his mind. If he shouts, the helmet might hear him and withdraw itself behind its tree more thoroughly. Suddenly, he is afraid of this helmet, terribly afraid. If he does not shoot it now, it will certainly shoot him in a little while. The whole battle, the whole war becomes understandable, becomes centered on this helmet, the top quarter of which is just visible behind the tree. This is the whole war; he and this helmet. If he gets the helmet first, he will be safe. It all comes down to killing the helmet first. And he has it by surprise now. If he can only kill it, he will be safe forever. A rifle bullet shot direct will pass through a helmet easily. He sinks down to a kneeling position to be more sure his muzzle will not waver. Get him, or he'll get you. He aims very carefully. The two men on his left stop to watch him, trying unsuccessfully to see what he is aiming at. He takes up the slack and starts to squeeze the shot off. Just as he starts the squeeze, the helmet moves. Carefully and slowly, it raises itself, and a face appears below it. He is astonished. This is a Jap. He squeezes the shot off and in squeezing is more astonished to see how closely the dirty, unshaved face beneath the helmet resembles the faces of the men around him in the tension and agony expressed upon it. The recoil slams his shoulder, already sore from continued firing. He keeps his eyes open as he was taught, and he sees the face open redly like a thrown tomato. He sees a piece of bridgework pop out of the mouth that the impact of the bullet jarred open. He pushes on the safety and jumps up shouting, "I got him! I got him!" He starts to run the 15 yards to the tree. Just then, a mortar shell lands close by him. His body slams itself into the dirt harshly, independently, without his bidding. He lies there, slightly stunned by the concussion of the explosion. It brings the war back to him. He remembers that there are, no doubt, other Japanese. For a few seconds, the war was small, understandable and individual, like a prize fight. Now it is back as before. He is afraid again. Not individually but largely, multiply, of things he cannot see or foresee. He suddenly realizes that the fact that he has killed a Japanese means little or nothing. He gets back up and begins to walk toward the jungle

as before, not noticing that his chin is bleeding from a deep cut where it hit the ground. Such things are unimportant. . . . He and Captain Rosen are standing side by side looking down at the dead Japanese. He looks at the dead Japanese and thinks without comprehending that this is the first man he has ever killed. It is like a prize fight. Get him or he'll get you. But he, the victor, looking down at the vanquished, feels none of the feeling he used to feel back home when, after winning a tough fight, he stood looking down at his unconscious opponent. He does not feel excited or powerful or happy or heroic or thrilled. He feels only sad and a little foolish. He feels an understanding for this dead Japanese, whose frightened face had looked so much like the faces of the men near him. He feels that this Japanese is like himself, a dogface fighting a war and afraid beyond all reasoning. He feels sad, terribly sad, and unhappy, and sorry for this dead Japanese. This was not right. It was too utterly final.

He wonders what this Japanese would have felt if the situation were reversed and the Japanese were looking down at his own dead body.

He looks at Captain Rosen, who is Jewish and a lawyer and from Boston. His own feelings are mirrored in Rosen's face. For the first time since he has known the captain, he feels friendly toward him and not antagonistic. The captain does not have his privileges here. He is like the men in his company now. He is no longer an officer to be respected by order; he is a man to be liked by instinct.

The dead Japanese lies on his back sprawled out in the unnatural scarecrow fashion of death. The bullet entered his face just below the nose. It went slightly upward and split the upper lip and smashed the teeth that now stick out oddly, splintered and broken. The nose is pushed way over to one side. Thick, gluelike blood ran into the mouth until, overflowing sullenly, it runs out thickly at both corners to hang in strings down to the ground.

He thinks suddenly that it is an undignified way for any man to die.

The captain sticks out his foot repugnantly and pushes the head. It lolls over to the side and then rolls back. The foot leaves a smudge of mud in the chin that is darker than the crusted dirt on the rest of the face.

"He's dead, all right," Rosen says. "He's one Jap that won't make a booby trap out of himself." He pauses and runs his hand over his week-old beard. "Well," he says slowly, "I guess you can cut a notch on your rifle, hunh?"

He does not answer the captain but leans over and picks up the piece of bridgework that popped out of the mouth when the bullet hit. He sticks it between the brim of his steel helmet and the leather chin strap of the liner that runs up over it. He had seen Marines with glass jars full of teeth with gold inlays in them. There is a wallet in one of the pockets of the shirt; he takes it, too. The wallet has a picture of a woman holding a baby and there is Japanese writing on the back of the picture. He sticks the wallet in his pocket. The rifle fire is getting heavy. He turns and walks away between the trees on down the hill toward the sound of firing with his rifle in his hands. . . .

Somewhere in here, he sees Shelley hit. A mortar shell explodes on the left, and shell fragments buzz unheard in the sound of the explosion. Shelley does not make a sound. He just stops walking and slowly, deliberately sets his rifle butt on the ground. Leaning on it, he slowly lowers himself to a sitting position. The acrid smell of burnt powder is strong; it coats lips and tongues; it burns eyes. Shelley drops his rifle and puts his hands between his legs. He sees bright blood running between his fingers to the ground. Shelley leans forward to watch the blood running from between his legs. It puzzles him for a moment; then he straightens up and stares straight ahead with no expression or movement on his face. Shelley begins to whimper like a frightened puppy, only louder, because he can hear Shelley's crying above the noise. He stands looking for a moment, until a bullet, like an angry Superman bee, buzzes by and reminds him. Then he turns away to walk on down the hill through the jungle with his rifle in his hands. Shelley begins to curse and scream in the treble of a child. Looking back, he sees Shelley start to puke, and, puking over the front of his grimy uniform and crying at the same time, Shelley sounds like a grimly bubbling satire of Shep Field's Rippling Rhythm.

A freak piece of shell fragment has entered Shelley's belly just below the navel and come out at his crotch, taking his organs with it. When the corpsmen get there, they do not bother to take Shelley back on a stretcher. They look at him and shake their heads and go on to the next man down the hill, leaving Shelley looking after them with a mute question in his eyes. The chaplain goes over to Shelley. Everybody likes the chaplain, who is a good man, even if he is a chaplain. He has come up with the company of his own volition. The chaplain kneels down by Shelley, but Shelley curses him and tries to spit in his face.

"Fuck you!" Shelley says. "Fuck you and God and the United States! Get the fuck away from me!" The chaplain goes on to the next man. Shelley sits and watches his blood run from him as life turns away to go on down the hill with its rifle in its hands. . . .

ATTU

George was glad when the orders came through to hold up the advance for the night. It was an unheard-of thing and because of its strangeness implied that a still stranger thing was coming: the end. He was very glad, as glad as he could be beneath the gray insulation of weariness that enveloped him. The front line, only a few hundred yards ahead, had been halted until tomorrow, because tomorrow would be the last day; tomorrow, they would go into Chichagof for the cleanup. He squatted in the half-frozen mud gratefully, his rifle between his legs to keep his behind off the wet muck, holding it like a kid on a broomstick. He had checked the guys to see they were all here, so he could relax, as much as was possible in this Godforsaken place.

Smitty was sitting beside him, his head drooped forward and his shoulders hanging dispiritedly. Smitty's face, the parts of it that showed through his beard, hung in gray folds of weariness. His eyes were dull and his lips slack. Smitty was the sparkplug of the platoon, a pfc. with six years' Regular Army service, the man who never tired and couldn't get killed. If Smitty looked like that, how in the name of God must the rest of them look? George wondered. It seemed impossible that a few days over two could make such a scarecrow-pitiful change in a man. He'd like to take the squad into a bar back home right now, just like they were. They probably wouldn't even be allowed to buy a beer.

They squatted like that, without speaking, waiting indifferently for the staff; he had gone back to the command post a couple of hundred yards to the rear. He would have the orders when he came back. Until then, they just sat. In the last few days, the periods of talking had grown shorter and shorter, and the long spaces of silence in between had grown longer and, if possible, more silent. It seemed that the eternal grayness that surrounded them had found a beach and had slipped in through it to fill their bodies and worm its way into their minds.

Eighteen days. It seemed there had never been anything before the 18 days that had passed since they first hit the beach, there would be nothing else after, except the eternal grayness. It was a good thing none of them had known what Attu or combat was like before they got here. In that 18 days, none of them had had what you could call

(continued on page 130)

"Well, for starters, your grip is all wrong."

SASKIA LINSSEN has romantic dreams for a down-to-earth Dutch girl. Although she protests that she isn't impressed with the trappings of wealth, she waxes rhapsodic—in her alluring Hollander accent—when asked to describe her dream trip. "I'd love to ride horses in the Scottish Highlands, among the castles and the ruins. I'd go away for a week, take some food, stay in the shelters up there." For those of you imagining yourselves playing a Scottish Roy Rogers to her Dutch Dale Evans, whoa, boys!—rein yourselves in. She continues, "I like to ride alone, when the weather is not good. I want to hear the birds, see wild animals, not be with people." If you

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BYRON NEWMAN

GOING DUTCH

june playmate saskia linssen lives life at a gallop

get the picture that Saskia is a solitary, untamed spirit, you're on the mark. Born the only child of a Venlo, Holland, sailor and his wife, Saskia seems to have inherited her poppa's wanderlust. She lives in Rotterdam with her parents but can't imagine staying there very long: "I don't want to get stuck all my life in a place I already know," she says. "I want to look at the world." Saskia, who speaks fluent English and German, in addition to her native Dutch, cites her country's historical inclinations to span the globe, saying, "We're so little we have to learn to deal with people from other countries." Still, Saskia's not likely to do it on anybody's terms but her own. With obvious relish, she tells the story of an encounter with a rude German woman with whom she once fought over a parking space. She stormed the woman's car, calling her a "*Deutschland über Alles*–er!" We can probably rule out diplomacy from Saskia's career ambitions. Surprisingly, she's not at all certain that modeling or acting is really for her, either. She once was the equivalent of Vanna White on a German TV game show but hated the experience, dismissing it as plastic and phony. And she's not even convinced of her own beauty. "I'm very unsure about myself and my looks," she says. "It's very

We noticed Soskia's horseploy in *Playboy*'s Dutch edition and sent her ofter the foxes in Englond for our photo shoot. An equestrienne since the oge of eight, she colls horses her "obsession" and plans to buy one when (ond if) she settles down.

Asked about what kind of man she looks for, Saskia is bracingly honest: "I can be very stubborn with men. I have my own ideas and I won't shut up about them. A man has to respect me and have the strength to fight with me. I need someone who can overrule me."

strange to model in front of a camera. It's almost as if when I put on the make-up, I become a different person. I need lots of encouragement." There are plenty of people around to provide exactly that. Saskia made her pictorial debut in the Dutch edition of *Playboy*, and its staff was impressed enough to put her on the cover of the magazine *and* turn her into a statue. "They put plaster all over me and I had to stand there for an hour, while it hardened," she recalls. Copies of the finished life-sized effigy will be offered to readers and business associates of the Dutch *Playboy*. Allowing a bit of pride to seep through, she says, "I'm like a Greek statue, formed for eternity!" She gives an enticing new meaning to the word statuesque.

CENTERFOLD PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

MISS JUNE
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Sashia Linssen

BUST: 97cm WAIST: 68cm HIPS: 97cm

HEIGHT: 1.76 m WEIGHT: 59 kg

BIRTH DATE: 16-02-70 BIRTHPLACE: VENLO, Holland

AMBITIONS: Find a job which makes me happy, have my own horse and meet a lot of nice people

TURN-ONS: good-looking men in nice suits/shorts, horse riding on the beach, a good horror movie

TURN-OFFS: To get out of my bed in the morning, fish, arrogant people, being broke, feeling alone!

WHAT I WONDER ABOUT AMERICANS: How do they decide where to have dinner? You have so many restaurants!

HOW MY MEN ARE EXACTLY LIKE HORSES: I ask both to wear saddles and obey, but neither wants to!

THE FOOLPROOF WAY TO WIN ME OVER: Buy me the biggest stuffed animal you can find!

QUALITIES I LOOK FOR IN A MAN: Romantic and macho at the same time, and as strong willed as I am.

Early daze

Euro hair

Dutch girl at Great America

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

In an effort to bolster his popularity, Mikhail Gorbachev ventured to an agricultural community near Moscow. "Well, Comrade, how did the potatoes do this year?" he asked one farmer.

"Very well, Comrade President," the farmer replied. "If we piled them up, they would reach God."

"But God does not exist, Comrade Farmer."

"Nor do the potatoes, Comrade President."

A successful commodities broker, eager to diversify his investments, saw an ad for a thoroughbred stallion for only $100. Curious, he drove out to the stud farm the next day. "What's the deal with the horse?" he asked the owner.

"See for yourself," the farmer said, pointing toward a horse asleep in a field. "I'll just give a whistle."

At the sound, the horse's ears stood up. It started to gallop toward them, then ran into a tree, fell down, got back up, then ran into the tree again.

"What are you trying to do," the angry broker huffed, "sell me a blind horse?"

"It's not blind," the farmer replied. "It just don't give a fuck."

Insiders report that while President Bush was weekending at Camp David, Dan Quayle sent 100,000 additional troops to the gulf on his own authority. Only problem was, Mexico sent them back.

Three old men, all long-term patients, regularly met in the hospital exercise room. "It sure would be nice," the first said, "if that sexy brunette on the eight-to-four shift would show a little more leg."

"What would be nicer," mused the second, "is if that gorgeous raven-haired nurse on the four-to-twelve shift would open her blouse a little more."

"No, I'll tell you what would be *really* nice," insisted the third. "It would be *really* nice if the luscious blonde on the twelve-to-eight shift would sleep with one of *you* guys for a change."

What's the difference between a lawyer and a football? You get only three points for kicking a football between the uprights.

As the corporation's national sales meeting got under way, one particularly cocky salesman was approached by a stern-looking man. "Excuse me," he said, "are you Bo Jones?"

"That's me," the confident young man replied. "Bo Jones is the name, selling's my game."

"Tell me, were you in Atlanta two months ago?"

Jones began leafing through his diary. "Two months ago? Why, yes, I sure was."

"And did you stay at the Lacey Motel?"

"Now, let me see. Yes, here it is, the Lacey Motel."

"And did you stay in room 3121?"

"Hang on," he murmured as he turned a page. "Yes, I did."

"Next to a Mrs. Porter?"

"Mrs. Porter? Hmmm. . . . Why, yes, she was in room 3123."

"And you slept with her on Saturday night?"

"Just a second," the salesman replied as he checked his entries. "Yes, you're right. I *did* give her a bit of the in-and-out."

The stranger turned bright red. "Well, I am her husband, Mr. Jones, and I don't like it."

The salesman looked at the diary again. "'Mrs. Porter, Lacey Motel, room 3123,'" he read. "No, sir, neither did I."

How can you tell if a model is a nymphomaniac? She'll make love the same day she has her hair done.

Two men were applying for the same job. Both had excellent academic credentials and superb skills and experience. In order to choose between them, the employer challenged them to come up with a poem ending with the word Timbuktu. The first candidate immediately recited, "Out across the desert sand/Rode a lonely caravan/Underneath the sky so blue/Destination: Timbuktu."

The second candidate was hard-pressed to come up with a better effort. He was just about to concede defeat when inspiration struck: "Me and Tim a-fishing went,/Saw three women in a tent./They being three and we being two,/I bucked one and Tim bucked two."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, Playboy, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"Sir, might we have a teensy peek into your luggage?"

HEY, NORM, WHAT'S BREWING?

cheers, guys—here's george wendt's chili, plus a double six-pack of tips on how to cook with beer

By MICHAEL JACKSON and JILL COX

SO YOU'VE JUST HAD a party and are now the proud owner of enough leftover beer to play host to half the teams in the N.F.L. Instead of downing a long cool one the morning after and trying to figure out what to do with the rest, take a cue from George Wendt, who plays the laid-back, suds-loving Norm Peterson on NBC's *Cheers*—pour a few brews into your next pot of homemade chili. Aside from adding such typical ingredients as pinto and kidney beans, tomato sauce and ground beef, Wendt, who admits he never measures anything, says, "I sometimes throw a few neck bones or a pound of ground pork into the pot for added flavor, along with any and all peppers I can find—green, red, yellow, black, white and *jalapeño*." To further spice things up, he adds Tabasco sauce, cayenne pepper, ground cumin and about six bottles of whatever beer happens to be in the fridge. "Make it hot," he advises. "If the wimps won't eat it, there's more left for you."

While Wendt cooks with beer for fun, *cuisine à la bière*, a longtime favorite of the French and the Belgians, is starting to show up in a variety of Stateside restaurants. In West Los Angeles, Eureka Restaurant and Brewery serves beer bread and barley-dumpling soup. The renowned Fournou's Ovens in San Francisco offers grilled prawns marinated in smoked beer and the fashionable Heathman Bakery and Pub in Portland, Oregon, braises its delicious baron of rabbit with a mustard-and-ale sauce. At Chicago's Goose Island Brewery, you can order chili-and-cilantro beer sausage; and in the otherwise restrained little town of Bridgeport, Michigan, a restaurant called Render's encourages diners to indulge in a Black Forest tart moistened with dark lager. Actually, almost any recipe that specifies wine will be just as tempting with beer. The sweetness and the texture of the malt enrich sauces and stews, while the hops, which give beer its flowery, herbal flavor, add that extra zing to condiments such as mustards and horseradish. Like wine, beer gains some fruity acidity when it ferments. The acidity works not only as a flavor enhancer in salad dressings but also as a meat tenderizer in marinades. Beer is especially good with fish, both as an ingredient and as an accompaniment. Try steaming or stewing shellfish with a dry stout. Despite its intense flavor, it marries well with mussels, clams or oysters. If the fish is poached, pouring a bit of beer into the liquid will make it seem extra-fresh, just as lemon does. When it comes to red meats and poultry, beer serves as an excellent moisturizing agent in any dish that calls for braising or basting. Rich, dark ales work best as overnight marinades. An English-style pale ale is the right brew for a lamb casserole or a London broil. And while an amber, dark lager or a bock *(concluded on page 173)*

George Wendt, of course, plays the offoble Norm Peterson on Cheers. At right, he and his lovely wife, actress Bernodette Birkett, ore whipping up o batch of their fovorite cuisine à la bière—George's chili. Wendt's secret ingredient is a secret no more. Eat and drink up!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

FACE OF WAR (continued from page 112)

"George jumped on the Jap's chest. He felt the ribs give suddenly under his expensive leather boots."

sleep, unless you could call squirming around and shivering in a wet, cold slit trench, or lying stiffly on the wet tundra and feeling the wet slowly soak through your clothes, sleep. The *Soldier's Handbook* would call that sleep. George knew now why men wrote military textbooks. It was so they could stay out of combat.

After the first two days of confusion, of supposedly fighting the gray shadows that nobody saw, the company had been put on an ammunition-carrying detail. They had made an uncountable number of trips up with boxes and bandoleers of 30-caliber stuff, trips from Massacre Bay up the steep valley to the ever-farther front. The men were trigger happy, anyway, and they fired at every shadow, even saw shadows where there were no shadows and fired at them, too. It took a lot of ammo to supply them, and as the line fought its way inland, each trip up the steep, slippery valley was longer than the last, and each trip back was longer than the trip up. Men falling with the heavy boxes, sliding back down; after the first fall, they were never dry again, and there were a lot of broken bones and raw bruises. A long line of men moving like automatons in the dim gray light. Back and forth. Back and forth.

The squad leader had been hit in the head the first day. The Japs always tried to get the men who were directing movements. And George, as second, had inherited the squad. After one day of carrying the ammo, he had given up trying to keep them together. His mind would no longer work. But somehow or other, like sheep, the squad seemed to huddle together in the vast welter of men on the trail and at the beach, and then later the advance supply dump. How the outfit had finally found them God only knew.

For 12 days, they had made the everlengthening trips with the ammo boxes, the round tricircular containers of mortar ammo. Finally, it got to the point where they no longer had to think. They moved along the trail like wraiths without thought or feeling. Twelve days was almost two weeks, and in that time, there had been no sleep except what they could snatch on their feet, moving the ammo along the eerie trail, mist-covered to the knees; or in some hole without even a shelter half, a raw grave into which the mists flowed and filled. They would walk back until somebody stopped them and put a box of ammo in their arms; then they would walk up toward the line until somebody else stopped them and relieved them of the burden. His mind could not grasp the truth of it, because there was nothing in the outside world to compare it to. People just didn't walk for 12 days without sleep. It was impossible.

The sleeping bags they had been issued so generously were supposed to come ashore later with shelter halves and blankets, etc. Whether they had come or not nobody knew, because nobody could find them in the vast welter of confusion at the beach. Once, George and his squad were commandeered by some frantic officer to unload a barge. They worked until the barge was almost unloaded of its boxes before some man broke one open, thinking it might be food. The boxes contained condoms, case after case, box after box, of condoms. They quit working and sat down in the wet and laughed themselves silly; it was a bitter, hungry laughter. The frantic officer cursed and stormed and had the rest of the barge's cargo dumped over the side.

Once, he had walked into a ration dump for a box of rations. There was nobody there. The stuff had just been dumped and left there; he was just lucky to stumble onto it. He had his rifle in his hands, the rifle that was always with him. Whether he carried a box of ammo, a can of water or a box of rations on one shoulder, the rifle was always slung over the other. After a while, the awkwardness of carrying it was gone and forgotten. It was like another, a heavier, more awkward arm. He stepped around a stack of C-ration boxes and came face to face with a Jap. It was the first one he had seen close enough to distinguish his features. Always, they were at a distance, like gray phantoms in the gray world.

The Jap was tearing open a C-ration box. He had it part way open and was just getting out a can of meat and beans. George saw the label on the can, and for some reason, it impressed itself upon his dulled, stupid mind; it was the most vivid memory of the whole encounter. The Jap jumped up, as surprised as George. George looked at him for several seconds, not knowing what to do. The *Soldier's Handbook* said nothing about the procedure when meeting a Jap in a U.S. ration dump. The Jap raised his rifle with a slow movement like a sleepwalker, and George just watched him stupidly. Without thinking about it, he stepped in and hit the Jap on the mouth with his right fist. He was as big as three of the Jap, and the punch lifted the scrawny Jap clear off his feet; he dropped his rifle and lit on the back of his neck.

The Jap lay still for a moment, partially stunned, and George remembered he still held his own rifle in his left hand. He pointed it down at the Jap and fired it. He couldn't have missed.

The bullet hit the Jap someplace in the chest. It made no evident difference: no visible hole or blood. The Jap clutched his fingers in the tundra and made a wry face. He made no sound. His lips writhed back over his teeth as he looked at George. For the first time in the encounter, a thought entered George's head. He hated the Jap. Here was this Jap stuffing his gut in a U.S. ration dump, while George himself and the guys in the squad hadn't had food for God knows how long. No food, no sleep, no rest. And here was this Jap having himself a picnic.

George raised his rifle again and emptied the seven other rounds of the clip into the Jap's body. Then he jumped on the Jap's chest. He felt the ribs give suddenly under his nice, expensive leather boots that weren't worth a goddamn. He took his rifle by the warm muzzle and rammed the butt down into the Jap's face several times. After that, he sat down and dropped his rifle into the muck. He was very weak and gagged and gagged, but he had not had enough food to puke up anything.

He sat there a long time before he could regain the strength to pick up his rifle and a box of C rations. By that time, he had forgotten the Jap, and he walked stupidly, ploddingly back to the beach. He didn't even tell his buddy Smitty about the Jap. It didn't seem to matter much. Once in a while, his mind would dwell on it for a second and he would remember the label on the can of meat and beans and he would get scared. The Jap could just as easily have killed him.

He and Smitty didn't say anything as they squatted. For a second, he wondered what Smitty was thinking, but then the question faded and his mind went back to its confused series of meaningless pictures. They sat that way, cold as hell, till the staff came back from the command post. Smitty used to be the company comic; his cracks would keep them going when nothing

(continued on page 174)

Notes from
The Bob Book

- who is bob?
- what is bobness?
- meet the everyguy of the nineties

Why Bob?

BOBS HAVE much in common. They have more in common than people who inhabit other names. Johns, for instance, are pretty much a mixed bag. They come in all flavors. Bobs enjoy a solid sense of sameness. Bobs are undiluted. Bobs are universal.

Bobs simplify life.

They are just and plain and just plain.

Most every Bob is a decent, dependable sort.

In a world gone mad, life for Bob is always a manageable task. Bobs tend to know where they are going. They implicitly steer clear of chaos. In a society choked with pretentiousness, Bobs have little to prove. If they wanted to prove anything, they would call themselves Robert. Or Rob. Or Bobby. Or Sting.

Bob is more than a name; Bob is more than a verb. Bob is the actor who played Gilligan. Bob is Captain Kangaroo. Bob pulled Howdy Doody's strings. Bob entertains the boys overseas at Christmas. Bob works overtime for Ebenezer Scrooge.

Bob is always there.

Bob does what he is supposed to do without fanfare. Bobs are never overwhelmed by circumstances; they face the music one note at a time. They do not dance; they hum. There is nothing flashy about Bobs. They put forth only what they are capable of; they can afford to promise little more. It's not as though they can hide behind their name. There isn't room.

There is a lesson to be learned from Bobs.

It is a lesson in realism, honesty and simple pleasure.

It is a lesson no Bob can teach.

Bobs would never be that presumptuous.

humor by
David Rensin & Bill Zehme

Bobs are like peas in a pod even when they are as diverse as Hope, Dole, Barker, Dylan, Newhart, Marley, Uecker and Gaulet. Being a Bob means not quite knowing what being a Bob means or what the big deal is. The big deal is there is no big deal. What's so special is there's nothing special.

No Bob is fearsome, no Bob instills trepidation: not Crane, nor Cummings, nor Buffalo, nor Elliott nor Vila. No Bob is a threat. The beauty of a Bob is that you can walk right up to him. Bob is the apogee of approachability, the soul of informality, the former host of *This Old House*.

What Is Bobness?

Slice open any Bob and you will find Bobness.

Bobness is what makes Bobs Bobs.

It is the incorruptible sensibility at Bob's core that defines and regulates his every impulse.

Bobness is the gravity boot that presses Bob's feet firmly to the ground. Bobness is what prevents Bob from wearing berets; from smoking French cigarettes; from quoting Nietzsche, Flaubert or Gertrude Stein. It accounts for Bobs' breaking out in cold sweats whenever in the vicinity of mimes, Renaissance faires, Vandyke beards, tarot cards, New Age music and people who say "*Ciao!*" None of which is to say that Bobness is exclusive to Bobs. Jane Pauley, for instance, is bursting with Bobness. Phil Collins is awash in it. Donald Trump, on the other hand, is devoid of Bobness. And Shirley MacLaine, in this life or any other, has never been nor will she ever be a Bob.

Just Say Bob

Brevity is the soul of Bob.

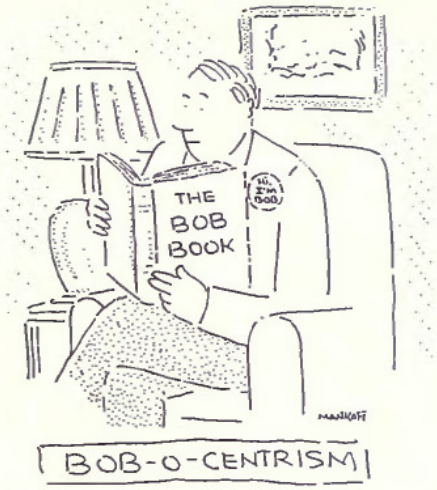
Bob is a wink of a word. It wastes no time. It is so economical it's hardly even there, really. Bobs take pride in this. They love that it spells easily and spells the same, backward and forward.

Gal Trouble: Bob's Words of Caution*

- **Most women have a chip on their shoulder about being a woman and should be avoided.**
- **Don't marry unless you really want to.**
- **They seldom mean what they say, they seldom say what they mean.**
- **They are tricky.**
- **They're just like cats.**
- **If you give them an inch, they'll take a mile. If you think they are lying, they probably are. Most are only after a good time. Don't let them know your true feelings or how much money you're worth.**
- **There are things they won't tell you.**
- **They are never wrong.**
- **Don't trust them. Man, bless his soul, is easy to please. A woman wants everything she sees.**
- **Don't get involved.**

"Being Bob means you're always second in line."

—Bob Welch, pitcher



Bob is Bob, any way you look at it (and him). Bob begins where he ends and ends where he begins. Bob, then, is a palindrome, much like pip, boob, tot and wow—only with a bit more dignity.

And yet, with all due respect, Bob is a slightly foolish word. It declines to be taken seriously. It is spare but hardly austere. It is pleasantly puckish.

Bob puts one in mind of fishing tackle and floating apples and jaunty hairdos and carnival rides. Bob recalls the red, red robin's preferred mode of travel. In the Fifties, schoolgirls sauced their conversations with bob-talk (youbob, mebob, shebob).

Which is to say, Bob is fun to say. Few names, in fact, are as much fun, with the possible exception of Hoyt, but then, how many Hoyts do you know? Bob, on the other hand, is everywhere.

Try saying "Bob" now. Let "Bob" roll off your tongue. That's right: The truth of the matter is that saying "Bob" requires no tongue at all. Which is the point as well as the essence of Bob, if you will. No muss, no fuss, no tongue.

Bob and Fame

Most Bobs are not famous.

Ironically, Bob—or Robert, at least—is supposed to mean "bright fame." This, of course, is ridiculous. Bobs blanch at limelight; they squint and shuffle uneasily in the glare. Fame requires a great deal of smiling; Bobs smile only when they are pleased, and nothing pleases Bobs less than the idea of giving press conferences, posing for photographs and riding floats. Bobs smile at sunsets, comely women and freshly waxed cars. Bobs don't bask in their own achievements; they bask in the achievements of those who play professional sports. Bobs don't sign autographs; they write their name.

When a Bob manages to become famous, it is usually for good reason. Bobs are famous in spite of themselves.

*Lists based on actual Bobs polled.

Bobs are famous only when they can be nothing else. Fame embraces Bobs; Bobs do not embrace fame. Bobs will, of course, seek out success; they want to do OK for themselves, to be sure. But fame, should it descend upon Bob, is merely complementary. It is like the free coffee mug you get with a special doughnut purchase: You earned it, but you're not quite sure why. Ultimately, Bobs would rather not think about it.

Consider Bob Hope.

Not only is he pre-eminent among Bobs, Bob Hope is more famous than most Homo sapiens in general. Bob Hope was born Leslie Townes Hope. Leslies, by and large, have fewer problems accepting fame than Bobs do. But who wants to be famous with a name like Leslie? Plus, Bob fits Hope like snug golf shoes. Bob Hope, once he became Bob Hope, also became the definitive Bob: He isn't flashy. He works tirelessly. He is calm and confident. He doesn't do a lot of emoting. He stays married (perhaps by not being home a lot). He is rigorously patriotic. He is rather frugal. He is there when you need him. He ages gracefully. He has never slept with Madonna.

"Being Bob means that almost everyone treats you as if he's known you for years—even if it's the first time he meets you."

—Bob Cummings

How to Deal with Bob: 15 Simple Rules*

- **Don't waste his time.**
- **Don't say, "Where have I seen you before?"**
- **Don't fail to give a firm handshake.**
- **Don't talk about something he doesn't care about.**
- **Don't assume you know what he's thinking. How the hell *would* you know?**
- **Don't try to persuade him to do it your way long after he has made up his own mind.**
- **Don't butt in.**
- **Don't think you know more than he does.**
- **Don't tell stories that have no point or say "um" a lot.**
- **Don't gossip over petty incidents.**
- **Don't stare at him.**
- **Don't come to visit and never leave.**
- **Don't pretend to be really good friends with him in front of other people.**
- **Don't tell him to smile.**
- **Females: Don't say no.**

The Romantic Bob

Bobs are what women want, only women don't always know this. Even-handed, dependable and decent, Bobs are sometimes mistaken by women for being bland. Therefore, women are often likely to thrash around in a Bob's net, making vain attempts to show Bobs the volatile, mercurial nature of human relations. Bobs find this to be an incredible waste of their time, not to mention that of the woman's. Bobs are loath to engage in love games. Either a Bob calls her or he doesn't. That's all. Bobs don't plot. Bobs don't wring their hands and rack their central nervous systems and calculate female responses to lunkhead behavior. Bobs would rather play with a lathe.

Still, Bobs are not unromantic. Women force them to discover a world of nuance and subtlety. And Bobs rise to the challenge, learning much in the process (for instance, the finer points of dessert sharing and beholding remarkable bathroom rituals). They are good at the chase because they have a goal in mind. In this way, courtship for Bobs is like reaching a quota or building a sun deck. It is only when he has completed the project and must live with the result that a Bob learns a most disconcerting lesson: Women are not finished products. Unlike, say, a wooden fence, women will not just stand there and serve a simple function. They act and react a lot. Their needs go beyond fresh paint. This puzzles Bob.

To Bobs, all women are handfuls. This is the highest of high praise, really. Whether or not they admit it, Bobs need to be kept guessing; uncertainty of this sort informs their starkly realistic view of existence. Moreover, women color a Bob's life, giving it shading and richness and guidance in areas of grooming, dress and appropriate tipping procedures. Women are the only uncontrollable commodities in a Bob's life, unless we consider Bob's hairline. Unlike baldness, however, women are necessary to Bob, and this, more than anything, is what truly drives him nuts.

Bob hates wasted time. This is the essential Bob truth. All else is secondary. This is true of Denver, Costas, Keeshan, Saget and Mitchum. What rankles Bob most is behavior that convolutes an easily made point. Bobs hate garnish. Bobs want it straight. They want it unadorned. They want it now.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BILL UTTERBACK

BLUE **TRUTH** *(continued from page 88)*

"I can see how it's gonna look when this motherfucker starts pumping bullets into my chest with my gun."

I'm screaming into the radio as I jump out. The doors fly open and the driver and two passengers try to flee. I scream, "*Freeze!*" and concentrate on the driver, who runs toward the front of the car and falls down. I run to the edge of the ditch and yell "*Freeze!*" again and he looks up at me with big eyes and turns to run. My gun's in my hand, but, hell, the rules of the game say I can't shoot him, and I guess he knows that. So as he starts to move, I hurl myself at him and land beside him with my right arm around his neck, trying to pull him down. At the same time, I'm screaming, "*Hold it, asshole!*" and we both fall into the heavy underbrush. Then I realize that this dude is no midget—probably 6'3", 230 pounds, big, round and strong.

We struggle on the ground and neither one of us can get to our feet. He's trying to pull away from me, we swap a couple of punches and I realize right away that he's gonna knock the shit out of me if I let him. So I stick my revolver right in his face and I scream, "*I'll fuckin' blow your head off!*"

"Nooo!" he yells, and grabs me in a bear hug and we roll down into the scrub again. I climb to my knees, but then he grabs my gun with both hands. I've got the gun solid by the grips, but I can feel him beginning to pull it away from me, so I grab it with both hands.

There we are, on our knees, face to face, chest to chest, with the gun between us. There is no screaming now, just heavy breathing and grunting. I think he can smell my fear, because he's getting stronger and starting to grin, and I can feel his hands, like steel, slowly pulling mine apart. I can see how it's gonna look and feel when this motherfucker gets my gun away from me and starts pumping .38 bullets into my chest with my own gun.

I know he's going to kill me, so, fuck it, I'm gonna pull the trigger anyway and let the bullet blow away whichever one of us it hits. So I grab as tight as I can around the grips and get ready to jerk my head back hard before I pull the trigger. I start to squeeze that motherfucker when suddenly I see this shiny black shoe hit the side of the guy's head. His face jerks sideways and his eyes open wide, but he still hangs on to the gun with his big hands. I'm trying to pull back when the shiny black shoe gets him again, just above the left ear, and I hear a voice screaming, "*Die, you motherfucker!*" His grip loosens and I fall back and see three guys jump into the ditch all over the guy and start beatin' the piss out of him. They're all screaming, "*Die! Die, motherfucker!*" and punching and kicking the crap out of him. I can hear him screaming and moaning as I lie looking up into the sky, breathing hard.

All the guys start grouping around me now. They're shouting and yelling, happy as shit because all three suspects are *in custody*. The two other guys had run across a field and into another compound, where they tried to hide in some trucks, but the K-9 sniffed 'em out and the dogs ate on both of 'em and it's fucking beautiful.

I'm pulling my act together, dusting myself off, when one of the officers comes over and stands in front of me. There's blood all over his right shoe and pants leg. He just smiles and says, "You owe me one, Cherokee."

•

Walter has no way of knowing how hungry Alvin is. He has no way of knowing that Alvin and three other scumbags want to put together a cocaine deal so bad that they will do anything to make it work. It isn't a big coke deal by today's standards, but Alvin and his partners take it very seriously.

The only things Walter takes seriously are the love for his wife and his undying belief that life is about having a good time. He's a prankster, a guy with a quick wit and a sharp tongue. In briefing, he always has a gag going or harasses some new guy or a lieutenant, to everyone's delight. On the street, with the public, he is neat, courteous, professional and efficient. He just doesn't take it seriously, that's all.

Walter has no way of knowing that it's Alvin and his partners who have prompted the manager at the seafood restaurant to set off the silent robbery alarm. The dispatcher advises the north-end units about the alarm, and Walter drives his cruiser that way. Silent alarms go off all over town, every day, and most of the time, there is a malfunction or some clerk has hit the button unknowingly. This is ten A.M. on a beautiful Sunday, and Walter still has parts of the morning newspaper scattered all over the front seat of his car.

Walter has no way of knowing, as he approaches the restaurant, that Alvin's partners have seen him coming and have driven off, leaving only Alvin inside. Walter parks his cruiser on the north side of the building and grabs his clipboard so he can record the pertinent information for his false-alarm report. He walks easily into the restaurant through the kitchen door and meets Alvin in a small hallway leading out to the parking lot. There he stands, a pen in one hand and his clipboard in the other; and there is Alvin, with a cut-down .22-caliber rifle—a small gun that shoots a small bullet, and, as a high-noon weapon, is pretty hard to take seriously.

Alvin shoots Walter three times with the .22, and as Walter goes down, Alvin runs past him and out into the parking lot to escape with the others. He finds that they have fled and he knows more police officers will be along in seconds. He turns and runs back inside. Walter, lying huddled on the floor in the fetal position, manages to grip his radio and transmit, "Help me, I've been shot." Those of us who hear those words on the radio don't recognize the voice, we only feel the terror and the pain. We rush headlong toward the scene.

Alvin kneels beside Walter and demands the keys to the police cruiser. Walter, through clenched teeth, tells him which pants pocket to dig into. Alvin gets the keys. Then he rips Walter's .38 service revolver out of the holster, places the barrel just behind Walter's ear and fires one shot.

Alvin makes his getaway in the police cruiser, and the first officers to arrive at the scene find Walter dead.

There is the inevitable violent surge of police activity, and all four suspects are eventually captured.

Walter is buried with a quiet private service. The court system plods along, and Alvin's three partners are given life sentences. Alvin is sentenced to death. Now he sits on Florida's death row, and even though well-meaning or publicity-seeking lawyers have appealed his case in every way, his sentence stands. The governor has signed the warrant.

Alvin has waited to die in the electric chair for more than ten years. Those trying to save him claim that he is mentally ill—that he sees space beings and talks with God. The court is pondering whether or not we can put to death a man who is now insane, though he was sane at the time of his crime and conviction. But for now, the sentence still stands: Alvin must die for what he did.

If it were possible, I would travel to where Alvin is today, and I would watch as he was strapped into the chair, and I would pull the switch myself.

Seriously.

•

"Hey, honey, I'm home. Sorry I'm late—had a bunch of paperwork to do.

(continued on page 168)

"Do I mind your being a vegetarian? Honey, I wouldn't mind if you ate cactus."

PLAYBOY PROFILE

AIR APPARENT

move over, michael. the n.b.a. has a new center of attention in the spurs' david robinson

HAKEEM "THE DREAM" Olajuwon, the Houston Rockets' Nigerian-born colossus, was discontent. He'd been the most talented center, the king, for four or five years—a lifetime in the N.B.A., where reputations snap like cruciate ligaments. But when he read the sports pages, an uneasy feeling crept upon him, a sense that he was last week's Dream.

The new top gun played for the San Antonio Spurs, just 200 miles down Interstate Ten. His name was David Robinson, one of those nice American monikers that never get spelled wrong. It was only Robinson's second year as a pro, but the media loved the slender seven-footer as they never would Hakeem. They loved his Naval Academy background, his affection for Beethoven, his talk-show-guest facility, even his posture (erect, unwavering) as he sang along to the national anthem.

To Hakeem, this was an insult. It was one thing for people to hold up Patrick Ewing as his peer; it was something else entirely to defer to a dabbler who put more time into his blues chord progressions than into his hook shot. Last December 18, Olajuwon shared his feelings with *USA Today*. Robinson, he insisted, has "got to pay his dues before he's on the level with Patrick and myself."

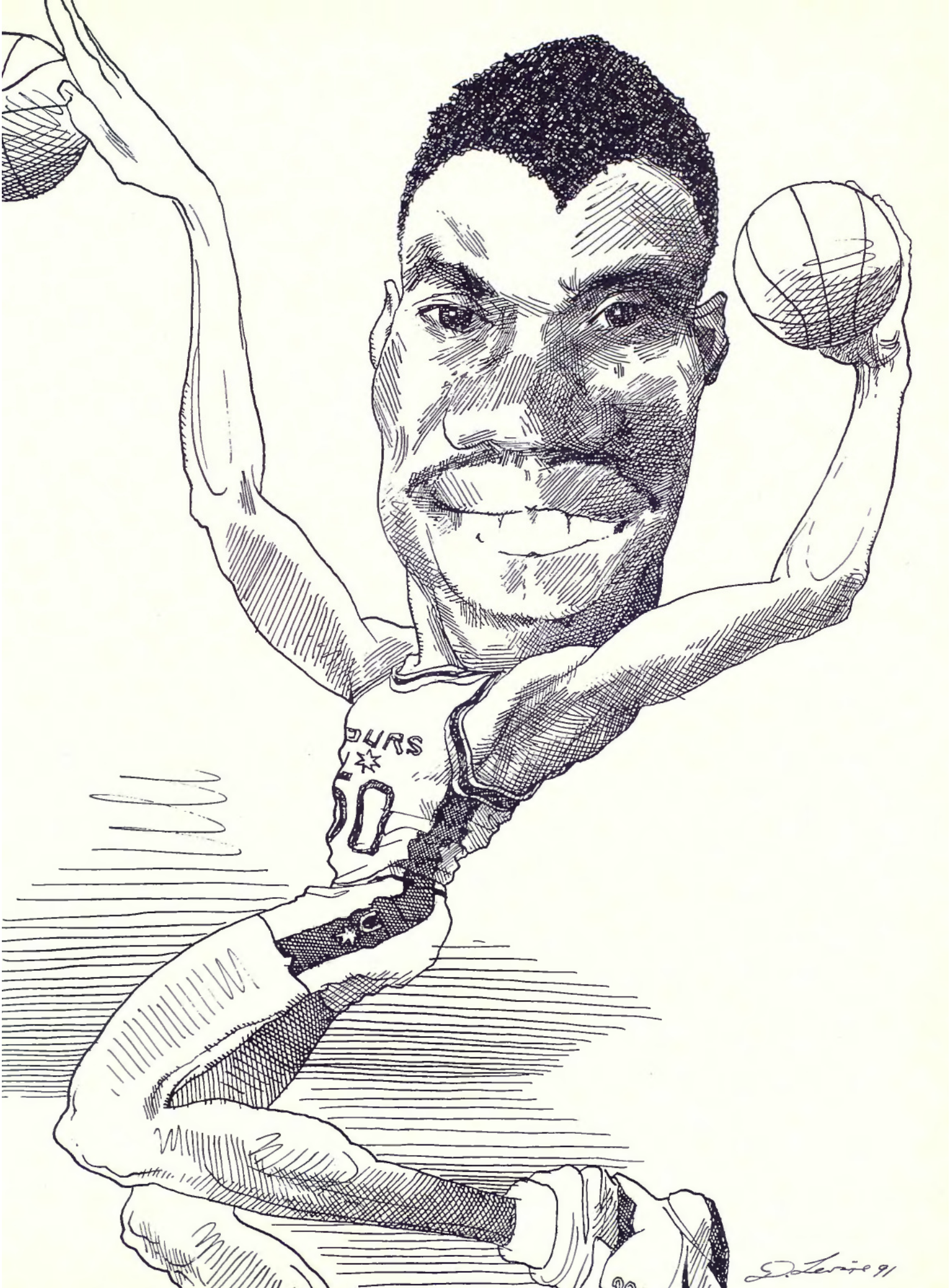
That very evening, shortly after the Spurs and the Rockets tipped off at Houston's Summit for their second meeting of the young season, Robinson express-mailed an installment. With three minutes left in the first quarter, Houston led by eight. A few moments earlier, Olajuwon had milled past the slender Spurs center along the base line for a mighty dunk, and it was time to put Robinson on tilt. Olajuwon moved the lieutenant with a professional forearm, slid into the foul lane and stuck his right hand up like a flag. Robinson flailed helplessly at Buck Johnson's pass as it found Hakeem in a center's favorite setting: four feet from the basket, no obstacles in sight. Olajuwon flexed his knees, left the floor (few centers have ever jumped so quickly) and pulled the ball behind his neck with two huge hands. He was poised to lunge and snap his two points through the net as he had a thousand times before——

But not this time. This time, the Houston center would not hold. A beat after Hakeem went up for the slam, Robinson rose as well, barely seeming to gather himself, yet—and the video tape shows this clearly—somehow rising both faster and higher than Hakeem, in a sharper flight path, until his left hand was poised well over the Rocket's head, 11 feet or so above the floor. When Hakeem brought the ball up and forward, it met that long, tapered hand—the same one that can span 12 white keys in a Rachmaninoff prelude. The ball never reached the rim. It bounced off Hakeem's head, then his shoulder, before Robinson backhanded it out of bounds. There was something stylized about that final, dismissive flick, a bite of body language that told us, *This is no fluke. Stick around and see what happens next.*

Robinson would block four of Olajuwon's shots that night, and by the fourth one, Hakeem was silly with disbelief: haranguing the refs, missing clusters of fall-away jump shots. With Robinson scoring four of his *(continued on page 142)*

By JEFF COPLON

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LEVINE


SPURS
C

PLAYBOY

COLLECTION

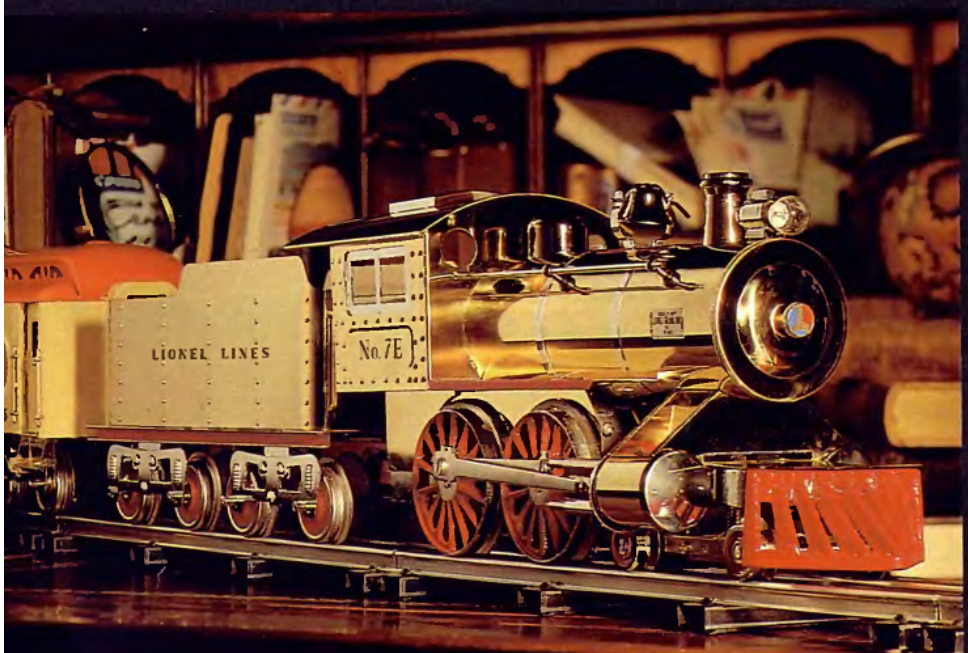
things you can live without, but who wants to?

SNK's Neo-Geo video-game system packs more power than most arcade games, with 24 bits displaying about 4100 simultaneous on-screen colors for about $650, including two controllers and a game. Additional games, about $200 each. RCA 9" color TV, about $290, including a remote.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

The first camcorder with interchangeable lenses, Canon's $3000 L1 Hi-Band 8mm-model records in stereo; plus a $350 adapter lets you attach Canon EF camera lenses.

NEC's 6.8-pound Ultralite 286F notebook computer comes with a 20MB hard drive, a 3½" floppy disk drive, a bright black-and-white LCD screen and extended battery life, $3000.



Full steam ahead! Lionel Train's 23½"-long polished-brass and nickel Old No. 7 electric locomotive and tender set, about $900, is a replica of its early 1900s No. 7 Special.

Where & How to Buy on page 191.

Inside the zip top of this colorful Roadwarrior triathlon bag is a list of everything you need to jog, cycle and swim, plus pockets to separate all the gear, by TYR Sport, $80.

Fire when ready! Rugged-looking Shooters shotgun-shell shot glasses in clear, partially frosted or etched lead crystal come from Bon Ton, Houston, about $35 for a set of four.

Bang & Olufsen's Beosystem 2500 compact audio system features a tuner, CD player and tape deck, plus glass doors that open automatically, $3500, including a remote control.

This limited-edition Fifties-style Western Flyer bicycle with a springer front end feotures o Pearson seat, built-in horn, torpedo headlight and a reor carrier, by Columbia, $495.

AIR APPARENT

(continued from page 136)

"'Michael Jordan made a deal with the Devil. And now I think that he and Dave are into it together.'"

team's last five points, the Spurs won by one.

"Let me ask you something—is he gifted?" squealed Mike Newlin, the Rockets' TV color man, in a burst of word love rarely spent on rival players. "Is he versatile, gifted and graceful?"

•

Last season, in his first encounters with Olajuwon and Ewing, Robinson felt out of place against the behemoths he'd watched for years on television. "I made up for it with a lot of extra effort," he says, "that kind of *panic* effort, where you've *got* to play hard. I didn't have any choice, and I think that helped me. After I had played against them once or twice, it made it so much easier; I learned to believe that I could play with anybody."

Two days after the Spurs' conquest in Houston, Robinson had spooned his 85 inches into an aisle coach seat on the team's charter plane for a road trip to Phoenix. Dressed simply, in black slacks and white dress shirt, he put down the music book he was studying at the moment—*Jazz Improvisation for Keyboard Players*. Lately, he'd been traveling with both an electronic keyboard and his new love, an alto saxophone. "I don't really listen to a lot of jazz pianists," he explained. "I'm listening more to jazz horns. With the piano, it's either background or high-speed stuff; you can't break it down. With the horn, it's more linear—with the sax, you don't have to see the music, you can just play it. So I study piano and learn through listening to the horn."

Robinson has the face of a Modigliani, with generous features—high cheekbones, broad smile, strong jaw—set upon a narrow, angular head. The face is grown-up (he is 25 years old), but it retains a youth's transparency, as does his deep giant's voice. It's easy to see why he made the beat writers' national all-interview team as a rookie; he offers that rare parlay of spontaneity and thoughtfulness.

He hadn't been offended by the Olajuwon quote in *USA Today*, he said. "That's the competitive aspect of his nature. You see how hard Hakeem works, how hard Patrick works to be as good as he is. They have a lot of pride. They don't want to see a kid coming up and in one year or two years be able to play as well as they can, and I don't blame them. I'd be the same way.

"But I have no doubt in my mind that I'm on that level. I've outplayed both of them at times and they've outplayed me at times. I just feel like there's no gap between us."

Who could argue with the man who would supplant Olajuwon as the West's starting all-star center (halting Hakeem's four-year reign), who was being favorably compared to that ultimate intimidator among pivot men, Bill Russell? And yet, for all of Robinson's self-assurance, both on and off the court, it was important to remember how new all of this was for him. Only two years earlier, he'd been stuck behind a desk at a submarine base in the swampy backwaters of Kings Bay, Georgia. Only four years before that, he'd been a bench-warming plebe who'd sought "a little recreation" on the Navy team. The ensuing events—Robinson's emergence as the greatest college player of his time, his rookie-of-the-year season, his glory as a sneaker salesman supreme—had flown by in a blink. There was no time to react, much less to assimilate.

"I got to coach David Thompson and Danny Manning and Bobby Jones," noted Larry Brown, who agreed to coach San Antonio only after Robinson was signed, "and people expect those guys to do great things every night. A lot of kids have grown up preparing themselves for that kind of pressure, but not David. It just *happened*."

Robinson's confidence is a bit fragile. There remains that nagging need to show *and* tell. At Phoenix, he led an unlikely Spurs comeback from 14 points down in the fourth quarter, fouled out the Suns' starting center, Mark West, then abused forwards Tom Chambers and Tim Perry to help clinch a soul-feeding road victory in overtime. In the locker room, still riding his adrenaline, he held forth in his Garfield the Cat boxer shorts before a nest of microphones and note pads.

"Perry is not a good match-up for them against me," Robinson said. "I'm sure that's not something that they like to see." It was a fair statement, but there was also a small, gloating chuckle underneath it. Robinson was rubbing it in, ever so mildly, like a cocky adolescent who knows how good he is but wants to make sure you know it, too.

•

The David Robinson story is not a moral lesson, not a cautionary tale for you kids at home. It counters all we've been taught about success in basketball, as in life—that you have to be a gym rat who puts up a thousand foul shots on Sunday morning or a playground obsessive winging your jumper by feel into the darkness, and that even then, the odds are that you will bump your head on your limits long before you reach the top.

But Robinson is the exception that moves the rule. He is the Lotto champ, the Natural, Roy Hobbs writ tall. Sean Elliott, the Spurs' fawn-faced small forward, likes to tell his friends that "Michael Jordan made a deal with the Devil—there's no way anybody can be that good. And now I think that he and Dave are into something together. A lot of people work hard on developing their game, work *years*, and here's Dave, just some hum-de-dum guy. Someone just touched him with a talent wand, and he took advantage of it."

Robinson's basketball career has been seamless. Here is a player who found pickup games boring, who ignored his high school team until his senior year, who coasted while playing against 6'8" centers from colleges such as William & Mary, who left the sport cold for two years of active military service. And then, in his very first game in the N.B.A.—against the Los Angeles Lakers, no less—Robinson went to work: 23 points, 17 rebounds, a rude swat of a Magic Johnson lay-up in the third quarter, an eight-point win. No rust, no fuss. If you hadn't seen Robinson's right knee—his personal nerves barometer—bouncing at 100 miles per hour, or if you hadn't known he'd thrown up at half time, you might have thought he'd forgotten where he was.

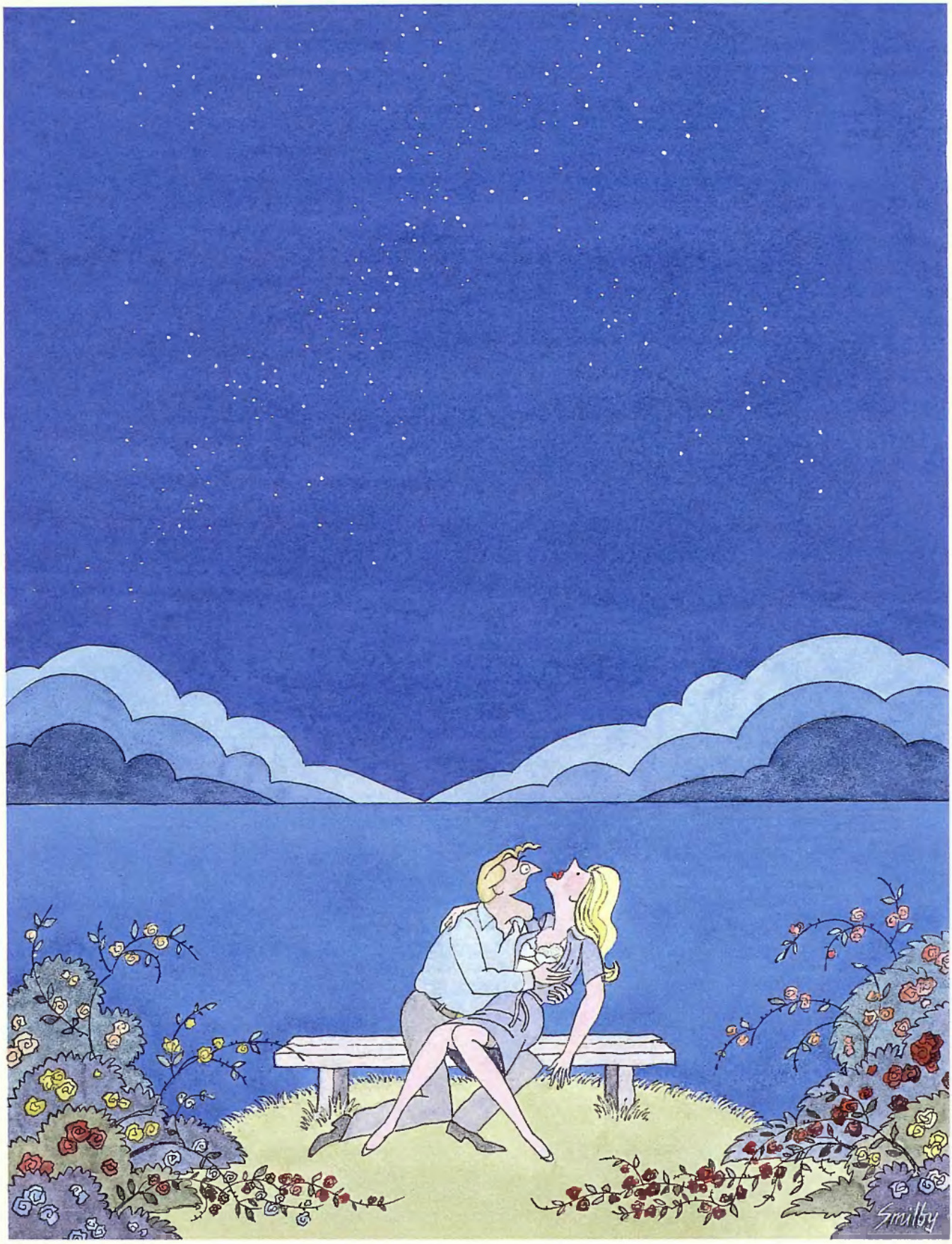
"Some rookies are just never rookies," Johnson remarked after the wondrous debut.

It was the best of times, that rookie year. All was fresh and anything seemed possible. Robinson averaged 24 points, 12 rebounds and four blocks per game last season. He was the league's Rookie of the Year by acclamation and placed sixth in the Most Valuable Player balloting. At that, at least one fair authority thought he'd been slighted.

"I think David is the best player in the league," asserted Don Nelson, the highly regarded coach of the Golden State Warriors. "It's clear-cut for me: He should be the M.V.P."

If value is measured in the win column, Nelson had a point. The retooled Spurs hung up a 56–26 record and a Midwest division title and were just

(continued on page 182)



"When you look up into that velvety darkness, Melanie, and see those countless shimmering stars a zillion light-years away, doesn't it make taking off your bra seem a very small and insignificant event?"

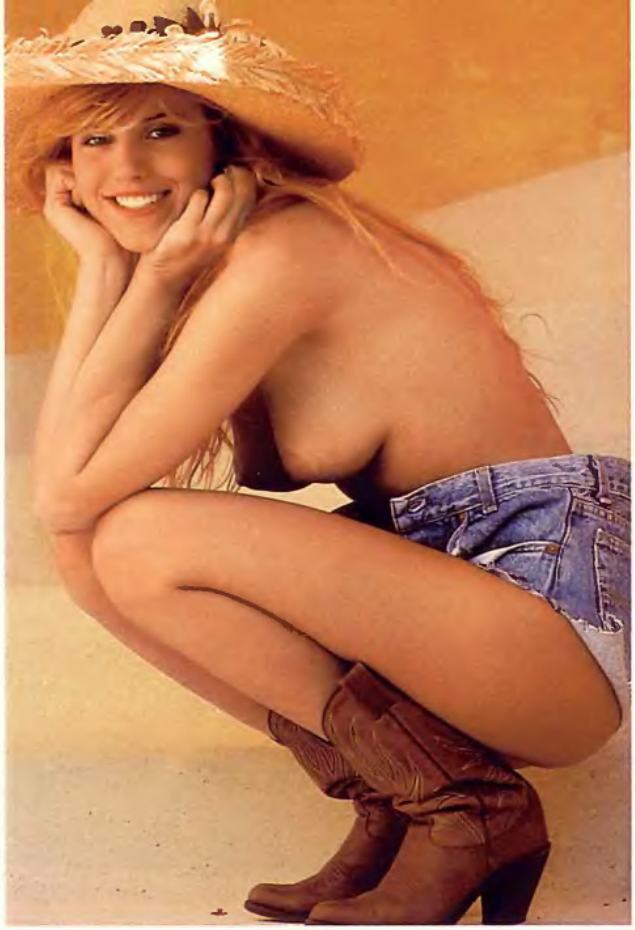
PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

Playmate OF THE YEAR

lisa matthews, the girl with the all-american look, wins playboy's top title

LISA MATTHEWS looks like an all-American girl, a point not lost on the photographers with whom she's such a popular model. One recently cast about for a prop that perfectly suited her appeal and automatically picked an American flag. Later, when the war in the Persian Gulf broke out, Lisa became concerned that the flag shot might be misinterpreted as exploitative—and insisted on reshooting it. That's typical of this year's Playmate of the Year. Sometimes Lisa seems so fresh-scrubbed and altogether pleasant you assume she's straight from some farm town that exists only in Garrison Keillor's imagination. There's even her unabashed love of animals—including her two pet chinchillas, Chester and Chelsea, and her dream of owning a cow named Hank. But Lisa is actually from Ventura County, just north of Los Angeles. It might not be a metropolis, but it's not Mayberry, either. "When I go on modeling auditions, a lot of people say to me, 'You're nice,' as if they expected me to be some sort of bitch. I guess growing up in Ventura County, you're not as competitive as if you'd grown up in L.A."

"I don't see onything speciol about the way I look," says Lisa modestly. "I'm just the girl next door, Miss Natural."



Her selection as Playmate of the Year was a natural, and it was endorsed by the enthusiasm of her fans. She received more than twice as many votes in the Playmate Phone-In as any other candidate.

"I don't really care what men look like. A guy doesn't have to be a certain height or be a bodybuilder," says Lisa. "I just want to date someone who's fun." For Lisa, fun means dancing, hitting the beach or horseback riding. "Riding is my kind of therapy. Put me on a horse and I'm fine."

Befitting her humbler side, Lisa admitted being stunned when she found out she was going to be Playmate of the Year. "I would have given me zero chance," she says. "Me? Playmate of the Year? Hey, I'm glad I got a *month*." Nonetheless, Lisa is probably a bit better prepared than some of her predecessors, since she has had some savvy coaching from Reneé Tenison, last year's Playmate of the Year, who is also her roommate in Los Angeles. The two met while staying at Playboy Mansion West (Lisa was working on her video centerfold; Reneé had come to town from her home in Idaho to shoot her P.M.O.Y. layout) and they became fast friends. Since Lisa has been busy modeling—and traveling to Mexico to shoot her Playmate of the Year layout—and Reneé commutes from Idaho, their apartment has yet to acquire that lived-in look. There's no artwork on the walls, and the kitchen would make Julia Child faint. "We have diet Coke, chocolate Teddy Grahams and a few cans of soup," says Lisa cheerfully. "I eat tons of junk food. I don't eat very healthily at all." She was famous during her P.M.O.Y. shoot for hiding candy around the set and ferreting it out between shots. Nor does Lisa bother to exercise. "I tried it. I would get on the treadmill for about an hour, but it bored the hell out of me. I'd rather take a walk outside." Lisa does get exercise on the dance floor. She and Reneé love to dance and frequently hit the local clubs, often with Playmate Cristy Thom in tow. "We're a regular United Nations," Lisa points out, "a black, an Asian and a blonde."

The three go unescorted: Reneé has a boyfriend in Idaho and Lisa is a reluctant dater. She has just broken up with one boyfriend and says, "I can't just go out on a date without really knowing someone. I get too nervous and then I call up and cancel, and then I feel really bad." For the moment, most of Lisa's energy is devoted to being Playmate of the Year. She's researching ways to invest her $100,000 cash prize and she's looking forward to her gala party at Playboy Mansion West. But she's not the only one—her 14-year-old brother, Trenton, is also excited. Lisa took him to the Mansion once before and introduced him to the First Lady of the house, Kimberley Conrad Hefner. "He thought it was the best place in the world," Lisa reports, "because he could get a chocolate shake whenever he wanted."

NEIL BUSH *(continued from page 100)*

"For every loan that went bad, Silverado made ten new ones, using the fees to make up for losses."

money. Good explained that he knew of a commodities pool that was sure to rise in price over the coming weeks. A $100,000 investment could double or even triple. Neil protested. He didn't have that kind of money. Good told him he was missing the point. He would lend Neil the money. If they did well, Good would take back the $100,000 and give Neil the difference. If they lost, he wouldn't have to pay him back at all.

Neil accepted the offer. How could he lose? As he explained later, "It was an incredibly sweet deal."

Apparently, it had never dawned on Neil that the very sweetness of the deal might have been reason enough to turn it down. He later defended himself, saying, "It was the wild West in those days, and Ken Good was one of the high riders. He was worth tens of millions of dollars, and he enjoyed having people he worked with participate in ventures with him. . . . I know it sounds a little fishy, but I have heard this happened before."

Indeed, it had. Good made a point of it. "Frankly, this had been a *modus operandi* of mine for many years," he said. "[It] was a means of attracting and keeping loyal business associates." Good handed out similar loans—anywhere from $10,000 to $350,000—to employees and friends. He once gave a head bookkeeper a new Corvette as a reward for loyal service. "Believe me, I never had any trouble asking my secretary or my bookkeeper to work late when they could expect this kind of sharing in whatever success I might have."

A few days after making his offer, Good called Neil to report on their commodities deal. He had invested the $100,000 for Neil, plus a little of his own pocket change, just for fun. After an encouraging rise, however, the market went sour and the investment was wiped out. As agreed, Neil never repaid the loan. It wasn't until six years later, after the saga had been reported, that Neil decided to include the $100,000 on his 1990 tax return.

By 1985, it was clear that JNB wasn't going to make money. Oil prices had crashed, and many exploration firms had foundered. That didn't make things any easier for JNB, but the truth of the matter was that oil prices hardly entered the equation. They had marginal success with their first three drillings, but in five years of sinking 26 wells, JNB never found a drop of salable oil.

The partners' early effort in Wyoming's Powder River Basin, which became a veritable Shangri-la for other oil prospectors, had failed. So they hunted around other parts of the West. They sank holes in Colorado, Wyoming and South Dakota and found nothing. They considered looking in Honduras and China but finally pinned their hopes on Ohio. An official with the state's Oil and Gas Department wrote in a 1989 memo about JNB's efforts, "The head of the Ohio Oil and Gas Department says he doesn't know why anyone would want to dig in that region."

Nash was worried about the growing relationship between Good and Bush. "Neil wasn't the kind of guy to do something conniving. But somehow, I don't think he was so naïve that he would get into something without knowing its ramifications," he said. "I had some concerns that weren't major but were enough for me to want to get out. I felt that Neil was fairly young and that he had made some decisions he wouldn't have made if he had been a little more experienced." So, early in 1985, Nash sold his share of the company to Neil and departed.

•

Neil Bush joined Silverado at a watershed in the thrift's operation. Until 1985, it had done just what the Reagan Administration wanted thrifts to do: grow and diversify. Granted, Silverado had done it faster and more recklessly than most other institutions, but it wasn't entirely out of sync with the spirit of deregulation.

Michael Wise sent loan officers into the field to lend money wherever possible. They regularly called on other financial institutions, mortgage companies and mortgage brokers to ask that they send borrowers to Silverado. "We sent our paperwork to anyone who would take it," a former lending officer said. "If somebody got turned down at Brand X, we'd give him our forms." The loan portfolio grew exponentially, rocketing from $216,000,000 in 1982 to 1.8 billion dollars in 1986. Silverado reported enormous profits, because new accounting rules—designed to make savings and loans look more profitable—allowed it to book loan fees all at once. (Before deregulation, thrifts were required to spread the fees, and profits, over the life of the loan.) The change essentially wiped out incentives to make good loans. All that mattered was to make loans, period—good or bad. Silverado focused on the latter, and in breath-taking volume.

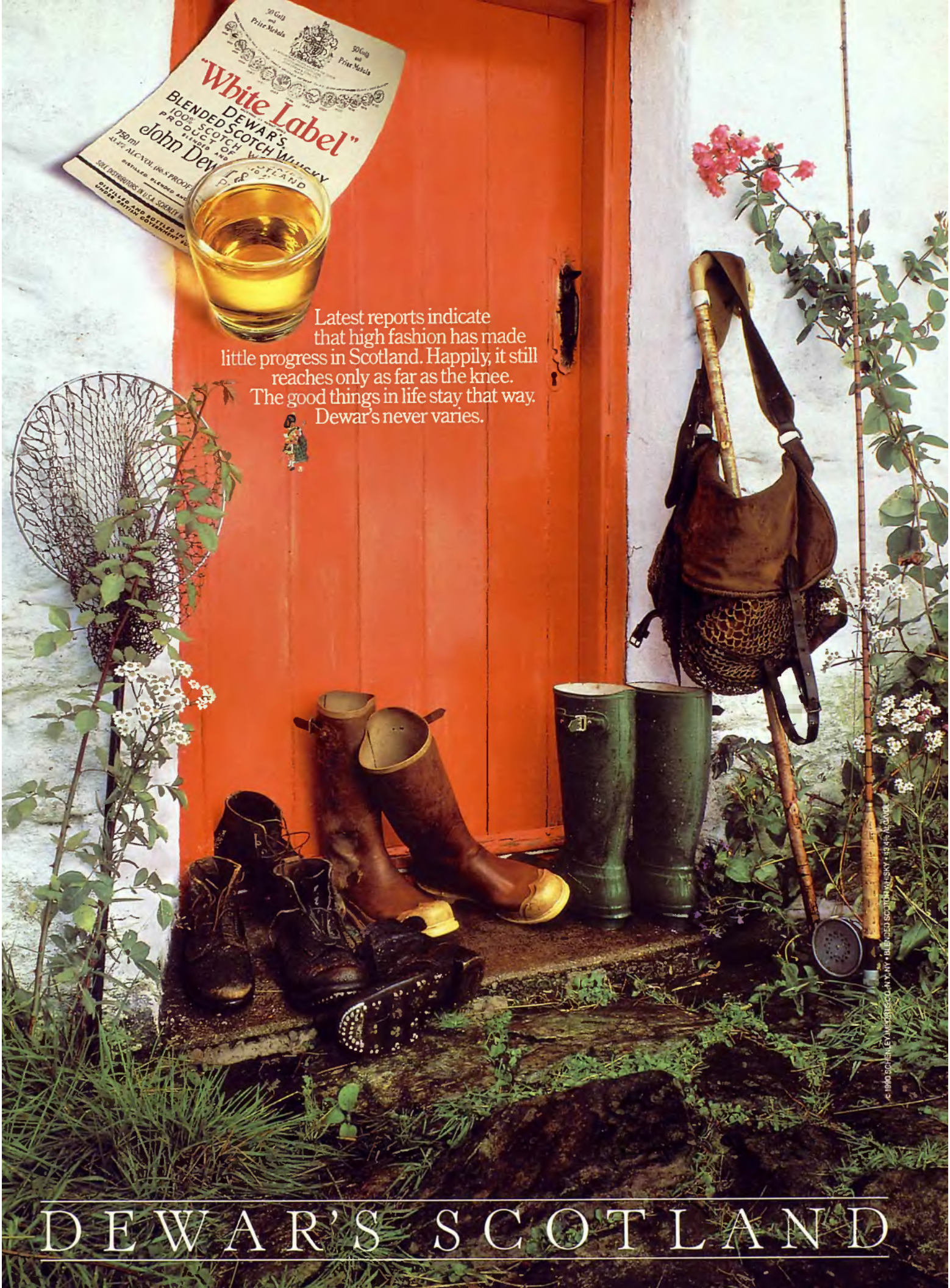
Inevitably, problem loans began to mount. That didn't present a great deal of trouble to Silverado before 1985. The local economy was booming, and management could afford to chuck bad loans into a closet, like old newspapers. For every loan that went bad, it simply made ten new ones, using the fees to make up for losses.

But in 1985, the world changed. Oil prices bombed and real-estate values fell through the floor. New loans didn't come in fast enough to make up for the rapidly expanding quantity of bad ones. By the end of the year, foreclosures had increased tenfold from 1984 and loans that were about to go bad had quadrupled. And yet Silverado management proudly presented a $12,000,000 profit to its accounting firm, Ernst & Whinney, for verification. When the auditors began rummaging through the financial statements, they discovered Silverado's closetful of worthless paper. They demanded that Silverado recognize $40,000,000 in loan losses and insisted it report a $20,000,000 loss for the year. For Silverado's management, there was only one possible response: Hire a new accounting firm. The replacement was the Denver office of Coopers & Lybrand, which was feeling some intense competitive pressure of its own. They allowed Silverado to claim the $15,000,000 in profit. It was later asserted, at hearings before the House Banking committee, that the replacement firm "had little experience in auditing savings-and-loan institutions, a fact clearly demonstrated by their work."

The three years from 1985 until Silverado failed in December 1988 were to be the thrift's most shameful ones. At almost any time, the managers or the board of directors probably could have saved the thrift by owning up to their mistakes and returning to safer investments. Instead, management devised shell games to hide Silverado's pitifully poor capital level and sank money into ever riskier investment deals, many involving Bill Walters and Ken Good.

This process had already begun when, in August 1985, Neil Bush met with Michael Wise and his vice-chairmen, Richard Vandapool and Robert Lewis, in Silverado's board room. Neil

(continued on page 165)


"White Label"
DEWAR'S
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH
PRODUCT OF
John Dew
Latest reports indicate
that high fashion has made
little progress in Scotland. Happily, it still
reaches only as far as the knee.
The good things in life stay that way.
Dewar's never varies.
DEWAR'S SCOTLAND

20 QUESTIONS

JOHN MILIUS

Writer and director John Milius gave us the "This is a .44 Magnum, the most powerful handgun in the world" speech in "Dirty Harry," as well as Robert Redford's vast silences in "Jeremiah Johnson." His directorial oeuvre includes "Conan the Barbarian," "The Wind and the Lion," "Red Dawn," "Big Wednesday" and the recent "Flight of the Intruder." Contributing Editor David Rensin recalls their meeting: "Milius loves the smell of cigars in the morning, especially those smuggled in from Cuba. Photographs peek through the haze in his Paramount Pictures office: Milius with the late John Huston, on a surfboard riding a giant wave, hunting. He speaks of honor and the codes by which men live. He is fond of quoting samurai. He knows what is wrong with this country and how to fix it. He is a puppy dog at heart."

1.

PLAYBOY: In your most recent film, *Flight of the Intruder*, some American pilots take the Vietnam war into their own hands and launch an air strike on Hanoi. When have you done something unthinkable, against all the rules, and survived?

MILIUS: My whole career has been that way. I liken myself to a successful outlaw. The takes are not real big, but they keep me eating. I flatter myself, but I think I can be like Jesse James if I last long enough and rob a few more trains. If I'm at it long enough, they'll give me an amnesty and I'll be able to spend my final days in some carnival, talking to the kids. I've never been accepted. Not only that but there are a lot of people who are like the Pinkerton's and would like to run me out. Like almost every critic who ever lived.

the film maker who created some of hollywood's manliest moments briefs us on protocol, munitions and when it's ok for a guy to cry

2.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you and Pauline Kael have a feud?

MILIUS: Yeah, I always thought she was in love with me, if only because she had it in for me for so long. She spent a lot more energy and time than I was worth. She thought I was an animal. She thought I was dangerous, which was kind of a compliment. She thought that I was very skilled and that it was all being put to the wrong use. I think that she, like everybody else, always thought I was a Nazi. There wasn't a film of mine that she didn't attack. Especially the ones I wrote. She said *Jeremiah Johnson* was written by vultures. I like to think that it was written by eagles [*laughs*]. And then she promulgated the myth that I had a contract to shoot all the animals in *Jeremiah Johnson*, which, of course, is untrue—I obviously wouldn't want to shoot a bunch of tied-up animals, or any animals other than the ones I hunt. I'm very touchy about the mistreatment of animals. However, I wish I had a contract to shoot the actors. [*Smiles*] Actually, I was happy with the result. It's a really good movie. Pollack's a good director. Redford still thinks it's his best film. It probably is. It was before he became a saint. Now he's Saint Bob of Utah. He was more exciting before. Most people are a lot more exciting before they become saints.

3.

PLAYBOY: How are you at developing friendships with actors?

MILIUS: I don't spend a lot of time with actors off the set. I consider it kind of an unmanly profession. George Bernard Shaw said, "An actress is something more than a woman. An actor is something less than a man." I'm not sure that an occupation where one spends his life waiting by the phone and dressing up is an occupation that [deserves respect]. There are some actors whom I like a great deal: Nick Nolte, Willem Dafoe, Sean Connery. They give a certain kind of dignity to the profession because of their extraordinary skill and the professionalism with which they approach it. It makes them rise above the unmasculinity of the trade.

4.

PLAYBOY: You endorse living by codes. *The Wind and the Lion* explores the notion of the savage's chivalry being more high-minded than Teddy Roosevelt's. Can you give some codes by which men should live?

MILIUS: A code gives you strength. It gives you a *way* to live. You should simply pick a code that you can *live with*. The samurai lives by a code that may entail his own destruction, but he's *strong*. One samurai was really extreme. He said that you should never have a discussion with more than two or three people at a time. People should talk only face to face. You should wear only clothes of ordinary material. Silk tends to weaken your spirit. If you want to indulge in pursuits, they should be of a martial nature. Anyone who commits the sin of dance should probably commit seppuku. You read the stuff and you kind of get to like the guy. [*Smiles*] I don't recommend that people who dance should commit seppuku, but then again, I understand his feelings.

What's so disgusting about today's society, particularly in America, is that we have *no* codes. We're totally Machiavellian, and in the end, we'll produce nothing. We'll produce just mediocrity. In the Eighties, the Wall Street investment bankers who were ruthless, the people who were getting ahead at any cost, only sped themselves toward mediocrity and weakness.

That's why Saddam Hussein laughs at us. That's why he didn't leave Kuwait immediately, because we're weak. We're a country that turns on itself. The press tears apart everybody, people don't stand up for what they are, and we walked out of Vietnam. The whole thing went wrong from there. I mean, we shouldn't have been there in the first place.

5.

PLAYBOY: Fans of your films will wonder why you, of all people, think we shouldn't have been in Vietnam.

MILIUS: I blame it all on John Kennedy, who knew that we should get out, agreed that we should get out and had the means to get out. But he didn't get out, because he wanted to be re-elected. And, of course, he got himself killed. If we were putting in a government there, we should have put in a government that asked us to leave. It would have saved fifty-five thousand American lives and national disgrace. It really destroyed the country. Two things happened: One, it was a lie between the President and the

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MOSHE BRAKHA

grunt. And when there's a lie between the President and the grunt, people distrust their Government and the very fabric of the people's Government. And, two, you can't walk away from a fight. If you get in a fight, for whatever reason, you fight to the end.

6.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of fighting, under what circumstances should a man remain with a woman who all his male friends think is a bitch?

MILIUS: If he loves her, he must be true to his nature. In any case, men should treat women as well as they can, though women don't often treat men as well as they can. The chivalric beliefs are probably correct. Gene Autry said that a cowboy must always be good to women. There's something to that.

7.

PLAYBOY: Why don't women treat men as well as they should, and what can be done about it?

MILIUS: Women are trying to take on men's identities and they're kind of confused about their own. When women controlled the family, they had a stronger identity. They wielded a great deal of power, and they seemed comfortable with that. However, [if they want it,] women should have an equal place in the work force. They should be paid the same as men. But if they're going to do the same job a man does, they [can't help] but use their feminine wiles. They can by nature often be very duplicitous. Men don't admire that. Men want straight-on, face-to-face dealings. Most women who have careers are not very happy. That indicates to me that they don't really have a very clear-cut idea of what they should do. That is not to say that women should stay out of the professional workplace. They should get in as much as they want to. I believe in a meritocracy: whoever does the job best.

8.

PLAYBOY: Have you yet come face to face with the men's consciousness-raising movement that suggests males have lost their mythic way?

MILIUS: [*Laughs*] No. There's probably a great deal of truth to that, but that's because they've lost any strength that you get from having your own code, following your own trail. To be worth a shit in the world, you've got to blaze your own trail. Nothing else is any good. Whatever you're going to do you're going to do alone. This whole delusion people have that they're going to do it "together," that there's going to be some wonderful mating between men and women and that they'll go forth together, the two of them, against the world—it's not true. If you can give something to somebody else, you give it out of your own strength. You give it up when you have enough that you can afford to give it. With women, it's the same way: They have to find their identity alone. People who don't have their identity in their thirties are just laughable and not even worth consideration. You should have your identity by the time you're sixteen. [*Pauses*] I did.

9.

PLAYBOY: Describe your rite of passage.

MILIUS: The incident that changed me sounds stupid and trite. I was living in Colorado and I was trying to be a mountain man and a trapper. I was fifteen, sixteen years old. I was reading a lot of Kerouac. Somehow, Kerouac and Melville stirred me up, much more than Hemingway. Plus, there was a certain attraction in the beat way of life, a certain kind of wanderlust. So I realized that there were two paths that were diverging. You could be your own person and be a bit of a rebel and reject materialism. A lot of that went along with studying Zen. And then there was the path of [what today is called] the Yuppie, becoming real good at business and opportunity, getting straight A's, getting into the right college, making the right career moves. Everybody's faced with that at some point. I sat in a bush way up on a mountain in sort of broken snow. I could see only mountains. I tried to take myself back to the pristine wilderness. I tried to place myself in a frame of mind that there were wild animals and wild Indians out there; nothing was going to help me. Then it was very clear which path to take, and I've never really deviated from it. I took the path that rejected materialism. Having made that decision, there really was never a question of going back. I clearly felt it was the superior decision. To this day, I find myself most excited when I'm presented with a difficult problem, not when I've achieved something and somebody says, "Here's a big pay check" or "Here's an honor for one of your films." There's a line in *Conan* where these sort of hippies say to him, "Come with us, you'll find peace," and he says, "Time enough for peace in the grave." The reward is in the action.

10.

PLAYBOY: You come from a generation of film makers that includes Lucas, Spielberg, Coppola, Scorsese and De Palma. In the early days, there must have been a time when you looked around the room, so to speak, and assessed the talent. Who was earmarked for success then? Who is still in the room?

MILIUS: We were just trying to get along. We were all pretty good friends then, and we're all very distant now. Success and money have changed it. People are very concerned with who's hot and who's not, that kind of thing. I've drifted away from most of the others. They've drifted away from one another, too. The only surprise is that we were all much more successful than we could ever have conceived of. I could never have imagined the success that I had. I would have been happy making a living writing episodic television or something. I never dreamed of doing these things. And then the wealth that's been accumulated by some of these directors is off any scale of human thought. I haven't accumulated that kind of wealth. I've been married two times, so that kind of kept me honest. It's like Zen charity: I've made these women rich. But I myself, I'm a simple man. "I am poor because I am a river to my people." That's Anthony Quinn in *Lawrence of Arabia*.

11.

PLAYBOY: Has the current generation of film makers ruined movies?

MILIUS: Yes, because they narrowed the cinema. They made movies into amusement-park rides. One of the studio executives said recently that the only criterion for making a movie was that it could be advertised effectively on television. That guy is being very honest. That has resulted from this massive expansion of the market place, which these guys did. They proved there was a lot more money out there, but the money was for a different kind of thing than the movies that were made by our heroes. I can't imagine a Kurosawa film such as *Ikiru* being advertised on television. You couldn't make *The Godfather* anymore, unless the two other *Godfathers* existed. I don't think you could make *Apocalypse Now*; I don't think it would *ever* be made.

12.

PLAYBOY: Who were your heroes?

MILIUS: The guys we rated as having great talent were the *real* guys, like John Ford and John Huston. Howard Hawks and Kurosawa, Fellini, Godard. They were the guys who had really done it. We were very derivative. The second movie I directed was *The Wind and the Lion*, and people have said, "Gee, that movie looks as good as *Lawrence of Arabia*." Well, it sure wouldn't have looked as good as *Lawrence of Arabia* if I hadn't had

(continued on page 188)

OPERATION PLAYMATE

the guys in the gulf enlist pen pals from *playboy*

LAST FALL, *Playboy*'s Editor-in-Chief Hugh M. Hefner received a letter from Captain Bobby J. Simmons, Jr., of the 101st Airborne Division, stationed in Saudi Arabia. Captain Simmons suggested that letters from Playmates would boost his platoon's morale. Hef, an Army vet himself, saw his duty and did it. "In times of war or military action," he said, "*Playboy* Playmates can be fully appreciated for what they are—a part of the American dream." Hef and his wife, Kimberley, encouraged her fellow Playmates to enlist as pen pals. Word of Operation Playmate spread quickly; here we share just a few of the messages we received from lonely Servicemen.

Unlike their military forebears, troops in Saudi Arabia couldn't display revealing pinups; not even a bathing-suited Betty Grable would pass inspection. So the Playmates (here, from left, Pamela Anderson, Lisa Matthews and Kerri Kendall) enclose head shots with their letters.

SAUDI ARABIA

Dear *Playboy*,

I am in charge of a detail of Marines, a group of hard-working, hard-nosed, dedicated men with a strong sense of patriotism. We have endured the explosion on the U.S.S. Iwo Jima in October, death and injury from exercises in the deserts of Saudi Arabia and a continuing lack of mail, resulting in very low morale. It would, as I am sure you can imagine, boost morale to an extremely high level if your beautiful and prestigious Playmates would write to these "ordinary" men. All of this may sound like a bunch of auspicious horse crap, but you just can't put emotions on a piece of paper. Thank you very much for your time, and *semper fidelis*!

Sgt. Jason Lee Joiner
MWSS-274, MAG-40, 4th MEB
FPO New York, New York 09503-0539

"At least we have one of your magazines," reads the note on the back of the photo of his "Death Angels" outfit (above), sent to us from the island of Bahrein by Corporal Ben Posey (wearing helmet).

Dear *Playboy*,

I would like the person reading this letter to sit back and think for a moment about the everyday things that we often take for granted. The sound of birds chirping merrily on a cool Sunday morning, or sitting in the dark, listening to the rain pelt against your roof during a thunderstorm. These are just a couple of the things that almost every soldier in the 82nd Airborne Division has given up for approximately the past 120 days.

Once again, I thank your staff for its support. We are here for you; please be there for us.

Sgt. Joseph C. Kyle
82nd Airborne Division
2/319th AFAR
APO New York, New York 09656

Dear Erika [Eleniak],

We're from Alpha Battery Second Battalion, Seventh ADA BDE (Patriot). We work in Fire Controls Maintenance Section, better known as Potter's Raiders. We really enjoyed watching you on your series *Baywatch* and, of course, seeing your *Playboy* pictorial. We all feel you are a real hot number.

The Patriot radar system is a real

Headquarters and Headquarters Company
Headquarters
1st Battalion 502d Infantry
101st Airborne Division (Air Assault)
STRIKE
502ND INFANTRY
Certificate of Appreciation
is awarded to
MISS PAMELA ANDERSON
OPERATION PLAYMATE
Citation

The aforementioned Captain Simmons thanked Playmates for their correspondence by awarding them certificates of appreciation. The inscription reads, in part, "Knowing that people like you are behind us makes our mission worth while. Rest assured we will never let you or our country down."

hot number also, so we've named our radar after you. If there is any way that you could arrange to come out and autograph our Erika, we'd greatly appreciate it. It would sure make life over here more bearable.

WO1 Terry O. Hall, Sfc. Bobby B. Potter, S/Sgt. Richard Smith, S/Sgt. Ardis Alexander, Sgt. David Trujillo, Sgt. Jeffrey Storch, Sgt. George McCarthy, Spc. Larry Cruz
Potter's Raiders
U.S. Army
A 2/7 ADA, 11th BDE
APO New York, New York 09616

Staff Sergeant Kenneth L. Jackson, U.S.M.C., describes this shot as containing "everything that every Marine needs to survive in any clime and place. We call it the Combat Load." Apparently, the occasional contraband copy of the magazine does get past censors; as the sergeant puts it, "Wherever Marines go, so will Playboy."

Dear *Playboy*,

I'm writing to thank you for all the things you have done for our morale. When we are flying across the Saudi desert in 14-ton armored vehicles or humping an M-60 machine gun with binoculars glued to our eyes, we always think back and talk about *Playboy*. It makes things a little easier.

L/Cpl. D. Carraway
"Skull Crew," U.S.M.C.
1st Plt., B Co., 3rd LAI
FPO San Francisco, California
96608-5526

Dear Tawnni [Cable],

I am a U.S. Marine machine gunner who was born and raised in Honolulu, and I am writing to you because I believe you are from Hawaii, too, and good letters here are hard to come by. If you could somehow write back, it would be a wish come true. Enclosed are some pictures of my friends and me here in Saudi Arabia. Please accept my apologies if I have bothered you in any way. Take care and God bless you and keep you safe!

L/Cpl. Rodd J. Malina
WPNS Plt., G Co.,
2nd Bn., 7th Marines
FPO San Francisco, California
96608-5513

Dear *Playboy*,

As you know, conditions over here prevent the troops from having the usual pleasures of home, such as reading *Playboy*. However, through covert means, I have been able to obtain two of your issues. It is unbelievable the impact that these magazines have had on my guys. The quality of your magazine is unsurpassed and I salute you for this achievement. Over here, *Playboy* is far more precious than oil.

1st Lt. Kirk Sampson
317 TAW (41 TAS)
APO New York, New York 09608

Dear Lisa [Matthews],

Hello from the kingdom of Saudi Arabia, the largest sandbox in the world! My name is Bruce and I'm in the Air Force stationed in Dhahran. I volunteered to come over here and a lot of people think I'm crazy, but, hey, that's my job.

Right now, I'm lying on my sleeping bag in a tent with 13 other sweaty guys. I told them I was going to write to the most beautiful young

Airman First Class Bruce K. Gay, 25, sent a photo of himself in combat readiness. Gay, whose parents live in White Oak, Texas, writes, "This may not be hell, but I can see it from here!"

lady I've ever set my eyes on and hoped you'd write back, and they all laughed. But I wanted to give it a try, anyway. I remember that you said in your Playmate story that you wanted a cow named Hank. Well, it just so happens that my grandfather has dairy cattle on a small ranch in east Texas, and I named one of them Hank for you. It is a female, brown and white.

If you do write, please spray the letter with whatever kind of perfume you wear. I really miss the smell of a woman (these guys stink).

Airman First Class Bruce K. Gay
438 MAC/ALCE
APO New York, New York 09894

Dear *Playboy*,

My husband is in Saudi Arabia and his platoon has written a letter and sent some film that they asked me to forward to you. They are

hoping you will publish their picture in your magazine, showing the pride they take in the name Playboy Platoon. Thank you.

Kelly Smith
Clarksville, Tennessee

The enclosed letter:

Greetings from Saudi Arabia! The men of Second Platoon, A Company, 6/101 Aviation Regiment, the Playboy Platoon, would like to thank you for the journalistic excellence your magazine has provided over the years. The Playboy Platoon takes great pride in its name, because we fly and fix our helicopters as the name suggests: intelligently and with a touch of daring. We have taken this photo in the hope that you will publish it and share with the world the pride that we feel serving in this distant land.

The Playboys

Members of the Playboy Platoon, posing with one of their UH-1H helicopters: Pfc. Josef Hohn, CW2 Corke McKenzie, S/Sgt. Timothy Rush, WO1 Bradley Sawyer, 2nd Lt. Brian Leeson, WO1 Jerry Sartin, Spc. Mark Downing, Sgt. Thomas Truscott, WO1 Glen Spadin, Spc. John Smith, CW2 Robert Weinhold, WO1 Leon Francis, WO1 Roger Dionne, Spc. Kevin Grobarcik, Pfc. William Logan and 1st Lt. Keith Hohman.

Dearest Playmate,

I think it's really great that you beautiful young women would take the time to write to us GIs in Saudi Arabia.

Today is Christmas, but over here, it is just another day, another dollar. My job in the Army is that of cavalry scout. We're the guys up front sneakin' and peekin', the eyes and ears of the Army. Saudi Arabia is a *very* desolate land; no fun in the sun here. We used to have scorpion fights, but our commander put an end to that. Too many people were getting stung. Lately, it has been all work getting ready for what could happen. We would all like a peaceful solution, but we are ready to kick the shit out of this bastard, with all he has done to Kuwait, much less taking us away from our families and bringing us to this fly-infested wasteland with no beer or women. Hell has no wrath like a sober GI!

I hope you and your family had a very merry Christmas. It looks like our New Year will start off with a *big bang*.

Pfc. Robert E. Owens
HHT 1/7 CAV, 1CD (S-3)
APO New York,
New York 09306-0330

Keeping Watch...
...AND IN THAT REGION THERE WERE
SHEPHERDS OUT IN THE FIELD,
KEEPING WATCH
OVER THEIR FLOCKS BY NIGHT."
Merry Christmas And A Peaceful New Year
from 24th Infantry Division (Mechanized)
Fort Stewart, Georgia / Saudi Arabia

During the holidays, Playmates received dozens of Christmas cards from the Persian Gulf. Many, like this one, blend Biblical and wartime imagery; most include a wish to be "home in time for next Christmas."

Dear Miss Evridge,

Hi! My name is Leon, and I'm a lieutenant in the U.S. Marine Corps. I command a platoon of 33 Marines and two Navy corpsmen; we're dug in on a small sand hill here in the desert, overlooking a road that runs out of Kuwait. It's our mission to stop any Iraqi attack coming down this road. We hope none will come, but if it does, we're ready for it.

This is the first letter I've ever written to a Playmate. I hope it brightens your day. Just writing to you is helping me pass the time a little more quickly.

Your friend in the desert,
Lt. L. J. Grim
A Co., 1st Bn., 6th Marines
3rd MarDiv FMFPac
FPO San Francisco, California
96602-9002

Dear Lisa [Welch],

In your letter, you said you wished you could do more. I want you to know that you have done more than you know. I feel so much better than I did yesterday, and that because of your letter.

My father was in the war, too, in the Sixties in Vietnam. He always told me it wasn't glamourous like the movies. I found that out in Panama last December. I know that was just a small invasion, but I saw friends die. I don't know if I'm ready for that again. But I have a job to do and if I don't do it, a lot of people will die. Please write soon.

HN Everett Dean Williams
1st FSSG, Group Aid Station
FPO San Francisco, California
96608

Ice is more delicious with a touch of Comfort.

**Southern Comfort has a distinctive, appealing flavor.
It's a drink that makes any other drink taste that much better.**

Comfort on the Rocks: ***Pour 1½ jigger of Southern Comfort into a short glass with ice. Garnish with lemon, or lime, or cherry.***

Southern Comfort Company, Liqueur, 21.5% Alc. by Volume, Louisville, KY © 1991

 (continued from page 156)

"'I wondered if Neil knew he was being used as window dressing. People talked about it behind his back.'"

officially joined the board with the caveat that he wouldn't vote on any of Silverado's dealings with Good or Walters. Neil claims he never made the agreement, but in a letter to preferred shareholders dated July 15, 1985, Wise wrote, "In reviewing Neil's business relationships, we have learned his business interests include associations with Bill L. Walters and Kenneth M. Good. For his part, Neil has agreed to abstain from any board considerations regarding Silverado's relations with Mr. Walters or Mr. Good, and Neil has further agreed he will not participate in any board actions relating to preferred stock or preferred stockholders."

If there was an agreement, Neil didn't stick to it for very long. At his first board meeting, he voted to approve stock dividends to preferred stockholders who included Good and Walters.

In any case, Neil was overwhelmed with the "privilege and honor" of his appointment. When he arrived for board meetings, he sometimes ambled among the desks in Silverado's nerve center, the 14th floor, working the room like a politician. In the board room, on the hushed 15th floor, he earnestly plied himself to his job. He made it a point to raise questions at the meetings despite the fact that—as he later admitted—he would "never claim to have fully understood everything that took place" at Silverado.

The entire board seemed ready to acknowledge that its collective wisdom was inferior to that of Silverado's management. "I don't think anybody on that board of directors had a sophisticated knowledge of those transactions," former outside director Florian Barth said in a 1989 interview. "The real-estate transactions looked pretty good when you wrote them up. They certainly could have been unorthodox, but unorthodoxy doesn't mean it's wrong."

Of course, supervision of oddball deals isn't all there is to being a director of a big financial institution. The job comes with certain perks, and Neil was quick to take advantage of them. In August 1986, for instance, he replaced his $289,875 mortgage from World Savings and Loan with a $300,000 loan from Silverado, which gave him a two-percentage-point break on the interest rate.

Perhaps more important, Silverado threw great parties. Soon after Neil joined the board, the thrift paid $30,000 for a massive charity gala to benefit a child-abuse concern called Hope for the Children. "This thing was really something," recalled a guest who sat at Neil's table. "All the celebrities were there. It was like Hollywood had come to Denver. I wondered whether Neil knew he was being used as window dressing at Silverado. People talked about it behind his back. But he seemed to enjoy himself, so I didn't worry about it."

In 1985, Silverado became desperately short of capital, so Bob Lewis, the bank's financial genius, found a way to replenish the coffers without actually adding any money. Accounting changes in the Eighties allowed thrifts to include in their capital reserves certain investments, including stock. Lewis' first brain child was to issue Silverado stock and, instead of trying to entice buyers, simply lend money to people who would turn around and buy stock with some of the loan. In reality, Silverado wouldn't have any more capital than when it initiated the deal, but it would look as though it did on the books.

Lewis' second plan worked in much the same way. Silverado had to get rid of a lot of bad loans, which were piling up at an astonishing rate. So he hit on the idea of dumping all the loans into one billion-dollar pile, cutting it up into pieces and selling bundles of bad paper like shares in a company. Who would buy such an investment? Bill Walters, for one. He needed someone to lend him money and to take bad property off his hands. Silverado was happy to do both. Shortly after Neil joined the board, Walters became what the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation called a "favored borrower." The thrift handed him huge sums of money not available to other borrowers, and in most cases, it shouldered the risk. When a deal went bad

"Ohhh . . . what foods these morsels be!"

(which all Walters' schemes eventually did), Silverado lost money, not Walters.

By the end of 1985, Neil owed $1,975,000 to Walters' Cherry Creek National Bank for JNB expenses, plus another $20,000 line of personal credit. That didn't prevent him from voting to give Walters a total of $35,000,000 if he would use $7,000,000 of the proceeds to buy Silverado stock. About $4,000,000 of the stock sales went directly to Wise and Silverado's majority shareholder, W. James Metz, as loans to pay off personal debts. Silverado also took a piece of literally hot property—it was contaminated by a nearby toxic dump—off Walters' hands. For his role in the deal, Lewis got a $117,000 bonus.

In all, there were a dozen Walters transactions. During Neil's tenure, Silverado lent Walters $106,000,000; he defaulted on every loan. He bought so much Silverado stock in the deals that at one point, he technically controlled the institution. (Walters later said it was a mistake.) He also unloaded $95,000,000 of his real estate on the thrift.

All of the loans violated pages of banking laws, regulators later said. They exceeded Federal lending limits, unjustly enriched Silverado officers and broke a half dozen of Silverado's internal lending policies. Neil had voted to approve several of them.

In June 1986, Ken Good tested Neil's judgment. He told him he wanted to buy 80 percent of JNB and fold the company into his new, Florida-based Gulfstream Land & Development Corp. Under the new arrangement, Good planned to pump $5,000,000 into JNB on top of the $1,750,000 he'd already invested. He would invest $500,000 at once, and enough later to pay off loans JNB owed to Walters' Cherry Creek National Bank. Already, Neil relied on Good's contributions to "maintain our overhead and maintain operation and activities," he said in 1990. In other words, without Good, he would have been out of a job. Neil agreed to sell JNB to his keeper.

At Silverado's June board meeting, the directors were handed a form: Acknowledgment—Conflicts of Interest and Code of Conduct. It asked directors to write down any relationship that might "create or appear to create" a conflict with their activities as directors. Walters and Good were two of Silverado's biggest borrowers. Neil owed Cherry Creek National Bank for JNB expenses. He owed virtual fealty to Good for keeping the lights on at JNB. And yet, when confronted with the form asking him to list any possible conflicts of interest, Neil put his pen to paper and wrote a single word: "None."

In November 1986, Neil sent a letter to Michael Wise, asking Silverado to extend a $900,000 line of credit to Good International, Inc. The credit line was meant to help Good show the government of Argentina that the developer had enough financial wherewithal to do business in its country, Neil said in the letter. He never mentioned—to Wise, to executives who assembled the deal or to the board—that the company was formed expressly to fund the plan to take JNB's exploration efforts into Argentina. Silverado's board approved the line of credit, despite the fact that Good couldn't put up any collateral. "If I would have had that information . . . I might not have even prepared the memo," said the Silverado executive who recommended that the credit line be extended.

At a board meeting later that month, Wise informed the directors that Good was threatening to default on a $31,000,000 loan, taken out to buy a chunk of prairie south of Denver. Good didn't want Silverado to foreclose, so he was ready to deal. He agreed to pay $3,000,000 up front if Silverado would release him from $15,000,000 in collateral and personal guarantees. Neil said nothing about Good's plan to ship money into JNB, money that might have gone toward the loan. When the matter was decided in December, Neil sat silently as his fellow directors approved the deal. Good's collateral was released, and he defaulted.

Perhaps as a gesture of appreciation, Good awarded Neil a $45,000 pay raise and a $22,000 bonus, bringing his total 1987 income from JNB to $142,000.

Neil never fathomed that his dealings even remotely resembled conflicts of interest and that he was placing his own gain before the safety of the institution he had sworn to protect. When he went before Federal investigators in September 1990, Neil perched defiantly on the witness stand in a Federal courtroom in Denver, where he slammed his fist and stomped his feet in indignation over what he called "unfair" and "outrageous" questioning from Government attorneys trying to prove conflicts of interest at Silverado. He fumed at the suggestion that he competed with Silverado for Good's money. "That's a stretch," he said. "I mean, that's a real—I see where you're going, but the answer to—I can only very vaguely come to the same conclusion that you have."

It had taken four hours of tedious questioning to extract from Neil what everyone else in the courtroom perceived as simple logic: that he stood to gain from Good's line of credit; that Walters held him by the ears with $2,000,000 in debt; that he might be out of a job—and a six-figure salary—if Good couldn't wriggle out of his financial obligations to Silverado.

Late in the hearing, a Government attorney asked, "Did you ever consider whether or not you were competing [with Silverado] for funds that Mr. Good controlled or had access to?"

Neil held up his head and set his jaw. "Absolutely not."

When regulators finally unearthed Silverado's labyrinthine self-funding devices, they discovered it had been near insolvency since the end of 1986. At the time, however, it appeared to be a gleaming tower of prosperity, buoyed by its deals with Walters and others. The $15,000,000 profit Silverado's managers

had invented for the year (which regulators later determined should have been a $15,000,000 loss) was so bounteous that they decided to take huge bonuses. Wise, Lewis and Vandapool split $2,700,000 for the year. Wise's salary alone was higher that year than those of the 16 highest-paid executives at Denver's two largest bank holding companies. As a director and a member of Silverado's compensation committee, Neil had approved the bonuses.

Silverado finally collapsed on December 9, 1988. Regulators massed outside like combat troops before storming the building. Michael Wise was nowhere to be found. His desk and some file drawers had been cleared out.

Neil had been the first rat off the ship, resigning in August, glibly saying that he didn't want to add even a hint of conflict of interest—those words again—to his father's Presidential campaign.

•

When news reports began to unravel Neil Bush's role in the scandal, he virtually *became* the savings-and-loan crisis, its living flesh. His name and face were splashed across the front pages of every newspaper in the land. Outraged depositors picketed his house, screaming, "Give it back, Neil!"

It was baffling, in a way. His transgressions certainly were no more heinous than those of other shady thrift operators. Yet there was something about him that reached into the guts of the nation and squeezed. The reason became evident one sweltering July day in Denver when Neil stepped up to the podium at one of his many press conferences and renounced the "self-serving" Government regulators who he claimed were out to smear his name. A half dozen TV cameras and 50 or so members of the pencil press jammed the lobby of the downtown building where he kept his office.

Young Bush adjusted his tie, swept his suit jacket back as he put his hands in his pockets and struck a rakish pose before the microphones. He was angry, and he wanted the world to know it. He denounced the media, denounced the regulators, denounced everything but his own actions. A reporter asked him to concede that there was at least the appearance of a conflict. "I'll say it again," Neil snapped back, halting on each word for emphasis. His reproving glare swept the room. "There. Was. No. Conflict. Of. Interest." As though that explained it all.

In a way, of course, it did. There, standing before the nation, shaking his finger in indignation, was the very ethos of the savings-and-loan crisis. He cut through all the daisy chains and the deregulation and the accounting rules to the quick of it. The infuriating thing wasn't that he had committed the acts. It was that he believed he was right. Even in the face of irrefutable evidence that everyone but he seemed to understand, he seemed to believe it was his birthright to profit at the nation's expense.

•

After Neil resigned from Silverado, he filmed the last of a series of TV commentaries he'd been doing on the local CBS affiliate. Solemnly, he bid his viewers goodbye, saying he was leaving TV to concentrate on his family and his oil business, which was, at that time, dormant. Ever hopeful, he was preparing to begin another oil venture, Apex Energy. He would get $125,000 in funding from a wealthy man in his new neighborhood, near the Glenmoor Country Club. A spokesman for the neighbor, a cable-TV executive, said Neil got the loan because the two "are good friends, obviously."

On television, Neil spoke earnestly into the camera, thanking his father and his nation for giving him the opportunity to make something of himself. "America is a great country," he said. "Saying farewell, this is Neil Bush."

BLUE TRUTH *(continued from page 134)*

"'The kid was just walking away. You were seen beating him after he was handcuffed, with your radio!'"

We still going out tonight?"

Silence.

"Hey, you OK? How was school today—learn some good stuff?"

"Have you seen the newspaper? The story about what happened yesterday? The *front-page* story?"

"Yeah. Crazy paper went wild with it, didn't they? It's——"

"It's a front-page story about how you and your partner beat up this poor kid after he had an accident in his car! Of *course* they went wild! Witnesses said the kid was just walking away. You were seen beating him after he was handcuffed, with your radio! *Jesus!*"

"Don't drag him into this——"

"Oh, it's something we can joke about, right? Do you know my mother has already called me, she's so upset?

"And my *friends*! They already ask me how I do it, and after this——"

"After this, *what*? Honey, it's just a newspaper story. Sure, it's front-page stuff now, but only because they've got it all bent out of shape! Six weeks from now, after the department review board and the state's attorney's office clear me, the story will cover maybe two lines on the last page. Don't worry about it."

"Oh, you're going to get away with this one? What if you get time off without pay? What's it going to cost us?"

"*Goddamn it!* Did the paper mention that the kid crashed a stolen car into a house? Did they mention that he was coked out of his skull, that he has a record for auto theft and battery on a cop? If I break my police radio, I have to *pay* for it! You think I'm gonna chance that on some scroatbag's head when I can do a better job with my hands? Listen, honey, the paper doesn't have the whole story, and they don't *want* it."

"Your name—and *my* name now—is still spread all over the front page, and you sound like every other overly aggressive cop out there, like a monster. Why can't you just take it easy?"

•

"Officer, tell us again how you came to stop the defendant in the first place. I mean, what did he do that made you feel you could detain him and 'check him out,' as you say?"

"Well, sure. I was talking with some of the guys coming off the midnight shift and they told me to look for him, because they were pretty sure he had done the smash-and-grab at Davie Boulevard and Twenty-Seventh Avenue."

"They were 'pretty sure'?"

"Yeah, you know, they had seen him in the area earlier, and they know the way he usually works."

"Now, wait a minute, Officer, all this is hearsay. How much of this do *you* know personally?"

"Well, I know who he is and I know he is one of the neighborhood burglars."

"And just how do you know that? Have you ever seen him burglarize anyplace?"

"No, I haven't. But, hell, everybody knows he's been into this stuff since he was a kid. He even used to be on a list that the juvenile squad put out."

"Do you have that list with you?"

"No."

"OK, please go on. Tell us why you stopped the defendant."

"Like I said, the midnight guys told me to be on the lookout for him, and a little while later, I observed him scootin' through an alley. His hair was longer then and he was wearing jeans and a windbreaker. He kept lookin' all around, you know—*hinky*."

"Hinky?"

"Yeah, hinky—acting nervous, not right. So I told him to stop and he looked like he was gonna rabbit, so I——"

"Hold it, Officer. How far from him were you when you first saw him?"

"Across the street."

"And from there, you could tell he was, as you say, 'hinky'? From there, you could tell he was going to, as you say, 'rabbit'?"

"Yeah."

"How could you tell these things, Officer?"

"You know, the way he looked. I could just tell, that's all."

"So you decided to accost him there in the alley—stop him, detain him, force him to submit to a search? Is that right?"

"Yeah. That's right."

"And you claim he had a camera under his jacket? And a bag of what you claim to be marijuana in his pants pocket, right?"

"Well, yeah. I was told to look for him. I saw him. He was hinky, so I patted him down, you know, for his protection and mine. That's when I found the camera—it could have been a weapon under his jacket. And the bag of grass made a bulge in his pants pocket, so I thought I'd better check it out. The camera was stolen during the smash-and-grab."

"Do you know where the defendant got the camera? Didn't he tell you he found it in the alley?"

"Well, sure, but——"

"But nothing, Officer. I have no further questions of this witness, Your Honor. And at this time, I would like to ask that the court consider the facts: that, in actuality, this officer had no real basis—legal or otherwise—to stop and detain the defendant. Then he illegally searched him and charged him with possession of narcotics and of stolen property. At this time, I ask the court to find that these charges stem from the product of an illegal search and that they should be dropped immediately."

"The court concurs, Mr. Counselor. And before we adjourn, I want to take a moment to warn you, Officer, that what you do out on the street must conform

THE ADVENTURES OF
Penelope, the polite little puppy
YOU WAIT HERE, OK? I'LL BE OVER BEHIND THAT TREE, FRESHENING UP, POWDERING MY NOSE, THAT SORT OF THING.
ZIEGLER

with the law. You can't just do what you please out there. You must work within those guidelines so clearly set out for you. Don't get so carried away with trying to do the right thing that you violate a man's rights, as you have in this case.

"Well, Officer, don't you have anything to say?"

•

I'm exiled to the Communications Center again. I languish there for a couple of months, waiting impatiently to be reassigned to the street. The incident this time involved what is termed "excessive use of force" and "falsifying a police report"—meaning I beat some dirtbag's ass and disputed his version of it in my report. The dirtbag's parents complain, and rather than get into a costly investigation, the easy way is taken: "severe disciplinary actions."

I'm going through the motions, biding my time, and I begin to notice some things about myself that worry me. I admit to myself that I've known this for some time, and I've been ignoring it, and it has festered and inflamed like a wild case of emotional acne.

I tell the communications sergeant that I think I need help; he immediately refers me to the chief's office. I say that I am mentally injured as a direct result of my job, and the help I need should be funded by the city. The city agrees, and I'm given a series of appointments with a psychiatrist.

The chief makes me promise to comply with the doctor's final evaluation and recommendation. If the doctor thinks I can be a cop, then I can keep my job. The doctor's letter to the chief is six pages long and a masterpiece of ambiguity. There is some question that I *should* be a cop, he says, but there is no question that I *could* be a cop. I can do the work, but I'm probably not cut out for it.

The chief shrugs his shoulders and tells me that he'll take the chance on me. I can keep my job, but if I screw up again, the letter will be interpreted the other way, and I'll "be gone."

On my last visit, I ask the doctor flat out if I should be a cop. He says he understands that I could be an effective police officer but that I may pay a terrible price. He sees me as an artist, maybe a writer.

From that time on, if anyone accuses me of being crazy, all I have to say is, "I'm not crazy—and I've got a six-page letter to prove it."

•

The strip on New Year's Eve.

The very same part of the beach I used to come to as a kid with my parents. We would get cherry Cokes at the drugstore fountain and waffle ice-cream sandwiches down the street near the old Casino Pool.

It was clean then, sunny and nice. The people were different, we were all different. The beach was a nice place for the family to go on a weekend to be together and enjoy what Fort Lauderdale was supposed to be all about.

The strip on New Year's Eve is nothing like that. I'm leaning against the wall, in uniform, watching the people drift by.

Drunk, dirty, drugged, nasty, filthy, spaced out, leering, laughing, giggling, spitting, cursing, crying, shrieking, stumbling, falling, pushing, fighting, gaggles of street types making their abrasive way from one end of the strip to the other. Happy New Year. We're all assholes and we're going nowhere.

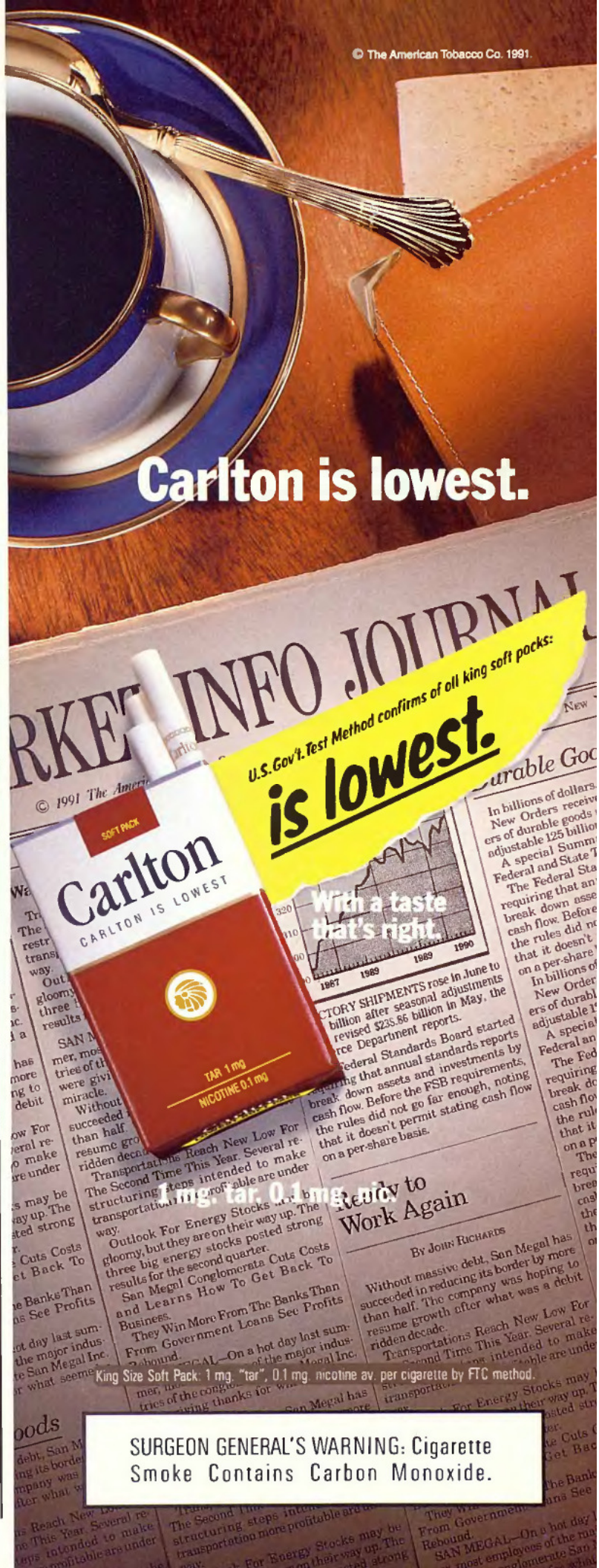
I don't want to be here, obviously.

Anyway, here I am, trying to stay out of the way and just make it through the night. I'm at the entrance to a video-game arcade when it happens.

Clinging hands clutch at my ears, wet lips press against mine and a slick, rubbery, darting, probing tongue invades my mouth and penetrates almost into my throat. I push away with my hands and jerk my head back hard. The tongue and lips and hands fall away.

Shocked, I look down at my attacker.

There, standing in front of me, is an honest-to-God *primo* example of a female street maggot. She is not very tall, not


© The American Tobacco Co. 1991.
Carlton is lowest.
U.S. Gov't. Test Method confirms of all king soft packs:
is lowest.
SOFT PACK
Carlton
CARLTON IS LOWEST
TAR 1 mg
NICOTINE 0.1 mg
With a taste that's right.
mg. tar, 0.1 mg. nic
King Size Soft Pack: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

very old and not very clean. Her long, greasy brown hair clings to her bare shoulders. She wears a silver metallic-looking tube top with no bra, and it is easy to see that when she takes it off, her still-young but oh-so-old breasts will sag against her pudgy belly. She has stuffed her heavy thighs into dirty jeans, and her feet are black with street filth. Her face is painted with glitter eye make-up and rouge, and she has thickened her pouty lips with a heavy layer of greenish lipstick. Her oily, sweaty skin—even on her shoulders—is pocked with acne.

And she smells *bad*.

She stands there looking up at me with a leer on her grotesque-pathetic face and her hands on her hips. She sways slightly on her spread legs, giggles and blurts out, "*Happy fucking New Year, piggly-wiggly!*" Then she sticks out her tongue and, with a wink, adds, "And if you think you can handle it, little policeman, I'll show you *another* place where I'm pink on the inside!" Then she turns away, looks over her shoulder at me, gives her greasy hair a toss and walks off, blending in with the crowd and disappearing quickly.

I stand there, wiping her spit off my face, thinking about gargling and wondering where I'm going to find a quart of penicillin mixed with paint thinner.

•

"It's stupid."

"Because I'm hurt on the job, that's stupid?"

"It's stupid to punch someone in the mouth with your fist. It doesn't help in the arrest, and it only proves you're not as tough as you think you are. The dirtiest place on this planet is someone else's mouth. Punching someone in the teeth is a guaranteed way of getting infected."

"What if I'd been shot, or run over again, or stabbed again, or hit with a bottle again? Would that be better?"

"It's still stupid."

"Jesus, honey, getting hurt is one of the things that happen sometimes with this job; you know that."

"I know that other cops go thirty years without firing their guns, without shooting and killing someone. Other cops don't get gangrene from punching other people in the mouth. They don't get stabbed or run over, either. They get promoted, assigned to inside jobs, jobs where they use their heads. And they don't do the job, job, job and forever the job all the time! And they don't use their bodies like some kind of *macho* sacrificial weapon to accomplish their mission! There are other people out there doing positive things with their lives, living *real* lives, in peace."

She bites her lip, close to tears. I sigh. We look into each other's eyes.

"I didn't purposely go out to get hurt," I say quietly. "But it happens in *my* real world. Next time, I'll try to get hurt in some acceptable way, all right?"

"It's still stupid. This life *we* live is stupid," she says, and walks out.

•

I'm standing in the sun, looking at her driver's license and feeling the heat rise from the rough pavement of Seabreeze Boulevard. The photo shows me one of those beautiful, healthy surfer-type girls—you know, with the long, straight blonde hair and the glowing, tanned face with perfect white teeth, full soft lips, a cute nose and big, lovely blue eyes. It's a picture of a teenage girl trying hard to be a woman, and I want to smile at the doubt in the young eyes staring at the camera.

She lies on her back on the cruel hot street, her legs spread and her arms flung outward. Her hands are balled into loose delicate fists. She has been covered with an old Army blanket by a guy who will later become a cop but who now just sits on the curb, staring at the sun.

She had been riding on the back of her boyfriend's motorcycle, in jeans and a tube top, wearing a helmet she hated because it made her face look too small. They had waited in the sun at the top of the causeway bridge, and when it finally closed and the gates went up, they had come charging toward the beach, leading the pack. Her boyfriend could handle his bike, and he roared over the small bridge east of Pier 66 and then leaned it over nicely into the first curve on Seabreeze.

The curve is not banked, and her boyfriend had suddenly realized that speed and centrifugal force were working against them, so he tried to slow down as they drifted toward the curb. He almost made it. But as he leaned into the curve, that same centrifugal force made her lean the other way, out toward the sidewalk and the concrete light poles. The front tire of the motorcycle ripped into the unforgiving curb, the bike bounced once and went down and her boyfriend was scraped and scratched up pretty good as he slid several feet on the rough asphalt.

At the same instant the bike went down, the right side of her face hit the brutal edge of a concrete light pole, her helmet exploded and she cart-wheeled

"You never know what will catch on!"

off the bike. As her body slid on the asphalt, her tube top was peeled down and, when she finally stopped, her breasts were exposed to the sun.

The guy who would later become a cop told me that was why he had covered her with his old Army blanket. He had been a Beret in Vietnam and had seen blood—that didn't bother him. What bothered him was that her breasts were exposed. He was embarrassed for her, because people were standing around and driving by slowly and they were all staring at her breasts. No one had tried to cover her. They just stared.

I look at her license photo again, then I bend down and lift the top corner of the Army blanket. Some parts of her lower jaw and her left ear are still there. And her left eye is still in its socket, but it's impossible to tell what color it is. The skin is peeled back from her shattered facial bones and skull—it lies wet and bloody against the blonde hair fanned out behind her.

The rest is gone. I try mentally to reconstruct her face. I can't. It's gone forever. The only tangible evidence that it ever existed is that awkward, doubting, sad little face on the driver's license.

•

We roll code-three on a statistic.

The nine-year-old had gone next door to the eight-year-old's house to play. The eight-year-old proudly showed his friend his dad's high-caliber hunting rifle, which had been standing behind the door in the bedroom. They took it out into the back yard to play, excited and happy. The nine-year-old turned to say something to the eight-year-old, who held the rifle waist high. The roar of the rifle going off could be heard for blocks.

When we arrive, we run into the back yard and find the nine-year-old sitting on the ground, the eight-year-old kneeling beside him. The eight-year-old still holds the hot-barreled rifle, his face ashen. The bullet had exploded into the nine-year-old's stomach, causing most of his intestines to be blown back out of the entry wound. The nine-year-old sits there, holding his insides in both hands, crying. As I kneel beside him and place my hands on his shoulder to lay him down, he says to me quietly, "I don't want to die. Can you put me back together?" The eight-year-old looks at his friend and then down at the rifle. He understands everything.

The nine-year-old dies.

•

The divorce is quick, friendly and brutal. Our small home goes up for sale, proceeds are split and we both move out and go separate directions.

She is gone. I am a divorced cop. And I drive around town in my new *macho* Firebird with tinted windows, feeling a hard, cold aloneness creep into me. I feel tickled by a curious freedom, but

If you're traveling through Tennessee, won't you stop by our distillery? We'd be proud to show you around.

WE RARELY HURRY here at Jack Daniel's, especially when we're putting our Tennessee Whiskey to rest.

Every step of making Jack Daniel's has to be slow and painstaking. Our charcoal mellowing method alone takes weeks. And once our whiskey goes into the barrel it won't reappear for years. Of course, we think the rareness that results is worth all our care and patience. And after a sip, we believe, you'll agree.

SMOOTH SIPPIN'
TENNESSEE WHISKEY

Tennessee Whiskey • 40-43% alcohol by volume (80-86 proof) • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Proprietor, Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop 361), Tennessee 37352

Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.

I'm not sure if I will fly or just withdraw into myself, peeking out only occasionally to examine, with skepticism, anyone peering in at me.

•

The chase ends about seven blocks north of Sunrise Boulevard. The Cadillac with that dirtbag Aconomie and his two partners has screeched to a halt in a cloud of dirt and dust and blue smoke. Aconomie has the gun.

Now we'll see about shooting a cop.

Paul slides his patrol car to a stop almost directly behind the Caddy. I swerve to the right and stop 30 feet behind and to the right of it. As we open our doors, I see a sweaty black arm flick out of the right front window, holding a gun. It fires toward us once, and then the arm is drawn back quickly inside the car.

Paul, using his door for cover, begins firing at the guy in the back seat. He hits the trunk of the Caddy and then the rear window, and one of the slugs crashes through the glass and hits the guy in the face. He goes down.

After firing at us, Aconomie crouches down on the seat behind the door of the car, knowing that we will hide behind our car doors and yell for him to give up. But that's his fatal mistake, because when he raises up quickly to see where we are, he's looking into the eyes and gun of a cop running straight at him.

A cop had been shot, a cop had been shot, a cop had been shot—and now these bastards had shot at *us*, and now *I was going to kill them!*

I had killed in Vietnam the same way—charging forward, leaning toward my target. I know he is going to come up. I'm less than three feet away, and with my service revolver tight in my hands, pointing right at him, I scream and fire twice—point-blank—into his face. One slug hits the top of the window edge and breaks up before spinning into his skull like shrapnel. The other takes him dead on, between the eyes. His body punches backward and he is gone.

Now other units start sliding into the area and other officers are running up. The driver gets out with his hands up. Then there's the usual craziness and shouting and orders and confusion; bright lights, ambulances and captains.

As Paul and I reach in to pull the two fluid bodies from the car, all rubbery and loose-limbed as they slide onto the dirt, the scene suddenly becomes juxtaposed in my mind with the bodies of North Vietnamese soldiers: long-sleeved dark-green shirts, small backpacks, rubber sandals. . . .

I have relived that shooting in my mind many times since that night. I can still feel myself running toward the car, leaning forward with my gun, coming down on Aconomie to kill him. He shot a cop and I killed him. And I'd stand in front of you or the face of God and say, "That's right, I did. *I did!*"

•

Working the streets for you and knowing the truth took its toll on me. I had the same problem many cops have: I believed in what I was doing. I would go out at night in my marked cruiser. I'd have a radio so I could hear you when you called for help. When it was *happening*, you didn't call an attorney or a reporter or a judge or a city administrator or an influential person. You called me. I had a flashlight, the better to see you with, and I had a gun, because that's what the world has come to. I went out looking for those who would steal from you, or hurt you.

You slept, and just outside your bedroom window were people who would violate your wife. They would steal your little girl and leave her body in a canal. They would smash their way into your business—where you had worked so hard to make a living—and take your tools. They would go into your house, your castle, your sanctum, and after they took what they wanted and smashed the rest, they would defecate on your kitchen floor.

Who was out there to stop them? Me.

When you were afraid, I felt the fear. When you cried out, I felt the pain. When you bled, I cried. I stood in your living room and felt your loss. The color TV, your mother's ring, your daughter—she was only 17. When you were violated, *I was violated*. When you were dying on the hard pavement, I knelt over you to keep the sun from your eyes. I wore your powerful tin badge on my chest and it gave me reason.

Often, I was criticized or reprimanded for my actions. I kept on, though, because I learned that my critics were hollow relics of what I represented. They fulfilled themselves vicariously through my courage, and the paper projectiles they hurled in response to my street actions were just manifestations of their desire to control me. They had never known the street I knew; they couldn't function there.

Was I a rogue police officer, a renegade? Did I turn my back on our laws, our system of rights and freedoms?

No.

I never abandoned the truth of the law. Its spirit remains pure, even as its implementation is perverted by egotistical opportunists and sanctimonious, hypocritical overseers.

I took up your sword and hurled myself against those who would hurt you. Every day, my physical and emotional reserves were a little more depleted; every day, another piece was torn from me.

Everything I did, I did for you. And I did only what I thought was right.

Sergeant Cherokee Paul McDonald resigned from the Fort Lauderdale police force in 1980, after ten years of service.

WHAT'S BREWING?

(continued from page 128)

beer gives caramelized onions or stuffings a nutty flavor, the same style of beer also brings out the character of chicken or pork dishes.

Amber lager or brown ale has a complementary sweetness that provides a delicious background flavor to crispy green vegetables. Try it with green beans. Blanch the beans, stir them in a mixture of ale, veal stock and shallots and add crumbled walnuts for texture.

You can even use beer in desserts. The sweeter, stronger types of porter and stout give rich fruit or chocolate dishes a greater depth. And cherry and raspberry beers from Belgium contribute a terrific tartness not only to fruit vinegars but to sinfully delicious desserts as well.

Don't economize and buy cheap beer just because you're going to cook with it. If you wouldn't drink it, why eat it? And if you're worried about alcohol content, don't be. Alcohol evaporates in cooking and even uncooked dressings or sauces are diluted to almost zero proof.

Here are a few simple yet tempting recipes using beer that we'll eat (and drink to) any time:

CHICKEN-AND-BLACK-BEAN SOUP

A robust, chunky soup flavored with American premium beer.

1 tablespoon olive oil
1¼-inch-thick slice smoked bacon, derinded and cut into chunks
1 onion, peeled and chopped
4 stalks celery, washed and chopped
3 cloves garlic, peeled and crushed
1 red and 1 green pepper, deseeded and cut into chunks
4 cups black beans, cooked (canned beans may be used)
1 cup American premium beer
5 cups chicken stock
2 bay leaves
2 cups cooked chicken strips
Good dash Tabasco sauce
Salt and freshly ground pepper
1 cup boiled rice

Heat oil in large pan and fry bacon until crisp. Remove with slotted spoon. Add onion, celery, garlic and peppers to pan and cook until softened. Stir in beans and add beer, stock and bay leaves. Bring to a boil and simmer for 15 minutes, adding extra stock if necessary. Stir in chicken strips and heat through. Season with Tabasco, salt and plenty of freshly ground black pepper. Serve in warmed soup bowls topped with spoonfuls of boiled rice. Serves four.

PESCADO LORENZO

Strips of salmon and halibut in an oregano-and-parsley cream sauce tossed with angel-hair pasta.

2 tablespoons sunflower or olive oil
1 medium onion, peeled and finely chopped
1 clove garlic, peeled and crushed
½-lb. skinless salmon fillet, cut into thin strips
½-lb. skinless halibut fillet, cut into thin strips
1 teaspoon chopped fresh oregano
½ tablespoon chopped fresh parsley
¼ cup European lager
4 tablespoons fish stock or bottled clam juice
4 tablespoons heavy cream
Salt and freshly ground black pepper
¾ lb. angel-hair pasta
Extra parsley for garnish

Heat oil in pan and gently cook onion and garlic until soft but not browned. Add fish and fry quickly to seal. Sprinkle with herbs. Pour in beer and stock. Bring to boil, reduce heat and poach for five minutes or until fish is cooked. Stir in cream and season with salt and pepper. Keep warm.

Cook pasta in lightly salted boiling water until just *al dente*. Drain. Toss lightly with fish mixture. Pile onto four warmed serving plates and sprinkle a little extra chopped parsley to garnish. Serves four.

ALE PUFFS

1 cup finely chopped bacon
2 cups finely chopped leeks
1 clove finely chopped garlic
20 ozs. sharp cheddar cheese
10 ozs. Swiss gruyère
Dash nutmeg, freshly ground pepper
3 whole eggs, plus 2 egg whites
1 cup flour
1 bottle Bass ale
30 packaged tartlets (1½ ins. diameter)

Sauté bacon until crispy. Add leeks and garlic. Sauté until slightly cooked. Discard bacon fat and cool.

Finely shred both cheeses and add to bacon/leek mixture. Add nutmeg and pepper. Mix in eggs, egg whites, flour and ale until smooth.

Pour into packaged tartlets, approximately 1 "coffee spoon" into each. Bake at 400° Fahrenheit for 10 minutes and serve warm.

PORTER ICE

Caramel-colored ice cream flavored with porter or sweet stout. Best made the day before. Whipped egg whites keep the mixture light and scoopable.

4 eggs, separated
½ cup superfine sugar
½ cup porter or sweet stout
¾ cup light cream whipped with ¾ cup heavy cream

Whisk yolks, sugar and beer together until thick and mixture forms ribbons when whisk is lifted. Fold in whipped creams. Whisk egg whites stiff and carefully fold into mixture. Pour into container and freeze or use ice-cream maker. Serve with cookies. Serves four.

Pass the *toque blanche* and the six-pack. Now we're cooking!

FATHOM
THE DIFFERENCE YOU CAN MAKE.

Help restore and preserve the waters, shores, and coastlines of America.

- Volunteer your time!
- Make a donation!
- Speak out publicly!

The hallmark of the new American is involvement. Fathom Cologne is getting involved. Fathom has made a commitment to maintaining the cleanliness and beauty of our waters by donating a portion of all sales to the Center for Marine Conservation. The Center brought together 65,000 volunteers, who removed 861 tons of trash from 3,100 miles of our shorelines during the 1989 National Beach Cleanup.

Find out how you can make a difference.

Call or write today to:

Center for
Marine Conservation
1725 DeSales Street, NW
Washington, DC 20036
1-800-CMC-CLEAN

FACE OF WAR (continued from page 130)

"They spread out in one of the abandoned tents. It was the first time they had really slept in 18 days."

else could. On the transport, Smitty had been chipper, and he used to imitate a clubwoman giving a report to her local cultural society in which she described the island of Attu, "where our boys are now fighting," as being rich in history and how the Aleuts had named Massacre Bay for a big killing that had taken place there. Once, Smitty had said the Bible was wrong about hell: Hell was a cold place, not a hot one.

George wondered if Attu was *really* the hell of the Bible, and if the swirling shadows of mist that surrounded everything were not maybe the lost souls.

The staff sergeant came back, plodding wearily through the deep mud that sucked hungrily at his boots, icy cold and soft. Once, as he walked toward them through the gray daylight that still lingered at ten P.M., he crossed a patch of snow. He was above them on the steep hill, on the windward side. At each step, the wind caught a puff of the icy, weightless crystals and swirled them around his figure like a full-length halo. He plodded down to them in the lee, carrying his stolen Thompson gun slung with the butt up. The staff was very paternal about the Thompson gun. When he squatted by George, the muzzle dug into the mucky tundra. The staff looked at it dully, cursed and fired it into the air to clean the compensator. It was always a constant fight against rust, and the monotonous operation of cleaning arms grew to be almost a penance for some obscure sin committed in civilian life.

"Battalion's set up back there," the staff said to George and Smitty. "They say tomorrow's the cleanup. We got them all pocketed in a cul-de-sac. This here's the only way out of Chichagof. So we rest tonight." The staff snorted bitter laughter. "And tomorrow, we clean it up, for good. We move in behind the line ahead as reserve.

"We bivouac here tonight," the staff said, as if remembering what he had gone for.

Smitty cursed.

"What's the matter, Smitty?" the staff said.

"We be better off to go on in tonight," Smitty said.

"I don't like it. Whose orders, Staff?"

"Come down from division, I guess."

"I still don't like it. What about security?"

"Battalion's takin' care of it."

"Balls," said Smitty. "When this war's over, I'm gonna re-enlist into the Foreign Legion and git stationed in the middle of the Sahara Desert."

The staff went away to see about the platoon.

"I'm gonna see what I can scrounge up," Smitty said to George. Due to his six years' previous service, Smitty was the best thief in the regiment.

When Smitty came back, he had a bottle. "Officers," he said. He handed it to George, who drank the fiery liquor deeply. Then he handed it around to the rest of the squad who squatted near.

"I found a pile of sleeping bags," Smitty whispered to George. "And there are a couple of tents pitched right over there."

"How many bags?"

"Five or six," Smitty said.

"Go tell the staff," George said. "I'll tell the cook."

A company cook, since there was no cooking to do, had volunteered to help. He had joined the staff's platoon. Everybody appreciated his gesture.

These were the first sleeping bags any of them had seen since the day they hit the beach. When they slept at all, they scrounged up a shelter half if they could. Usually, they couldn't. So they were very pleased to see them. George and Smitty hunted around near the pile of bags until they found enough for the whole squad. There were only nine left of the original 15. Within an hour, they had spread themselves out in one of the abandoned tents Smitty had found. Smitty was a great guy. It was the first time they had really slept in 18 days.

George felt himself sinking through layer after layer of black nothingness. It was as if he were sinking into layers of feather beds, which opened to let him pass through and then closed again over the top of him. The world receded beyond the layers of blackness.

For the first time that day, he thought of Riley. In the bag, he began to get warm and he could see in half sleep, half wakefulness Riley's wide smile, her competent hands that always knew everything. He felt awed by her glowing power that she was willing to use in ministering to him. He thought again that Riley was safe from war, and that fact seemed to justify his presence here a little more. As he fell deeper into sleep, the memory crystallized into dream, and he was in the house he had planned. But the house was strange. In the bathroom, the bathtub and commode were filled with snow, the hard, icy snow of the North that never melts. He turned on the faucets, but only snow came out, and he was forced to bathe in the freezingness of the snow. When he flushed the toilet, white snow swirled around the bowl of the commode. When

Ultra-Sensitive Derma-Silk™ Safetex Condoms.

THE UNCONDOM.

Uncommon Condom.

There's nothing quite like the feeling of using the uncommon condoms from Safetex: **Gold Circle Coin,® Saxon® or Embrace.™** Especially if you value your sensitivity. Safetex condoms are made with Derma-Silk natural latex,* achieving a sensational skin-like quality – without sacrificing strength and protection. And all Safetex condoms are manufactured in the most modern state-of-the-art facility in the U.S.

Enjoy the feeling of using the uncommon condoms from Safetex. When you value your sensitivity, there's nothing quite like it. For further information, write Safetex Corporation, 16101 Continental Blvd., Colonial Heights, VA 23834

* Developed in conjunction with Fuji latex of Japan.

® 1990 Safetex Corporation.

he turned on the water in the washbasin to wet his toothbrush, snow came out of the faucet. His jaws and eyes ached with the iciness of it as he brushed his teeth. He hurried out of the bathroom into the living room, but in the living room, the furniture was dusted with sifted snow. Young Jimmy was standing there in the center of the room, fully dressed and shivering, with blue face and hands. His very blood seemed blue. George thought at once to help him, and then discovered that he had left the bathroom stark naked. He was terribly embarrassed and worried about not having anything at all with which to help Jimmy because of being naked. Then Riley entered the room, and his embarrassment changed to shame. He tried to cover himself with his rifle, but it was too small to provide cover. Riley paid no attention to Jimmy and she came to George. She touched his face and rubbed his shoulders with her warm hands, and George found himself fully clothed and warm. He was immensely grateful to Riley, because she was not mad at him, but he could not speak; he was ashamed of his uniform, trailing muck into the living room of his nice house. He found a can of canned heat in his pocket and he gave it to Jimmy to warm himself. Then he gave Jimmy the rifle to show Riley his gratitude. Immediately, he wished he had it back.

He awoke to the sound of a thousand screaming banshees. He unzipped the bag quickly and grabbed his rifle. When he got outside the tent, he saw about a million Japs. They were everywhere, and all of them were screaming and yelling. The noise was terrifying. He dropped down to one knee and began firing. They were firing rifles and light machine guns, and every now and then, a grenade would boom out. Jesus Christ, he thought inarticulately, Jesus Christ. A spray of bullets hit the canvas tent with the sound of a zipper being whizzed open. His own terror made him frantic at the thought of being all alone. He screamed at the men in the tent, and the staff came roaring out, firing his stolen Thompson gun like a wild Indian. Smitty crawled out and lay beside George. The rest of the men in the tent tumbled out haphazardly. Between clips, George found out that the cook had never left his sack. He had sat up just as the spray of bullets hit the tent, and he had been caught in the throat with one or several. The blood spurted all over the sack. "Oh, God, help me," was all the cook could choke out.

Smitty looked at George through the silvery light of the darkness. "I told you I didn't like this," Smitty said.

The staff stuck a new clip into his Thompson gun. He was lying on the other side of Smitty. "Banzai," the staff muttered. "Banzai, you cocksuckers." A bullet hit him just below his helmet brim, and he dropped his head forward. Smitty cursed and took his Thompson gun.

After that, it became a nightmare. The screaming mob of Japs swept through like a wave, screaming, shooting, bayoneting, blowing grenades. In the shambles, George lost Smitty. He must have moved off or back, because he could no longer see the tents. Twice, he took ammo off dead bodies. He could see no live men around him; they must have all got away and run, the live ones. Once three Japs rushed him and he shot one, kicked the second in the balls and bayoneted the third. He shot the second one as he writhed on the ground, after he finally got his bayonet loose.

He was terrified at being all alone, and his only thought was to find the tents and Smitty. In the swirling mist, he thought he caught a glimpse of them off to the right. There was not a live soul near him, and he started toward where he thought he saw the tents. It was then that the concussion grenade hit his leg. It bounced from his thigh to the mucky tundra, and he saw it, red and black. By the time he focused his eyes, it exploded, blinding him, deafening him, shocking his nervous system into disintegration.

"Oh, Christ," he sobbed. "Oh, Jesus Christ. The dirty bastards blew my leg off. Oh, Christ. Oh, Jesus, Jesus Christ."

He lay where he had fallen for a long time. Once, for a little while, he blacked out. Finally, because he could think of nothing else and because he was terrified at being alone in the deathlike silence with the noise of screaming and explosions in the distance, he started crawling toward the tent. Smitty could help him. He crawled on his left side, dragging his right leg. It made him sick to look at the mangled mess. There was no feeling in it, and the foot was turned around backward, his own foot. The shin bones stuck out through the flesh and the remnants of his pants leg that hadn't been blown off him. There was dirt and mud ground into the bone and flesh. It looked like a piece of raw beef, and it hung by one little strip of flesh.

They'll cut off my leg. They'll cut off my leg. He kept thinking it until it became a song accompanied by the rhythm of his crawling body. He should take his sulfa, but his belt was gone and his first-aid packet with it. He couldn't remember what had happened to it.

To hell with it. He was going to die, anyway. He'd bleed to death, bleed to death alone, alone out here by himself, where there was nobody at all. He wanted to die. He wished the Japs would come and kill him off and get it over with. They'd cut off his leg, anyway. George, you're going to die. George Schwartz is going to die. Even now the sentence had no meaning; he didn't know what it would be to be dead. But he didn't want to die.

He made it to the tent in the awesome silence. The wave of Japs had swept on,

SAVE UP TO 60% AND MORE

VISION UNLIMITED

Your Number One Source Of Lenses For Less!

CLIP AND SAVE

ON ALL NAME BRAND CONTACT LENSES

Disposables, Soft Contacts, Gas Permeable Lenses, etc.

CALL TOLL FREE FOR AMERICA'S BEST PRICES!

1/800-2 VISION
1-800/284-7466

100% Guaranteed
20 Years of Service

JUST CHARGE IT!

Orders Shipped within 6 Hours

Call today for our free color brochure with all the details!

CLIP AND SAVE

The Original Panty of the Month

Anniversary coming up soon? Need a Mother's Day gift for the wife? Enroll for 3, 6 or 12 months and Cupid will send one designer panty each month to her doorstep — perfumed, gift-wrapped and enclosed with a personal note.
This delightful gift of romance has been profiled by CNN, MTV, USA Today and the Wall Street Journal.

24-hour information hotline:
1-718-P-A-N-T-I-E-S
718-726-8437 or 212-340-4169

Don't be fooled by cheap imitations that may not even be gift wrapped.

©LA Williams Enterprises 1989

GET HIGH ON GOLF

AND SAVE UP TO 60%

Take advantage of the fastest growing sport in the world and begin building clubs for business and pleasure. Building your own golf clubs assures you of the very best in golf club quality and design.

UT Golf provides years of experience and knowledge within the golf club manufacturing industry. Select from a full line of original "pro-line" quality components and finished clubs...and save up to 60% with UT Golf's factory direct wholesale prices.

Before you "invest" in a new set of clubs, take a look at UT Golf components. They'll speak for themselves...and you!

UT Golf
1-800-666-6033
2346 West 1500 South
Salt Lake City, Utah 84104
1-801-975-8096
MasterCard & VISA accepted

Free Catalog

How To Meet The Women Of The 90's!

You can now meet and date the fabulous women of the 90's with *total confidence!* All it takes is our world-famous ENCYCLOPEDIA OF WINNING WITH WOMEN, now at an incredible $25 savings. Here's what you get: Eric Weber's new enlarged HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS (Volumes I and II), HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE WOMAN, SHY PERSON'S GUIDE TO A HAPPIER LOVE LIFE and 100 BEST OPENING LINES. You will learn: Why a man doesn't have to be good-looking * How to attract a woman who at first seems cold to your advances * How to overcome the fear of rejection * What makes a man appear sexy to women * The importance of being gentle and complimentary with women * How to ask for a woman's telephone number * How to be comfortable, confident, and successful in single's bars * Over 200 witty, attention-getting conversation openers * How to turn a platonic friendship into a love relationship. And much, much more.

Remember, the woman of Today can be the most stimulating, intimate companion you will ever have. Don't miss out. Our 5-volume ENCYCLOPEDIA OF WINNING WITH WOMEN, chockful of hundreds of interviews and photos of the spectacular Women of the 90's, is unconditionally guaranteed to improve your social life. So send for your **Encyclopedia** today . . . and start winning with women right away!

Save $25.00!

Fully Guaranteed!

Mail check or money order to:
SYMPHONY PRESS, INC., Dept. V691
P.O. Box 96, Tenafly, N.J. 07670

☐ Send me the 5-volume ENCYCLOPEDIA OF WINNING WITH WOMEN TODAY. I've enclosed $59.95 complete (incl. 1st class shipping) . . . a $25.00 savings!

Name _____

Street _____

City, State, Zip _____

AE, MC/VISA Cardholders may order by phone toll free anytime 800-631-2560. Canadians add 20%. Allow 1-3 weeks for delivery. To order any book separately send $19.95 + $4.00 (1st Class shipping) and include title(s).

Sensual Situations

Men have them. Women have them. Why not share them together? Fantasies of intimate situations. Sexy, seductive imaginings that can give those romantic interludes new life and direction. This all-new edition of *Fantasies* offers a host of photo-and-text situations to trigger your wildest imagination. It's at newsstands now.

OR, ORDER TOLL-FREE 1-800-345-6066: Charge to your credit card. Ask for Item #GPFT9107. (Source Code 19026)
ORDER BY MAIL: Enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy for $5.95 plus $2.00 shipping and handling charge per total order and specify Item #GPFT9107. Canadian residents please add $3.00 additional. (Sorry, no other foreign orders.) Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 1554, Dept. 19026, Elk Grove Village, Illinois 60009.

AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

©1991, Playboy

carrying the noise with it, and leaving a vast silence that was fearful by comparison. Smitty was still out in front of the tent. His leg was broken by a bullet, and he was sitting propped up on his hands. George called and Smitty turned to look at him slowly and without expression.

"I'm hit, George," Smitty said. "Where is everybody? They're all dead but us."

"The sons of bitches blew my leg off, Smitty," George said.

Smitty, sitting amidst the debris of carnage, gazed back at him. "Nobody's here," he said. "We're all alone." He shook his head slowly.

"They're going to have to cut my leg off, Smitty," George said.

After that, George passed out, and once more, he seemed to be sinking through layers of black felt that separated him from the world. They cushioned him against the half-frozen mud on which he lay. This was dying, then.

How long he lay out in front of the tent in the silence he did not know. Time lost its meaning. It had no meaning, anyway. In the Army, nothing had any meaning. You weren't supposed to think, only do what you were told. What did the *Soldier's Handbook* say about dying with your leg blown off? That possibility existed, but he could remember nothing in the *Soldier's Handbook* that dealt with it.

Between periods of sinking into the folds of blackness, he thought about Riley. Each time he sank through another fold of the black felt, a huge gear seemed to grind somberly, slowing speed, relaxing him. It rubbed, like metal against stone. He reminded himself to write to Riley. He would write it all down in his notebook for her to read. A telegram from the War Department wasn't enough. It explained nothing, just like the *Soldier's Handbook*. Besides, the telegram would go to his mother. Riley wouldn't get a telegram. She would have to go and see his mother, but then, how would she know? Maybe his mother would write to her. But then, maybe she wouldn't. If Riley was his wife, *she* would get the telegram. But she wasn't. The sons of bitches. He was in the goddamn Army a whole year and he couldn't even get a weekend pass to get home to marry Riley. Now she wouldn't get the telegram. Goddamn them. Maybe. . . .

George's mind ran on, arguing with itself hazily over the destination of the War Department telegram informing the world of his demise.

Then another bunch of Japs, a much smaller one now, came through the camp, and George's mind awoke into crystal-clear perception under the stimulus of fear. They came slowly down the line, prodding the bodies, bayoneting those who weren't yet dead. Some of them had bayonets fastened on the ends of sticks. They went into the abandoned tents, searching out every man who was

PLAYBOY PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR VIDEO LISA MATTHEWS $19.99

To commemorate the top honors of PLAYBOY's 1991 PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR, Lisa Matthews takes her torrid pictorial one step further to an arousing video. This home town personality with a Hollywood figure will take you on a voyeuristic journey filled with sensuous sequences, exploring both mind and body. Erotic fantasies and stunning nude sessions. 1990 PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR Reneé Tenison joins Lisa for a victory celebration that includes a steamy night out on the town. In the tradition of Playboy, nothing less than sheer perfection. Approx. 40 min. (VHS only.) Item #GX1718V.

ORDER TOLL-FREE 1-800-423-9494

Charge to your VISA, MasterCard, Optima or American Express. There is a $4.00 shipping and handling charge per total order. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. (Source Code 19034)

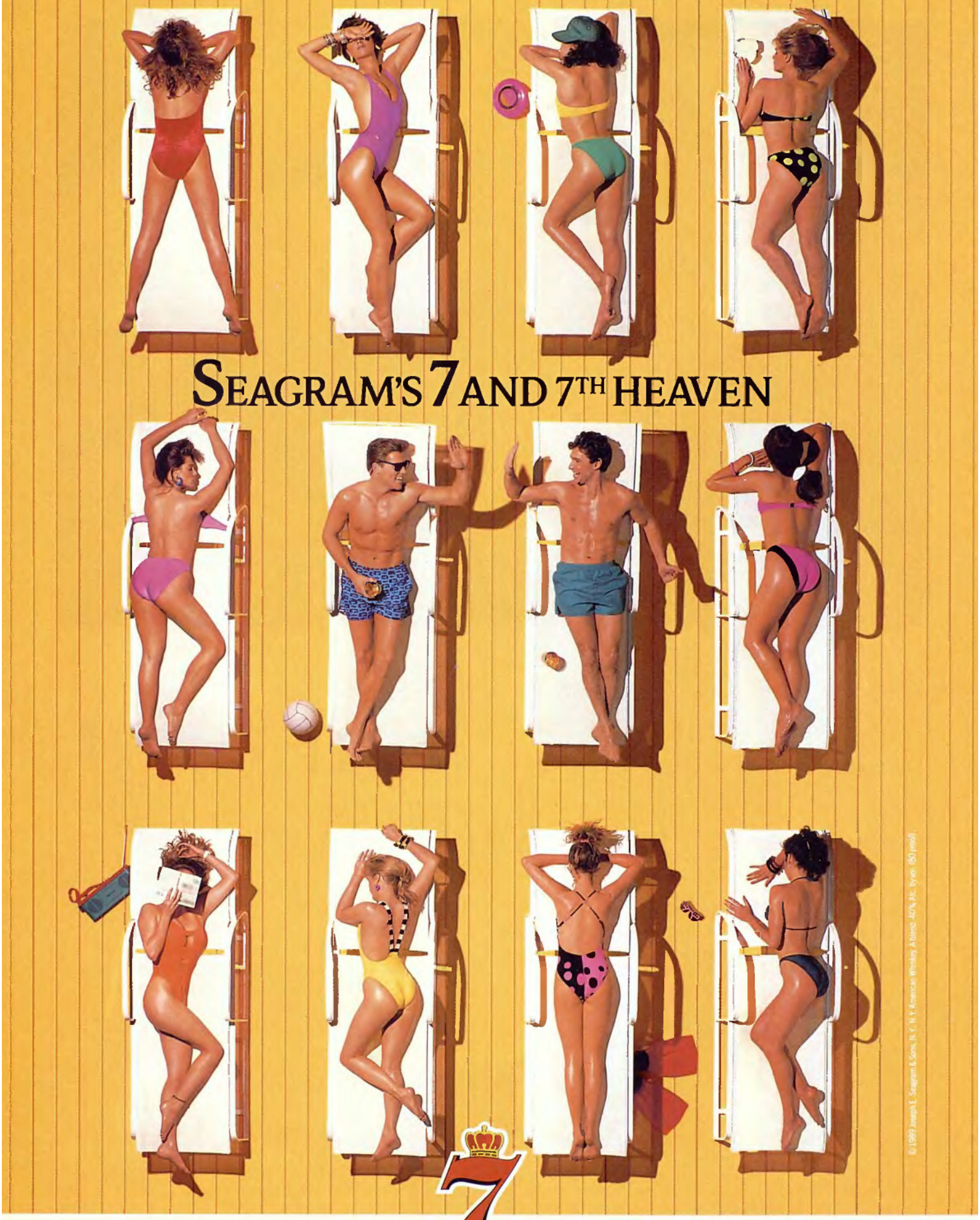
ORDER BY MAIL

Use your VISA, MasterCard, Optima or American Express. Specify which credit card and include your account number and expiration date. Or, enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy. There is a $4.00 shipping and handling charge per total order. Illinois residents add 7% sales tax. Canadian residents please add $3.00 additional per video. Sorry, no other foreign orders. Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 1554, Dept. 19034, Elk Grove Village, Illinois 60009.

JULIE CLARK VIDEO CENTERFOLD $19.99

Join PLAYBOY's tantalizing Miss March 1991 in a series of playful pastimes and erotic dreams that show the sultry side of a classic southern belle. This Florida fox is full of seductive surprises. Approx. 45 min. (VHS only.) Item #GX1717V.

© 1991 PLAYBOY.


SEAGRAM'S 7 AND 7TH HEAVEN
Seagram's Seven Crown
7
America's Good Time Spirit.

not dead. George watched them come toward him slowly, jabbering excitedly in their women's voices. When they got to Smitty, Smitty just sat and watched them stupidly, like a businessman propped on the sand of a bathing beach on his holiday, watching the waves come in. They stopped in front of Smitty. Something about him seemed to make them mad, and they jabbered angrily. Smitty looked up at them expressionlessly, almost with curiosity. Then they stuck him. Pushed a bayonet into him slowly, deliberately, five times, until Smitty finally writhed on the ground, screamed once, "You yellow bastards!" and lay still. George clenched his hands helplessly. If he only had his rifle. He'd shoot them from where he lay. Why didn't he curse them for the bastards that they were? Why didn't he do anything but just lie there?

They stood in front of Smitty for a minute, small figures in the rising mist, strange and foreign in the messy uniforms and rolled puttees, their queer-shaped helmets and dirty too-wide faces. They jabbered angrily among themselves, partly in English. Then they started coming toward George.

George shut his eyes. O Christ, he prayed, O Jesus; let them stick me through the heart the first time. He kept his eyes shut and held his breath. They stood in front of him, still arguing angrily in their jabbery voices. One of them kicked him in the head and lights exploded in front of him, and their voices seemed to grow and fade, grow and fade. But he made no sound and tried to keep his muscles slack. They must have decided he was dead, because they went on and left him. He must look dead enough, all covered with blood and mud and his leg mangled, just hanging to him by a thin strip of flesh.

He heard someone behind him scream, and then he passed out again. When he came to, his head ached where the Jap had kicked him, though his leg didn't hurt at all. This seemed funny to him, and he felt like laughing, but nothing came. Far away and very faintly, he could hear bells above the wind. They were playing the *Friendly Tavern Polka*, and he wondered why anybody would want to bring a jukebox up here. The tones of the bells were clear and above the wind. One of the high notes seemed a little flat.

"Hey, Smitty," George said. "Hear the bells? They're playing flat." Smitty played the guitar; he would get a kick out of this.

He wished he could have a good bath. He wished they'd come and get him. It wasn't decent for a man not to have a bath. A man shouldn't have to die dirty. Covered with blood and mud and snow and his own urine. That was no way for a man to die.

Attu, they would say, oh, yes. That's one of the Aleutian Islands, isn't it? We've taken a new island. Attu. It's somewhere in the Aleutians. People don't take baths there.

George imagined that Riley kept shaking him by the shoulder and giving him hell because he was dirty and had pissed his pants. He wanted her to stop, but the voice kept on. There were many voices. It was the Japs come back. He couldn't stand it, he thought. Oh, Jesus Christ. . . . A man hadn't ought to ever have to stand this. Then he realized the voices were American.

"I want a bath, Riley," he kept saying to the medic. "Don't let me die dirty."

In a haze, he saw one medic look at his buddy and then turn his eyes away. The medic shook his head wearily, sadly.

JOHNNY'S SPEECH TO THE DRAFTEES

After a moment, Bill Jacobs walked around the room over to the other side where the long table was. He sat down at his place near the head of the table. Johnny saw him leaning over and talking to various people who were seated at the table. He noticed that the men who had been at the bar were sitting at several different tables. Apparently, they were spreading the news. One of the men was sitting at a table near Johnny with two heavy older women; Johnny recognized one of them as a schoolteacher who had taught him in grade school. The man leaned over toward Johnny and said, "You tell them, son." Johnny grinned at him with bright-eyed intensity and nodded. All right, they would be told. All part of the game, the big game that was Endymion first, the rest of the United States second and the rest of the world last; never the reverse. He was suddenly tremendously angry at their stupidity. Not only did they insist on deluding themselves with their game but they insisted on dragging him, a bystander, into the farce. If they wanted a show, by God, that was what they would get.

He inspected the large group of men at the long table. They were of varying ages, but there was a common look of innocent cynicism on their faces. None of them looked very enthusiastic.

He sat at his table and ate apple pie with ice cream on it for dessert, but it did not taste as good as the rest of the meal had, because his single-minded forgetfulness had been destroyed by Bill Jacobs and his gang, who not only fought the war from the draft-board office but wanted the right to say what the war was being fought for.

Bill Jacobs made the introductory talk and call for attention. He introduced the Reverend Dr. Bryson. Reverend Bryson made a short talk to the effect that the young men at the table were going away to fight a war against oppression and greed for power and that God was behind them and championing their cause and that the fate of the church and the world was in their hands.

Tom Prentiss spoke, giving them the good will of the Rotary Club, and voiced the hope that they would fight hard and well to preserve the American way of life, which was the best life yet devised on earth, and concluded with the thought that if the rest of the world had been taught more of the American way of life

"I just can't abide her 'more-environmental-than-thou' attitude."

sooner, there would have been no war.

After that, Bill Jacobs made his speech, pointing out that this war was only a continuation of the last and that this time, America was going to do the job right and finish it, instead of leaving it half-done like they did the last time.

"And now," Bill said with an air of expectancy, "you fellows have a special treat tonight. We've got with us a boy"—Bill laughed—"a *man*, I should say, but I never can remember how fast you fellows grow up"—a few of the men at the long table laughed with him—"we've got with us a man who has been through Guadalcanal and who has played his part in this adventure, as the ribbons on his shirt will say more eloquently than I ever could. He's reluctant to talk about himself, but I finally persuaded him to say a few words to you fellows."

Johnny stood up and walked up onto the raised organ stand, where Bill Jacobs stood before the microphone. As he stood up, he felt his individuality slip curiously away from him. Bill put his arm around Johnny and grinned at the long table. "Most of you fellows probably have known Johnny Carter all your lives, so he won't need any further introduction. I'll sit down and let him talk." Bill stepped down off the platform, sat down in his chair and looked expectantly up at Johnny. The draftees at the long table watched him with bored attention. Johnny stood in front of the mike, and there was a bright spotlight on the side of the stand that illumined him. He stood with his legs widespread, his arms hanging down along his thighs, his fists closed. In his tailored uniform, he made a fine picture and the ribbons on his shirt glittered colorfully in the light.

When he spoke, his voice was coldly quiet and completely without emotion. "I'm not reluctant to talk," he began, "but there is very little I can tell you guys. As Mr. Jacobs said, most of you probably have known me all of my life. I'm not talking to you as Johnny Carter, whom you know. I'm talking to you as a soldier whom you don't know.

"These gentlemen have told you a number of things about this war. You have been told you are fighting for a number of things: democracy, freedom, to end oppression, and so on. There is one thing that you are fighting for that has not been mentioned. To me, it is the most important. You are fighting for your life. These other statements may be true or not. There is a possibility they are not. True or not, they are general ideas, and the Army is a particular life. When you are in the Army, you will find it very hard to reconcile these general statements with the life you'll live."

Johnny paused for a moment and looked around the room. Every face was turned toward him, and he could see the startled looks on a number of them. Bill Jacobs' mouth was hanging open, and the attention of the draftees was not bored. Johnny's eyes glittered savagely as he looked down at the long table.

"One other thing. Some of you may go overseas, and some of you may never get over. If you ever do, remember this. You must learn to hate. Brotherly love and mercy are all very fine back here. There, they are worth nothing. You cannot afford to think of mercy or sportsmanship or fair play. You will have to forget the code you've been taught. You are fighting to keep from being killed, and a dirty fighter kills a man just as dead and with less effort than a clean one. You can take no chances. When you are in combat, you are not fighting for freedom or anything else. You are fighting only to save your life. If you remember that, you will have every chance to get out alive you can have. You may need them. You have to learn to hate, because in hating without mercy, you can kill better. And that is what you are for, if you're a soldier."

Johnny stopped talking abruptly and stepped off the stand. As he stepped to his table, he saw the face of the grade school teacher, contorted with a look of revulsion. She turned her face away and would not meet his eyes.

There was a stillness in the room for several moments, and then people began to talk and move about, as if trying to refute the fact that there had been a lull. Johnny grinned to himself and sipped his drink. They wanted their war, but they wanted to select their own spices to kill its taste so it would fit into the game they played. They didn't want to know the true taste. The French and the Poles and the Greeks and the Russians had tasted it as it was. Their lives had been stripped of subterfuge and nonessential ideas. You couldn't select your own spices when you were starving.

"You are as successful and as hated and feared as any man in the industry. It's time, Everett, to become a philanthropist."

Everything you ever wanted to know about Garcia y Vega® Cigars.

Including how to get a pack free.

MAKING A FINE CIGAR IS NOT JUST A BUSINESS, IT'S AN ART.

It's an art that takes us around the world. To find the perfect assortment of tobacco to create our broad variety of cigar-smoking pleasures. We age the leaves for flavor. Hand select them at the peak of their promise. Then, for each cigar shape, we make the perfect match between the natural leaf wrapper and tobacco blend.

Next, to ensure your pleasure with maximum flavor and freshness, every cigar is hermetically sealed in our exclusive FLAV-R-GARD® pouch or tube.

Like an enjoyable smoke, the making of a Garcia y Vega cannot be rushed. It takes us over a year to create a single cigar. And when our task ends, your pleasure begins.

WHEN IT COMES TO THE WRAPPER, YOU CAN'T IMPROVE ON NATURE.

Most cigar smokers can tell the difference between a good smoke and a great smoke. But what you may not know is that the outer wrapper greatly enhances the overall flavor of your cigar.

That's why at Garcia y Vega, we still insist on using only *natural leaf wrappers.* Like Candella wrappers, which you'll find on our Elegantes.® They're hand-picked in the Dominican Republic and Ecuador, then fire-cured to retain their handsome soft green shade.

Or our rich brown wrappers... like those found on our stately English Coronas.® These wrappers are naturally cured to achieve their deep color and smooth, full-bodied flavor.

NOW THAT YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT OUR CIGARS, HERE'S A CHANCE TO TRY A PACK FREE.

GARCIA y VEGA®

PURE SMOKING PLEASURE. A GARCIA Y VEGA AND A LIGHT.

Garcia y Vega cigars are made with loving care by people who understand the process of making a fine cigar. This is evident the moment you light up a Garcia y Vega and experience the pure smoking pleasure.

A COLLECTION OF CIGARS FOR EVERY TASTE, EVERY SPECIAL MOMENT.

The art of Garcia y Vega comes to you in 20 shapes and sizes. From long, slim Elegantes to impressive English Coronas to smaller Whiffs and Miniatures. There's one that's perfect for your taste, your mood, even your schedule.

Why not experience Garcia y Vega with our compliments? Tell us the kind of cigar you like to smoke now. And we'll specially select a pack of Garcia y Vega cigars we know you'll enjoy, free.

FOR YOUR FREE CIGARS, CALL 1-800-35-CIGAR, EXT. 90

Or fill out this coupon and mail to: 124
Garcia y Vega Offer
P.O. Box 222309, Dallas, TX 75222

1. Which brand and shape of cigar do you smoke most often?

_____ _____
Brand Shape

Wrapper preferred: ☐ Green ☐ Brown

2. Other brand and shape you regularly smoke?

_____

3. How many cigars do you smoke each week? _____

4. Your date of birth ____/____/____
Mo Day Yr

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

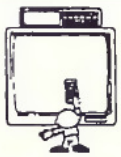
OFFER PROHIBITED TO MINORS. VOID WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW. OFFER EXPIRES 2/28/92. LIMIT ONE FREE PACK PER HOUSEHOLD IN 1991. ALLOW 4-6 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY.

© 1991 General Cigar Co. Inc.

SINGERS!
REMOVE VOCALS
FROM RECORDS AND CDs!

SING WITH THE WORLD'S BEST BANDS!
An Unlimited supply of Backgrounds from standard stereo recordings! Record with your voice or perform live with the backgrounds. Used in Professional Performance yet connects easily to a home component stereo. Phone for Free Brochure and Demo Record.
LT Sound, Dept. PB16, 7980 LT Parkway
Lithonia, GA 30058 (404) 482-4724
Manufactured and Sold Exclusively by LT Sound
24 HOUR PHONE DEMO LINE: (404)482-2485

Cable TV Converters



If you find a better deal, we'll better our deal.
*Jerrold *Tocom *Hamlin *Oak
*Scientific Atlanta *Zenith
Ask about our extended warranty program.
COD, Visa, M/C welcome.
Free Call - Free Catalog.
Video Tech 800-562-6884
3702 S. Virginia St., Ste. 160-304
Reno, NV 89502

Join Maggie T's "Pantasy Club"...
A 3, 6, or 12 month membership includes a beautiful panty, a romantic poem and a potpourri sachet, all beautifully gift packaged and mailed to her each month.
Imagine a surprise gift in the mail every month. . .your own "Pantasy". . . for as little as $14.92 a month
Order Now...for her Birthday, Anniversary or "Just Because"
Phone Orders: 502-583-2171
Mon-Sat 10-6, Sun 12-5 ET
Maggie T's intimate apparel
Customer Satisfaction Since 1982
"Lingerie Gifts for Her" Color Brochures $1.00
MAGGIE T'S, DEPT. PBA
107 LOUISVILLE GALLERIA
LOUISVILLE, KY 40202

MAKES YOU ALMOST 2" TALLER
SIZES: 5-12
WIDTHS: B-EEE
FINE MEN'S SHOES

Looks just like ordinary shoes except hidden inside is a height increasing innermold. Choose from a wide selection of Elevators, including dress shoes, boots and casuals. Satisfaction guaranteed. Exceptionally comfortable. Call or write today for your FREE color catalog so you can look 2" taller in almost no time. TOLL FREE 1-800-343-3810
ELEVATORS®
RICHLEE SHOE COMPANY, DEPT. PB16
P.O. Box 3566, Frederick, MD 21701

AIR APPARENT

(continued from page 142)

barely beaten by a powerhouse Portland team in the conference semifinals. San Antonio's regular-season improvement over the year before—a walloping 35 games—set an N.B.A. record. Robinson had plenty of help, to be sure, but there is no question that he carried the largest load. In the process, he punctured the revisionism of the day—the notion that dominant centers were dinosaurs whose time had passed. Robinson reminded us that *every* N.B.A. dynasty, dating back to George Mikan and the Minneapolis Lakers of the early Fifties, has been anchored by a big man in the middle (or, in Detroit's case, by three big men—James Edwards, John Salley and Bill Laimbeer).

While the Spurs have yet to reach their conference finals, they are widely feared as the team for this decade—if only because Robinson has yet to reach his potential. By his own admission, he remains "young in the game." This season, he is posting up with more confidence, passing with more poise, defending with more focused aggression. He is less prone to doze against weaker opponents. All of his key numbers are up, and at season's mid-point, he tied for fifth in the league in scoring, first in rebounds and first in blocks.

Even Robinson's foul shooting, an old weak spot, has tightened: from 63 percent during his college career to 73 percent as an N.B.A. rookie to 75 percent this season. "I love to work on what I need to improve on—and it shows," he declared, as if to rebuff the critics who have questioned his industry.

So rapid is Robinson's progress that Brown, a harping perfectionist in the best of times, no longer shrills at him five times a minute to run back on defense and contest every close shot. "There were a lot of games last year where I thought he'd get his twenty-five and twelve and three blocks, but he probably played at forty percent," said Brown, who once rated the rookie Robinson as a three on a scale of one to ten. "Now I see him starting to realize how important he is to the team."

All things considered, the great center debate may be over almost before it has begun. Robinson has married Olajuwon's balletic energy and hunger for every free ball to Ewing's controlled fire and self-discipline, and has surpassed them both for speed, smarts, vision, creativity and that elusive quality known as team sense—a grasp of what the group needs at any given moment.

"At this stage in my career, the most important thing by far in making the team successful is rebounding and defense," Robinson said after the Phoenix triumph, in which he'd tried only six shots—making them all—in the first half, then seized the offensive load in the fourth quarter. "If I can do those things, we will win. . . . I just have to remember what makes the team good."

This is Mozart to the ears of the N.B.A. lifers, the weathered men who have seen their fill of killer egos and warped talents. These insiders need no more convincing. Robinson, they agree, is the way and the light.

"He may be the best ever," said Frank Layden, president of the Utah Jazz. "He won't let his team lose, which is what great players do."

"He's the best athlete ever to play the position, hands down," said Jim Lynam, coach of the Philadelphia 76ers.

"He does everything—that's why I love him so much," said Don Nelson of Golden State. "He's as close as I've ever seen to being the perfect center."

To these men, Robinson has but one unforgivable fault: He does not play for their teams.

•

The game is not as easy as it looks for him, Robinson insists. "Nothing came naturally. I had to work at my timing, my sense of court. I didn't play street ball, so I didn't have the moves, the intuitive stuff. . . . The only thing that came naturally was that I grew."

But what a body he grew into. Other seven-footers—even the relatively fluid ones, like Ewing—tend to be massive and rawboned, or gangly, or both. But Robinson is a center from another planet. At 235 pounds, his body has room for bone and muscle and connective tissue but little else; when he turns sideways, he nearly disappears. His chest is broad but flat, and it tapers absurdly to a 33-inch wasp waist and what one observer called "the smallest butt in the N.B.A." It's a body that might be deemed wiry, save for the pomegranate implants in his shoulders, biceps and lower legs; his calves are nearly as large around as his thighs. His arms require 41-inch sleeves, and the kicker is that he's left-handed, which just happens to lend him ideal position to block a right-hander's shot.

When Robinson first joined San Antonio, team officials assumed he would have to add some bulk to endure the sumo frays near the basket with men who outweighed him by 20 to 70 pounds. They soon found that he was stronger than he looked; Robinson can bench-press well over 200 pounds, even more than Terry Cummings, the Spurs' granitic power forward. While he will never look like Wes Unseld, Robinson has thrived in Brown's passing game, which gets him the ball while he's moving, rather than forcing him to post up for seconds at a time. "He's so mobile he doesn't have to play a power game,"

noted Milwaukee's Jack Sikma. He is also, it would appear, indestructible; Robinson has yet to miss a game on any level from a basketball-related injury.

The man's most startling attributes are sheerly athletic: his flat-out, end-to-end speed; his paralyzing, first-step quickness; his baby-soft hands on the catch; his gymnast's agility. (One of his favorite schoolboy tricks was to walk on his hands across a basketball court.) He is, by consensus, the fastest man on his team, and one of the fastest in the league, able to strip smaller ball handlers from behind. During last fall's training camp, the Spurs lined up for "suicides"—a series of wind sprints that culminates in a run from one end line to the other and back again. Robinson was grouped with a number of speedy guards, including Willie Anderson and David Rivers, but opened so large a lead that he ran the last leg *backward*, giggling every step, and still won the race.

In basketball, speed kills. If a center can beat his man to the hoop, there is little that anyone else can do to contain him. Add Robinson's dizzying vertical leap—measured at 36 inches from a standing start when he was 15 years old—and the result is the most prolific dunker in the league: 197 slams last season alone.

Because he grew late—he was only 5'7" in the ninth grade and reached his full height at the age of 20—Robinson played forward through his freshman year at Navy. In his formative years, his coaches had no reason to leash him within a center's game, nor did he ever have a clumsy phase.

"I've always felt like I could run," Robinson said. "I always felt like a small man; I never felt like a big man." He could always handle the ball, as well. When Kareem Abdul-Jabbar played for the Lakers, the crowd would go nuts if he dared two or three ungainly dribbles. Robinson will take the ball all the way upcourt if the spirit moves him, and he does it so smoothly that the fans barely notice.

To spend a few weeks in Mr. Robinson's neighborhood is to see the improbable made routine and the impossible become a matter of opinion. If you want to watch Robinson, you must follow the game with new eyes. He will snap off a rebound or control a blocked shot, whip off the outlet . . . and suddenly rematerialize on the left wing, in a feat of trompe l'oeil, *ahead of* San Antonio's quite-fast-enough-thank-you guards, to accept a return pass for a slam. Or he will take that pass on the run about 12 feet from the hoop in traffic (a normal big man's point of no return—he *must* shoot) and needle a finger-tip touch pass across the lane to the lanky Anderson, the Spurs' best finisher. Or he will be asked to stop a star forward, some pinball point machine like Orlando Woolridge or Tom Chambers, and will stick with the desperate gunner every step, like a beach umbrella on wheels. Or he will confound Philadelphia's Rick Mahorn, one of the smartest post defenders in the business, by hitting two consecutive jump shots from the foul circle, and then (as Mahorn inches closer to plug the leak) using a sleek crossover dribble to cruise by for a lay-in. Or he will execute the Spurs' dreaded Five Play, in which Robinson receives an alley-oop along the base line and thunder-dunks—either facing the basket or (if the pass is late) backward and blind.

Seven-footers do not *do* these things; at least, no one ever has before Robinson. Such feats are the province of lithe and smaller men, guys whose brains are much closer to the floor.

"It's unfair, that's what it is," said Sikma, who came of age when centers were more dully reliable creatures.

"He's the prototype of a new generation," said Mahorn, "and I'm glad I'm not going to be around."

•

"We were in the shitter," drawled Spurs owner Red McCombs, talking about his pre-Robinson team on the way home from Phoenix. "I don't know how we would've climbed out of it."

They "climbed out of it" in storied American fashion: with a pile of dumb luck and an even bigger pile of money. First, Spurs vice-president of basketball operations Bob Bass plucked the number-one pick in the 1987 N.B.A. draft lottery, a six-to-one shot, giving his team the rights to Robinson; then they anted up an eight-year, $26,000,000 contract—at the time, the most generous annual compensation in the game—to the satisfaction of Robinson and his agents.

After the deal was done, and San Antonio began its breathless, two-year wait for the tallest civil engineer in the Armed Forces, the skeptics surfaced. They said Robinson wasn't intense enough, or strong enough, or *mean* enough to survive the pro game. He failed to rule at the 1988 Olympics, where he'd clashed with his my-way-or-the-Beltway coach, Georgetown's John Thompson, while losing to the Soviets. He just didn't seem to *care* enough.

Rarely has such a public life been so misread. The critics had mistaken ease for apathy. Robinson had been known to drift against inferior competition and had once been booted from a college practice for loafing. But he had also risen to the academy's every challenge. At Navy, he was at his best against the toughest opponents; he'd scored 35 against Syracuse, 45 against Kentucky, 50 against Michigan in his final college outing. As Navy coach Pete Herrmann

50% off SALE!
CONDOMS BY MAIL!

Imagine getting 100 condoms in a single package by mail! Adam & Eve, one of the most respected retailers of birth control products, offers you a large selection of men's contraceptives. Including TROJANS, RAMSES, LIFESTYLES, SKINLESS SKINS, plus PRIME with nonoxynol-9 spermicidal lubrication and TEXTURE PLUS, featuring hundreds of "pleasure dots." We also offer your choice of the best Japanese brands — the most finely engineered condoms in the world! Our famous condom sampler packages let you try top quality brands and choose for yourself. Or for fantastic savings why not try the new "Super 100" sampler of 100 leading condoms — 16 brands (a $50 value). Here is our guarantee: If you do not agree that Adam & Eve's sampler packages and overall service are the best available anywhere, we will refund your money in full, no questions asked.

Send check or money order to:
Adam & Eve PO Box 900, Dept. PB83 Carrboro, NC 27510
Please rush in plain package under your money-back guarantee:
☐ #1232 21 Condom Sampler ..... ~~$5.00~~ $3.00
☐ #6623 38 Condom Sampler ..... ~~$7.00~~ $4.95
☐ #6403 Super 100 Sampler ..... ~~$15.00~~ $9.95
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

BEACH BODY VIDEO

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
Tell You Their Secrets
on Malibu Beach
VOLUPTUOUS BODIES
Just for You!
30 minutes
Limited Time Offer!
$9.95

Send name, address and check or money order to:
Secret Passions, Dept. YPB13 • P.O. Box 8870 • Chapel Hill, NC 27515
VISA or MasterCard Call TOLL FREE 1-800-334-5474

CONDOMS BY MAIL!

Sample Pack, Only $3

Get the best condoms available today! Your choice of the latest Japanese brands (thinnest in the world!), textured condoms for maximum satisfaction, SLIMS; slimmer condoms for a snugger fit, plus TROJANS, LIFESTYLES, more! Choose from 36 brands of condoms, including natural membrane, textured and colored. Plain attractive package assures privacy. Service is fast and guaranteed. Free brochure describes all the features and differences between the brands. Sampler of 21 condoms and brochure: $3. Money-back if not delighted.

DKT International, Dept.*PB18
55 Ent. Way
P.O. Box 8860
Chapel Hill, NC 27515

Please send in plain package under your money-back guarantee:
☐ #1232 Condom Sampler ..... $ 3.00
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

remembers, "Every time we had a big game, a game on national TV or a league play-off game, he was terrific. He has always been highly motivated when he's real interested in something."

In his grade school math class, Robinson was one of those kids who would whip through their problems and then slam their books shut, to let everyone know they'd finished first. "The competitive spirit is something that grows inside you," Robinson said. "I was always competitive academically. My dad really pushed it." But it was only as a high school senior, when he'd grown to 6'7" and finally deigned to join the varsity, that he could channel that passion to the basketball court. With his new-found competence came a new enjoyment of the sport. "And when I start to enjoy something, I take a lot of pride in it. When I get focused on something, I'm tireless. When I want to be good at something, I *will* be."

But was he tough enough?

"When I first came into the league, they said I didn't have enough tenacity. They said I was a little bit soft and too much of a finesse player to mix it up. But you don't have to be a jerk to have that competitive drive.

"Sometimes it's necessary to snarl. Sometimes it's necessary to hit somebody a lot harder than he hits you. When I step out onto the floor, I'm protecting my territory, and I can be as nasty as I want to be."

In guarding his turf, Robinson enabled the Spurs to hang on to their own. The team now regularly sells out the 15,908-seat HemisFair Arena (a remarkable achievement, since 1500 of the seats have partially obstructed views), and management has cut off season-ticket orders at 12,500. Revenues have tripled, and McCombs estimates that the value of the San Antonio franchise has doubled—to $100,000,000—since he bought out his partner, Angelo Drossos, in 1988.

In less than two years, Robinson has grown into a national marketing phenomenon. As of the summer of 1989, just before he entered the league, the Spurs' logo-identified licensed products—jackets, T-shirts, caps, posters, watches, mugs—ranked 22nd in the league in sales. Last summer, they ranked 13th; this season, they have moved up to sixth.

Robinson's broadest exposure to date has come not on the basketball court but in the studio—as the anchor man for Nike's Force line of basketball shoes, a tidy $250,000,000 concern.

The "Mr. Robinson's Neighborhood" series of commercials, a take-off on public television's Mr. Rogers, became an instant classic. "What impressed me about David is that he's such a nice guy," noted Jim Riswold, the copy writer who conceived the series. "And so I thought, I can't think of people any nicer than children's talk-show hosts. . . ."

Robinson's foil in one of the ads, the classical pianist Rudolf Firkusny, agrees wholeheartedly. "He's a very nice man, and very cultured," Firkusny graciously reported. "I would like to play basketball as well as he plays piano."

•

The arrival of David Robinson comes just in time for the N.B.A. With only five players per side, basketball is more star-driven than any other team sport. But the league's strength is also its vulnerability, because for all of the N.B.A.'s superb performers, there are damn few real stars around, and they can't be manufactured by some PR wizard: The fans who shell out for $50 seats know the difference. Larry Bird and Magic carried the N.B.A. in the Eighties, but their careers are now twilit. Jordan remains a nonpareil, but he won't fly forever.

Enter David Robinson, our Air apparent—yet a different sort of national treasure. Jordan's lure flows directly from the spectacle of his game. He exists for us only in his red jersey and baggy shorts; he is pure basketball, the sport's soaring spirit made flesh. But we celebrate Robinson for his diversity, for his *hobbies*, as if to pull him closer, to make

"If you had the most tenuous grasp of psychology, you would understand that my pompousness and arrogance stem from the fact that deep down I suspect myself of being an asshole."

Warm days. Warmer nights. And only one thing could cool them down.

In the 1920's there was no air conditioning, but there certainly was plenty of heat.

The First World War not only freed nations, it freed inhibitions. Romance was in. Not just on the silver screen, but in ballrooms, living rooms and verandas all over America.

Never had there been a generation that generated so much passion. And no time did passions run higher than in the long, hot summers of the Jazz Age.

People finally had time. Time for the good life. And time for romance. And after long days and long nights of play nothing could cool them down like a G&T: a Gilbey's and tonic. That's because the same gin that made the perfect martini also made the consummate gin and tonic.

True, these days we do have other ways to keep our cool. But don't they, compared to an ice cold Gilbey's and tonic, somehow leave you cold?

Gilbey's. The Authentic Gin.

GILBEY'S LONDON DRY GIN. 40% ALC./VOL. DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. BOTTLED BY W.A. GILBEY LTD., FRANKFORT, KY. © 1991 JIM BEAM BRANDS CO.

EAST of EDEN PRESENTS
• Dynamic Disco-wear
• Luscious Lingerie
• Spiky heeled Shoes
• Spiky heeled Boots
• Exotic Dresses
...and much more
Sizes: Petite to Extra large
DIRECT FROM EUROPE! their latest collection of stunning super stretchy P.V.C. glamour & fantasy fashion
THREE SENSATIONAL FULL COLOR CATALOGS
ONLY $9
send to:
EAST of EDEN
Dept P1
P.O. Box 9124
San Rafael
C.A.
94912-9124

STOP SWEAT 6 WEEKS
Drionic® is an incredibly more effective way to combat excess sweat — without chemicals. Electronic Drionic keeps the heavy sweater dry for 6 week periods and is reusable. Thousands of units have been prescribed by doctors. Ten medical textbooks recommend Drionic as a choice method of control for the heavy sweater.
© 1990 GEN MED CO
UNDERARMS
HANDS
FEET
Send for free information.
GENERAL MEDICAL CO., Dept. PB-32
1935 Armacost Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90025

SPRING CHICKEN
FULLY ROASTED AND STILL ALIVE!
Looks Real — Full Size. Voice and Noise Activated. Old enough to cause a Laugh-Riot and Chicken Shock. Instantly goes into squirming contortions & wildly waving both legs when it hears talking, laughing, refrigerator door opening, or a telephone. A high energy ice-breaker for "In-Law" parties, meetings, seminars, displays, etc. Concealed internal microphone & controls. No wires. Self-contained. Computer chip brain automatically reactivates. Durable precision motor for years of fun. Outrageous for banquet or buffet table, refrigerator, desk drawer, microwave, trade show, corporate mascot, etc. Adopt Spring Chicken into your family Today!!
Size 16" x 8" x 8" • Platter not Included
SEEN ON JOHNNY CARSON
Full Satisfaction • Full Warranty
Money-Back Guarantee
$39.99 Plus $3.75 shipping & handling
FREE-DURACELL Batteries
PHONE ORDER (312) 588-1021
Immediate Delivery or send check to:
S.A.M. 2701 Belmont Chicago IL 60618
ELECTRONICS Total $43.74 with FREE Duracell batteries

CABLE TV CONVERTERS
Pioneer, Zenith, Oak, Jerrold®, Scientific Atlanta & MANY OTHERS!!
All-in-one Remotes! • Wireless Speakers! Radar Detectors!
CALL TOLL FREE
1-800-826-7623
B & B INCORPORATED
4030 Beau-D-Rue Dr.
Eagan, MN 55122
C.O.D.
BEST PRICES ⚙ BEST PRICES

him a dabbler, like the rest of us.

And in contrast to some less felicitous idols (who among us, for example, has felt an urge to dial the Jose Canseco 900 hotline lately?), Robinson's persona shows no sign of wearing thin. He is a sober sort who drinks nothing harder than virgin strawberry daiquiris, a good Christian who doesn't preach, a wealthy young man who doesn't flaunt it (notwithstanding the obligatory Porsche), an officer who doesn't wave the flag. (When asked about the possibility of his being sent to the Persian Gulf—a remote scenario under the terms of Robinson's special reserve arrangement with the Navy—he replied, without bombast, that he would serve "eagerly" if called.)

Does he have a vice? "Well, he doesn't like to make his bed," conceded his father, Ambrose, who moved the family to San Antonio to help oversee David's business affairs. "But he knows *how* to make it—he made it very well in the Navy."

•

David's mother, Freda, grew up in South Carolina, where she was bused 25 miles past five white schools to a ramshackle building set aside for the black kids. Ambrose Robinson was in 11th grade in Little Rock, Arkansas, when Governor Orval Faubus barred Central High's door to the first wave of black students. Both had lived "separate but equal" and knew it for the lie it was.

When they had children, they were determined to raise them in a white, middle-class neighborhood and get them into white, middle-class schools—even if they were the least well-off family on their block. They sensed the racism around their home in Virginia Beach, but they could live with that. "It pays off in the long run to endure some things," Freda said. She was sipping her coffee in the sun-drenched house that son David bought for them in San Antonio. She is a vehement, straight-from-the-belly talker; Ambrose, a retired Navy sonar technician, turns strong and silent in her presence.

"In the long run, you're going to win out," Freda continued. "As my mother used to say, 'Patience wins.'"

Such was the emotional setting where David, the Robinsons' middle child, learned to read at the age of three (though he'd never finish many books), to peck out tunes on the piano by ear at the age of five, to thrive in his school's gifted programs from second grade on, to score 1320 on his S.A.Ts, gain a Presidential appointment to Annapolis and live happily ever after.

Except that it wasn't always quite that simple. Robinson had lived an unexamined life until he was 16 years old, when he went to a party thrown by the daughter of a white naval warrant officer. He was the only black kid there, which didn't mean anything until it was time for spin the bottle—and David was asked, ever so politely, to sit out and "referee." For an instant, he didn't understand—*these were his friends, weren't they?* And then it hit him, and he took the first of many steps back inside himself.

The incident "made me realize that wasn't really my place," he said, nine years later. "I was with them a lot of the time—I never really thought of myself as not being one of them—but they weren't my people. That shocks you a little bit.

"I'd never really spent a lot of time around blacks, so socially, I was kind of backward. I really didn't know where I belonged."

The Naval Academy promised refuge from such confusion. At Annapolis, there was no social ambiguity. Relationships were defined by rank and class standing: "It's hard to have a best friend there, because it's such a competitive atmosphere, and you're worried about your own self more than anything else. I like talking to people and being friendly, but I learned my lesson real quick." Robinson despised the academy's *macho* competition and the lack of privacy, but he found the measured life there—the *order*, above all—reassuring.

"David loved the security of the place—the idea of someone's telling him when to eat, sleep, work, play," said his roommate, Carl Liebert. "The only negative was [lack of] freedom, and David wasn't a drinker or a partyer, so he didn't need that."

Robinson found his freedom on court. But even in the fraternal haven of the locker room there came a dark reminder that excelling was not the same as fitting in. Going into his senior season, Robinson had assumed that his teammates would elect him captain. He'd made Navy basketball matter again, until the admirals were screaming along with the rest of the full-capacity crowds, and he wasn't a half-bad public spokesman, either. But when the votes for captain were counted, the Middies' point guard, Doug Wojcik, was the winner.

Robinson never discussed the incident but now concedes that it "really upset me. . . . I was hurt by it."

Freda Robinson was blunter: "I know deep down in my soul that it was because he was black. It just goes to show you how deep instilled things are."

Regardless of how big you are, racism will find you in America. Robinson saw it all around him in Kings Bay, Georgia, where some of the grammar school teachers gave bad grades to black children out of habit. He saw it back in Washington, D.C., where a cop stopped him in his BMW for "wavering" and demanded to know to whom the car really belonged. He saw it even in the

welcoming city of San Antonio, when Freda asked for her son at a local golf course and was brusquely informed that the caddies weren't working that day.

While Robinson's fame and status protected him from many routine indignities, they also marked him indelibly. When you are seven feet tall, and a black man, and one of the nation's megastar athletes, you cannot hide behind dark glasses. You are always on display.

A generation ago, when the stakes were lower and the city smaller, George Gervin took his stardom for a ride and let the fans jump in the back. "Ice—I love him like a brother," said George Valle, the president of the Spurs' fan club. And Robinson? "He's a nice guy, but he's so"—Valle searched for the word—"*multifaceted*. He's got so many interests in life that he wants to do other things."

As a rookie, Robinson deemed all the attention "embarrassing, because I'm still trying to make my place in the league. It's easy to lose your priorities and your identity—particularly when you don't even have an identity." This year, he said, the challenge was to remain "a giving and a loving person, because no matter who you are, if you're in this situation, you're going to start building up these walls inside you."

Giants are easier to celebrate than to love. We hype their mystiques, thrill to their hegemony, blurt stupid weather jokes and secretly wait for some misadventure to cut them down to (our) size. But the big men aren't fools. They sense our Lilliputian need for revenge, and they react to it—they cut us off at the pass. Wilt Chamberlain turned to compulsive braggadocio. Bill Russell became a rude eccentric. Abdul-Jabbar cherished privacy unto paranoia.

Robinson has yet to retreat that far, but the strain is showing. He is always articulate, always courteous, yet it's as if he's putting people at bay with analysis and verbal power—that if he gives them enough words, they won't demand something more. He rarely goes out with women—"distractions," he calls them. Friends such as Sean Elliott sense that he has "a harder shell around him than most people." Even Larry Brown, the N.B.A.'s Father Flanagan and Robinson's off-season golfing buddy, finds that his star pupil "doesn't know if he should really be a true friend or whether he should keep a distance." A typical evening will find Robinson in his sparsely furnished two-bedroom condominium, alone with his baby grand and his saxophone, until he can't stand the isolation any longer and starts chiding his parents for not visiting more often.

And so it becomes clear just how much David Robinson, for all his interests and abilities, needs the game of basketball—as much as, or even more than, the game needs him. He needs the liberty it grants from self-consciousness and identity crises, for the clean-cut geometries that define his role on the court. In basketball, he can blow his solos within an ensemble. He can be himself without being alone.

And if Robinson's journey of self-discovery seems heavily freighted, it's because he is recasting his sport along the way. "David Thompson was Michael before Michael, but he was limited because of size," said Larry Brown. "But David is bigger, he's faster, he jumps higher. He can *dominate* a game. If he can find the love for the game like Magic has, or like Michael has, it's *over*. He could be as good as anybody in this league, or better. He could be *the* dominant player."

"I want to be the best center in the league—not just the best center but the best player," Robinson said. "I think that's a very realistic goal."

These days, there is less and less doubt that David Robinson will get there—triumphant, all-powerful and very much alone at the top.

DOUBLE THE GROWTH OF ANY PLANT - GUARANTEED
Hello, my name is Jeffery Julian DeMarco, President and Founder of Pyraponic Industries, Inc. II, ranked the 86th fastest growing company in the U.S. as named by Inc. magazine, and the 1989 Business of the Year recipient in San Diego, and I'll DOUBLE your money back if I can't:
DOUBLE the growth rate of any plant;
DOUBLE the budding sites of any plant;
DOUBLE the flavor of fruits and vegetables;
DOUBLE the potency of herbs and spices;
DOUBLE the fragrance of flowers;
I personally GUARANTEE it.
Raw power - The Phototron has been awarded 17 patents in 9 different countries. In addition, a newly designed automatic watering system accessory, developed by Pyraponic Laboratories, completely services the absolute optimum water and nutrient requirements each individual Phototron® needs. It contains the most powerful power supply in the world; it produces 30% more lumen output, yet runs 30% cooler.
A state-of-the-art soil analysis and nutrient mix prescription for each individual Phototron® for optimum growth of all plant parameters based upon over 100,000 completed soil samples. User-friendly instructions and follow-up reminders every 15 days that guarantees your success in growing any plant. So easy that the National Science Teachers Association (NSTA) uses the Phototron® to teach photosynthesis to kindergarten through 12th grade students.
• 650 schools, laboratories, and universities worldwide are using the Phototron, including Harvard, Oxford, USDA and NASA • 90 day payment plan, $39.95 down • The Phototron is being used in NASA test beds for future space exploration • Purifies 1,000 cubic feet 33 times every 24 hours • Over 120,000 Phototrons sold, with never a single one returned!
Jeffery Julian DeMarco
Pyraponic Industries, Inc. II
P.O. Box 27809 • Dept. PB-6C
San Diego, CA 92198-0198
Facsimile 1-619-673-3525
1-619-451-2837

If you've been reluctant to purchase **sensual products** through the mail, we would like to offer you three things that might change your mind.

1. We guarantee your privacy.
Everything we ship is plainly and securely wrapped, with no clue to its contents from the outside. All transactions are strictly confidential, and we never sell, rent or trade any names.

2. We guarantee your satisfaction.
If a product is unsatisfactory simply return it for replacement or refund.

3. We guarantee that the product you choose will keep giving you pleasure...
Should it malfunction, simply return it to us for a replacement.

What is the Xandria Collection?

It is a very special collection of sensual products, including the finest and most effective products from around the world. It is designed for both the timid and the bold. For anyone whose ever wished there could be something more to their sensual pleasures.

The Xandria Gold Collection...
a tribute to closeness and communication. Celebrate the possibilities for pleasure we each have within us. Send for the **Xandria Collection Gold Edition Catalogue**. It is priced at just $4.00, which is applied in full to your first order.

Write today. You have absolutely nothing to lose. And an entirely new world of enjoyment to gain.

The Xandria Collection, Dept. PB0691
P.O. Box 31039, San Francisco, CA 94131

Please send me, by first class mail, the **Xandria Collection Gold Edition Catalogue**. Enclosed is my check or money order for $4.00 which will be applied towards my first purchase. ($4 U.S., CAN., £3 U.K.)

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____
I am an adult over 21 years of age:

_____
(signature required)

Xandria, 874 Dubuque Ave., South San Francisco 94080
Void where prohibited by law.

JOHN MILIUS

(continued from page 160)

Lawrence of Arabia to look at. For instance, the Turkish-prison nightmare scene was wonderfully wrought and very interesting, because Lawrence found out that he was human. He discovered his frailties. Those are the best characters. A character who's a saint is boring. A saint can be any number of things. A lot of Clint Eastwood's movies are solved because Clint is the saint. When he shoots, the bad guys fall down; when they shoot, they miss. Same with Rambo. These guys don't figure out how to solve their problem through their own character or smarts, they just do it because they are the heroes. Dirty Harry is always supposed to be God's lonely man. And his solution isn't always the best solution. He often goes too far. That was the original idea of the character, that he's not that much different from the criminals—he's just on our side.

13.

PLAYBOY: As writer of *Dirty Harry* and *Magnum Force*, you're responsible for some of the most memorable *macho* movie lines of all time. Do you know it when you write something that will become part of pop culture? Or are you just lucky?

MILIUS: "Are you lucky, punk?" Yeah. That's all vintage Milius, I suppose. [*Pauses*] I got a little tingle. I guess I just thought it was me at the time. It was a good line and *Dirty Harry* was highly regarded—mostly by nuts—when it came out. It didn't have the kind of legendary gloss that it does now. The speech "This is a .44 Magnum, the most powerful handgun in the world," the cops love that. Another line I'm very famous for is "I love the smell of napalm in the morning." When I wrote that, I thought it would be the first thing cut out of the movie. And when I saw the movie, I thought, Oh, God, this stuff is over the top. He's gone too far—even though Duvall delivered it just wonderfully. No other actor could have gotten away with saying that.

14.

PLAYBOY: Isn't it true that as an inducement to write *Dirty Harry*, you asked for a particular shotgun in addition to your fee?

MILIUS: Yes. A Purdy shotgun. For all my deals, at the time, I got the money, which wasn't a hell of a lot, and a gun, because I did not consider paper honorable. I had to have an object to remember the movie by. The gun cost two thousand dollars, and I wanted it and my money, which at the time wasn't much—thirty-five thousand dollars. I had to do the script in three and a half weeks. I said, "Well, I know where this gun is, and I can't start until I have it." They said, "Why don't you go get the gun?" I said, "OK, I can go get it." They said, "Well, then you could start today?" and I said, "No, I'd have to look at the gun for a whole day. I'd get it today and I'd probably have to look at it tomorrow and I could start the day after." They said, "*We'll* get the gun." So they sent a limousine to get the gun. I started that night.

15.

PLAYBOY: How many fully loaded guns are in your house? Which of your guns could you never do without?

MILIUS: Well, I've always had a working collection. I go out and shoot all the time. I love to shoot clay targets. Basically, I hunt ashtrays. There's probably one fully loaded: a .45 I take with me to the bathroom. Somebody once said to me, "A true paranoiac doesn't have guns all over the house that are loaded, he has only one—and he goes to the bathroom with it." [*Pauses*] I have one I'd never part with, an old Winchester, Model Twenty-One. I won an *awful* lot of money with it in a lot of shoots. That gun is known as "Black Death." Black Death has had more than four hundred thousand rounds through it and never failed.

16.

PLAYBOY: What's the most memorable compliment anyone has ever paid you?

MILIUS: John Huston said of me, "He's not of this time." True. I just don't fit in. There's nothing hip about me. There's nothing cool. I'm a relic. I don't get a lot of the things that go on now. Like Tim Burton. I don't get Tim Burton. He goes right over my head. I don't get a lot of rock-and-roll music; the Doors were probably my last big love in rock and roll. [*Smiles*] You are what you are. The older you get, the more you realize that. I realized that I'm kind of a redneck slob. I've always been a redneck slob. My girlfriend says she'd love it if I were a "chiseled composer," if I would do the life of Brahms. Well, it's just not going to happen. The older I get, I become more and more content with myself. Then I'll become a curmudgeon. I've also been called "the George Patton of film directors." That's the high end of it. The other end is "the Hermann Goering of film directors." I like to think of myself somewhere in the middle, probably like Nathan Bedford Forrest.

17.

PLAYBOY: Are there any surgical procedures that real men should refuse to undergo with anesthesia? Under what circumstances should a man cry?

MILIUS: Anything cosmetic. If men want muscle implants or hair implants, they should be forced to do without anesthesia. Men should cry whenever they feel like it. But they should never complain. I

A Model Car Unlike Any You've Ever Seen...

Replica shown much smaller than 13¾" actual length.

Not shown with convertible top which is included at no extra charge.

Three Ways Better Than Other Car Replicas! New Large Size! Unsurpassed Detail! Unmatched Excellence!

This is the replica collectors have been waiting for...an incredible breakthrough in *startling 1:16 scale...nearly 14" long!* This extraordinary size has enabled our designers to incorporate a level of accuracy and detailing *never before available* in a popularly priced model.

A revolutionary model.

Occasionally, a car comes along and just blows away the competition. The 1953 Cadillac Eldorado convertible did it. Now, this remarkable car has been reproduced in dramatic 1:16 scale, creating a car model that also blows away the competition.

More features than any comparably priced replica!

The working features of *The 1953 Cadillac Eldorado* replica will thrill you...turn the steering wheel and watch the free-spinning "wire" wheels move... open the doors and get the feel of their precision hinges...open the trunk and see the miniature jack...open the hood and marvel at the meticulously detailed V-8 engine— with a real rubber fan belt.

The interior is simply dazzling — upholstered in genuine leather with carpeting on the floor. The dashboard dials are authentic and readable. Such an astounding level of detail — accomplished with nearly 200 separate parts — has only been seen before in car replicas costing thousands of dollars.

For proud display in your home or office, *The 1953 Cadillac Eldorado* comes with a handsome mahogany-finished hardwood base, embellished with a brass identification plate — at no additional charge.

***Dash:** The dash is remarkably detailed...the numbers on the speedometer and radio are actually readable!*

We spent over $325,000 to create this replica. You can own it for only $195.

The Danbury Mint invested more than $325,000 to create *The 1953 Cadillac Eldorado.* But you can own this treasure — available only from the Danbury Mint — for the original issue price of just $195, payable in five monthly installments of just $39. Please mail your Reservation Application today!

NEW LARGE SIZE ALLOWS GREATER DETAIL THAN EVER BEFORE!

New Danbury Mint Deluxe Replica Size 1:16 scale

Standard Collector Replica Size 1:24 scale

The above compares the dramatic 1:16 scale with the standard 1:24 scale. The level of detail is astonishing!

The Danbury Mint • 47 Richards Avenue • Norwalk, Conn. 06857

RESERVATION APPLICATION

The 1953 Cadillac Eldorado

The Danbury Mint
47 Richards Avenue
Norwalk, Conn. 06857

Please return promptly.

Please accept my Reservation Application for *The 1953 Cadillac Eldorado*, complete with hardwood base and convertible top. I need send no money now. I will pay for my replica in five monthly installments of $39*, the first in advance of shipment.

If I am not satisfied with my replica, I may return it within 30 days of receipt for replacement or refund.

**Plus any applicable sales tax and $.90 shipping and handling.*

Name _____
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Name to print on Certificate (if different from name above):

_____

☐ Check here if you want each monthly installment charged to your:
☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA ☐ Discover ☐ American Express

Credit Card Number _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

Allow 8 to 12 weeks after initial payment for shipment. Orders subject to acceptance.

486E PY1

The trademarks CADILLAC, the Cadillac crest and the V emblem are used under license from General Motors Corporation.

Undressed for Success.

Only $19.99
Suggested retail price
Ask for Item # HA1626V

Whoever said "less is more" certainly knew the seductive nature of lingerie. Our third annual lingerie video exposé makes the point absolutely clear. A bare essential for your collection.

Sexy Lingerie III is now unveiling at your video store.
Or make a date for delivery by calling 1-800-423-9494.

PLAYBOY HOME VIDEO.

©1991 Playboy Video Enterprises, Inc. All Rights Reserved. PLAYBOY and RABBIT HEAD DESIGN are trademarks of and used under license from Playboy Enterprises, Inc.

once cried bitterly at the loss of my dog. For days on end. I'm sure I've also cried many times, heartbroken over some girl. But complaining is something else.

18.

PLAYBOY: You're on record as hating the idea of celebrity. Who are the most egregious abusers? If you had one gun and one bullet, who would get the bullet and who would get the butt of the gun?

MILIUS: Who would I shoot? E.T. I'm really sorry that E.T. ever entered my consciousness. I feel it soiled my aura. I know it was developed by one of my oldest friends, but I hate *E.T.* I just hate the unctuousness of it, so wonderful and sweet, and unreal. I think *E.T.* would have been a great movie, one of my favorites of all time, if it had been about a dog from outer space. I can really get behind feeling that way about a dog. [*Smiles*] I've told this to Steven, but he just dismisses it. He thinks I'm nuts anyway. I always said E.T. should grow up and come back shooting death rays. "You made a lot of money off this. *Well, now you're gonna pay.*"

19.

PLAYBOY: You made *Farewell to the King* with Nick Nolte in Borneo. How much fun can you have there, in the bug-infested jungles, on a Saturday night?

MILIUS: A lot. One time, I got drunk with Nick, a guy who makes getting drunk attractive. Nick really has a good time. He's a good drunk. He gets funnier. You just sit there and say, "God, if I could be like that when I was drunk, I'd get drunk all the time." But it doesn't have that effect on me. I just get dizzy. I've been drunk about three times in the past fifteen years. The nice part lasts about fifteen minutes, and then I get the whirlies. Then it's throwing up for a couple of days. In Borneo, my girlfriend got me to get up and sing *Blue Suede Shoes* in a bar. Since I've never sung anything in my life, I'd say that's quite something. I probably wouldn't have done it anywhere else but Borneo.

20.

PLAYBOY: What's this country's toughest job?

MILIUS: Grunt soldier. The guy who has to give up his life. Infantrymen. They ought to be very highly paid. Marine in an assault platoon. The guy has to run up the beach and take out a machine gun. Tough job. Guy has to do it often for a President who's fucking around, for a war that may not be just. He does it for pride of unit; he does it for pride of the corps. Those are good people.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

Playboy increases your purchasing power by providing the following list of retailers and manufacturers to contact directly for information on where to find this month's merchandise in your area.

STYLE

Page 30: **Jacket** by *Armani*, at Giorgio Armani Boutique, 815 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. 10021. **Sweater** by *Byblos*, at Byblos, 650 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. 10010.

WAVE RIDERS

Page 102: **Wet-suit bottom** and **socks** by *O'Neill*, at Wise SurfBoards, 3149 Vicente St., San Francisco, 415-665-7745. **Tank top** at any authorized *O'Neill* dealer. **Watch** by *Timex*, 800-FOR-TIMEX.

Page 103: **Trunks** by *Big Dog*, 800-235-6933; Boogie's Diner nationwide, 312-915-0706; Overton's nationwide, 800-334-6541; Recreational Equipment, Inc., nationwide, 800-426-4840. **Socks** by *Nike*, 800-344-NIKE. **Hip pack** by *Ocean Pacific*, at Oceanside Surf Shop, 5200 Ocean Blvd., Siesta Key, FL, 813-349-5200; Topside, Stearns Wharf, Santa Barbara, 805-963-0852; Bridge Bay Store, 10300 Bridge Bay Rd., Redding, CA, 916-275-3021. **Watch** by *Swatch*, at fine department stores nationwide.

Page 104: **Sunglasses** by *Killer Loop from Bausch & Lomb*, at select Sunglass Hut stores, 800-776-4473; all SunGear—The Sunglass Co. locations. **Trunks** by *Jimmy'Z*, at Wings, Key West, FL; Urban Outfitters nationwide. **Vest** by *Nike*, 800-344-NIKE.

Page 105: **Trunks** by *Nautica*, at The Nautica Store, N.Y.C., 212-496-0933, and Newport Beach, CA, 714-720-0630. **Top** by *Jockey*, contact Fineberg Publicity, 276 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C., 212-686-7820. **Watch** by *Timex*, 800-FOR-TIMEX.

Page 106: **Trunks** by *Body Glove*, at better department stores nationwide. **Socks** by *Nike*, 800-344-NIKE.

Page 107: **Trunks** by *Speedo America*, at Paragon Sporting Goods, 867 Broadway, N.Y.C., 212-255-8036; Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C., 212-705-2000.

PLAYBOY COLLECTION

Page 138: **Video-game system** by *SNK Home Entertainment, Inc.*, at Babbage's nationwide, 214-401-9000; Electronics Boutique nationwide, 800-448-7272; Software, Etc., nationwide, 800-444-3322. **TV** by *RCA*, at McDuff Electronics, 9100 N. Central Expressway, Dallas, 214-987-9797.

Page 139: **Bag** by *TYR Sport, Inc.*, at World Wide Aquatics nationwide, 800-543-4459; Ohio locations, 800-582-2648. **Shot glasses** by *Bon Ton, Inc.*, 800-247-3550; Bass Pro Shops, Inc., Catalog Division, 800-227-7776; Orvis stores nationwide; Dunn's Inc., Grand Junction, TN, 901-764-6901. **Beosystem 2500** by *Bang & Olufsen*, at Bang & Olufsen of America, Inc., 1150 Feehanville Dr., Mount Prospect, IL, 800-323-0378.

Page 140: **Camcorder** by *Canon U.S.A., Inc.*, at participating Canon video dealers nationwide. **Computer** by *NEC Technologies, Inc.*, at major computer retailers. **Train** by *Lionel Trains, Inc.*, at select Hobbie Shops nationwide.

Page 141: **Bike** by *Columbia*: to order contact *Antique/Classic Bicycle News*, P.O. Box 1049, Ann Arbor, MI 48106, 312-404-8443.

ON THE SCENE

Page 193: **Bags:** By *J. Peterman Company*, 800-231-7341. By *Porsche Design*, at Porsche Design, 236 N. Rodeo Dr., Beverly Hills, 213-205-0095, and South Coast Plaza, 333 Bristol St., Costa Mesa, CA, 714-662-2992. By *Casleigh*, at all FrankStella locations in N.Y.C.: 1329 Third Ave., 212-535-6666; 440 Columbus Ave., 212-877-5566; 1382 Sixth Ave., 212-757-2295; D. Grant Ltd., 1354 Foothill Dr., Salt Lake City, 801-581-0600; Giorgio Beverly Hills, 327 Rodeo Dr., Beverly Hills, 213-274-0200. By *Timberland*, at Timberland, 709 Madison Ave., N.Y.C., 212-754-0436; Ria Shoes, Ghirardelli Square, San Francisco, 415-771-4393, and 437 Sutter St., San Francisco, 415-398-0895. By *Wolf Leather*, at Venture Stationers, 1156 Madison Ave., N.Y.C., 212-288-7235.

CAPTAIN MORGAN ORIGINAL SPICED RUM

Deliciously different.
Experience the captivating difference
of Captain Morgan Spiced Rum.
Its subtle hint of exotic spice and smooth,
refreshing flavor turns rum drinks
into new adventures in taste.
Captain Morgan
ONE LITER
ORIGINAL
SPICED RUM
Puerto Rican Rum and Spice
and Other Natural Flavors
Puerto Rican Rum with
Produced by Captain
spice and other natural flavors • 35% Alc. by Vol. (70 Proof)
Morgan Rum Co., Baltimore, MD © 1991

PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

GREAT GETAWAYS

That gym bag may be perfect for lugging around sneakers and sweats, but if you're planning on using it for a weekend getaway, don't expect to win any points for style. Luggage, like a car, says a lot about the owner. You wouldn't drive up to the Beverly Wilshire in a broken-down Chevette. Why hand the doorman the equivalent in a carry-on? And while high-tech materials such as Cordura nylon are fine for traveling light, bags made of rich leather, rugged canvas and even hand-spun wool are also status looks to tote. A removable shoulder strap comes in handy when you're dashing frantically between planes, and a key or a combination lock is smart insurance against petty theft. Grab your traveler's checks. The cab's here now.

STEVE CONWAY

Clockwise from bottom left: Gladstone full-grain-cowhide bag with cloth lining and brass fittings, from J. Peterman Company, Lexington, Kentucky, $423. Analine-dyed-calfskin saddle bag, $1365, straddling calfskin briefcase, $1465, both from Porsche Design, Beverly Hills. Hand-spun wool-kilim Persian carpetbag with leather trim, by Casleigh, about $350. Leather-trimmed overnight bag with shoulder strap, flap pocket and strap-and-buckle closure, by Timberland, $400. Top-grain-cowhide bag with saddle-leather outer pockets, by Wolf Leather, $180.

Where & How to Buy on page 191.

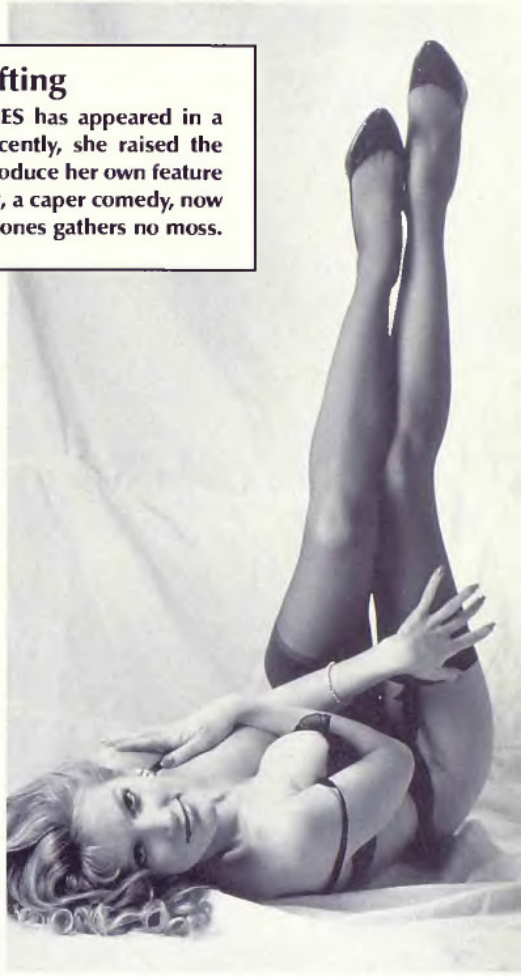
Once in Love with Amy

Would you like to see more of AMY WYANT? Go hang out at your local video store and ask for *Underwater Fantasy*, part two, or Vanilla Ice's music video *Stop That Train*. Horror-movie fans need look no further than the upcoming *Eat* for yet another glimpse of the delectable Amy.

DOUGLAS MAGBY

Uplifting

Actress TAMMY STONES has appeared in a variety of movies. Recently, she raised the money to write and produce her own feature film, *Neurotic Cabaret*, a caper comedy, now out on home video. Stones gathers no moss.



© MARK LEIVDAL

PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Wealth of Material

Every so often, we like to point out hot stuff in Chicago. Exhibit A: MATERIAL ISSUE, whose album *International Pop Overthrow* is making major waves. Drummer Mike Zelenko says the group's dream is to be immortalized in Muzak: *"That's* success, man."

PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Tornados Heavy, Damage Light

The TEXAS TORNADOS (left to right), Doug Sahm, Augie Meyers, Freddy Fender and Flaco Jimenez, collectively represent about 125 years of musical know-how. These guys are now playing together—from polkas to R&B to Mexican boleros—on tour and in the studio. Boogie Tex-Mex style.

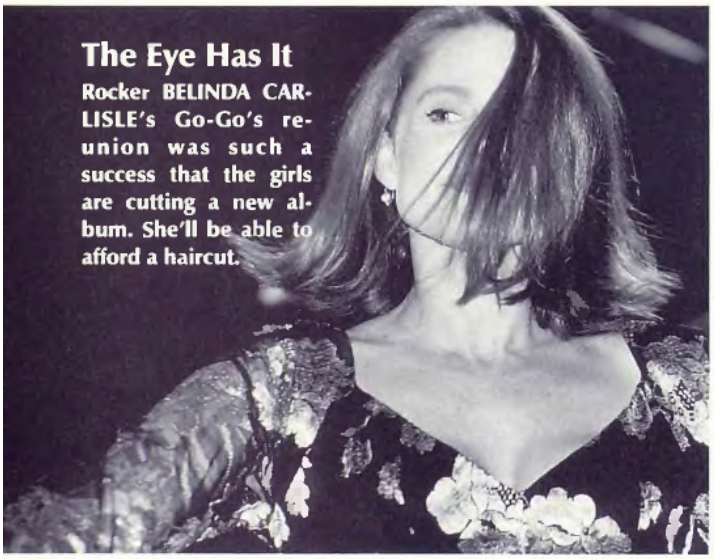
Gina's Gonna Make You Sweat

GINA O'CONNELL appeared as a British Page 3 Girl and in a Def Leppard video, but her best trick so far was to go from Miss Wet T-Shirt U.K. to no T-shirt at all! We'd like to thank her for thinking of us at *Grapevine*.

© WERNER W. POLLEINER

The Eye Has It

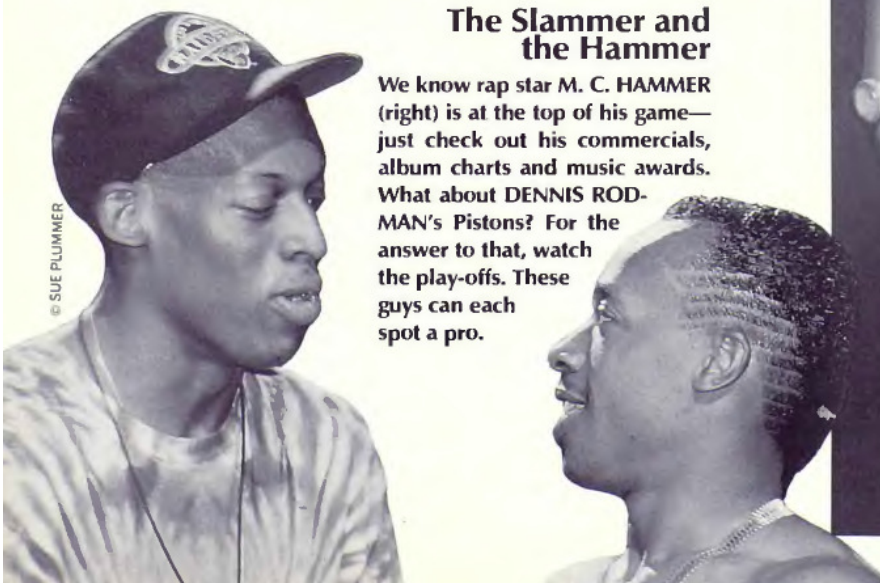
Rocker BELINDA CARLISLE's Go-Go's reunion was such a success that the girls are cutting a new album. She'll be able to afford a haircut.



© SUE PLUMMER

The Slammer and the Hammer

We know rap star M. C. HAMMER (right) is at the top of his game—just check out his commercials, album charts and music awards. What about DENNIS RODMAN's Pistons? For the answer to that, watch the play-offs. These guys can each spot a pro.



© SUE PLUMMER

FANS OF THE FLYING TIGER

Back in World War Two, Curtiss P-40 Sharkmouths (nicknamed the Flying Tigers) made aviation history as the fastest and toughest warplanes in the sky. Today, the Curtiss P-40 flies again, sort of, and the pilot is Ed Jaeger, the owner of Jaeger USA, 19000 Wyandotte Street, Reseda, California 91335. Jaeger, whose hobby is the lore and lure of World War Two aircraft, has created a Warbird Fan line of ceiling fans, and the Flying Tiger model is the first one in the air. It's a three-blade 42-inch style with a light in the nose. The price: $262, postpaid. (Fax 818-708-7945 for more information.) What's Jaeger planning for his next mission? The famous P-51 Mustang in a four-blade design. To the cockpit. We fly at dawn!

007 GOES DISC

James Bond, that connoisseur of pyrotechnics, would approve. The Voyager Company in Santa Monica is offering full-screen video discs of *Dr. No*, *From Russia with Love* and *Goldfinger* with digital sound. But what makes these Criterion Collection releases gilt-edged Bonds is the additional audio commentary by key members of the Bond creative team, plus a section with location photos, publicity stills and movie posters. The price is $79.95 for each two-disc set.

HOLLYWOOD HOME ON THE RANGE

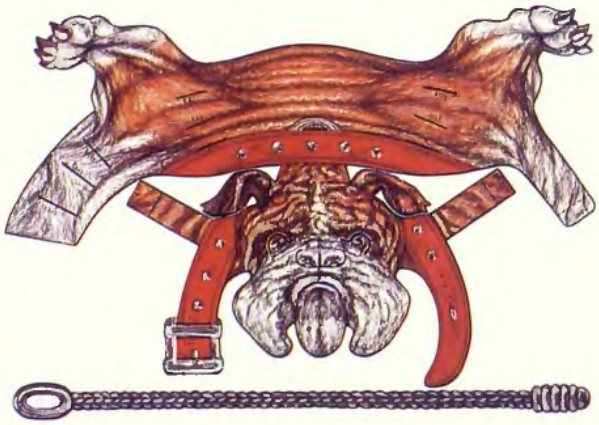
Country music has come in from the sticks to play an important role in today's cultural scene, so it should come as no surprise to learn that cowboy-inspired gear and gizmos have ridden in from the range, too. And if you can't find what you're looking for in the latest catalog of the Cowboy Country General Store, "a mail-order emporium of Western essentials," whose address is P.O. Box 2857, Hollywood 90078, then you'd better hang up your Armani chaps. Silk scarves, Texas *salsas*, Western desk clocks, saddle-up songs on cassettes, chuck-wagon triangles and even pop-up cowboy country cards (the one pictured here sells for four dollars) are all in the catalog, which costs a buck, buckaroos.

VERY JAZZY

Want to know the best neighborhood jazz joints in New Orleans or where to hear boogie-woogie piano in Austin? Pick up a copy of *The Jazz and Blues Lover's Guide to the U.S.*, a 400-page, $14.95 paperback by Christiane Bird covering "more than 900 Hot Clubs, Cool Joints, Landmarks and Legends, from Boogie-Woogie to Bop and Beyond." Davenport, Iowa, the home of Bix Beiderbecke, even has a listing: the 11th Street Precinct. Dig it!

SWEET SUE

Not only does Susie Owens, our March 1988 Playmate, smell great, she's a smart businesswoman, too. And to experience the sweet smell of Susie's success, order a one-ounce spray or a one-fourth-ounce crystal bottle (shown here) of Child, a nonalcohol essence that she created. Fred Segal's on Melrose in L.A. sells Child, or you can order it for your girlfriend directly from Susie for $65, postpaid, sent to her at 5521 Greenville Avenue, Suite 104, Dallas 75206. Sniff said.



FOR UPSTANDING MALES ONLY

If you have a girlfriend who likes to play with paper dolls, then pick up a copy of *Kokigami* ("The Intimate Art of the Little Paper Costume"). *Kokigami* is a put-on in more ways than one. The word is a variation on *origami* (the art of paper folding), and the book contains 14 cutout costumes that will turn your manhood into a dragon, a dog (shown) and more. To order, send $16.50 to Ten Speed Press, P.O. Box 7123, Berkeley, California 94707.

BB'S BLACK POWER

From 1898 to 1947, major-league baseball hung out a sign that read NONWHITES NEED NOT APPLY. So black and *Latino* players formed their own teams and leagues, often outplaying the majors in exhibition match-ups. Now Eclipse Books, P.O. Box 1099, Forestville, California 95436, has created a boxed set of 36 Stars of the Negro Leagues baseball cards. Satchel Paige is featured, along with such forgotten players as "Bullet Joe" Rogan. A pack costs $10.50, postpaid.

SATCHEL PAIGE

KEPT IN SUSPENSION

The Allsop SoftRide Suspension pictured here may look weird, but it's ingeniously designed to take the bumps and grinds out of mountain trails as well as city streets. The actual suspension is a slightly curved, flexible strut that replaces the seat post on both road- and mountain-bike frames, smoothing out washboard surfaces and turning off-camber turns into something you can handle at speed. The price: about $220. For info, call 206-647-7420.

VINTAGE PAPER DRIVE

Old hotel labels, ancient magazines and ads, unusual posters and even sexy ink blotters are the stock in trade of the Paper Pile, P.O. Box 2815, Palm Springs, California 92263. Or perhaps we should say *stack* in trade, because the Paper Pile's premises, which we've visited, are truly a mountain of printed vintage ephemera. For example, a set of eight "Betty Grable–type" ink blotters like the one pictured here is $80. Hundreds of other items are listed in the *Paper Pile Quarterly*, a catalog that costs $12.50 a year.

NEXT MONTH

LOST LOVE

DROP TOPS

AMERICAN SPORT?

LEGGY LADIES

"SPORTS IN AMERICA"—THE IRISH MOB IS GOING FOR A TRIPLE HIT. WILL VICTIM NUMBER ONE, JUST ANOTHER RED SOX FANATIC, GET A SPORTING CHANCE?—FICTION BY **LUCIUS SHEPARD**

ERIC (*TALK RADIO*) BOGOSIAN, MONOLOGIST *EXTRAORDINAIRE*, BANGS HEADS WITH HIS AUDIENCE, EXPLAINS WHY HE'S NOT A POSTMODERN **DON RICKLES** AND TALKS SEX, DRUGS AND ROCK AND ROLL IN AN OUTSPOKEN **"20 QUESTIONS"**

"WHOSE KUWAIT IS THIS?"—*PLAYBOY*'S PRESENCE IN THE GULF RIDES SHOTGUN INTO A LIBERATED KUWAIT CITY AND FINDS A DISTURBING NEW PRESENCE—BY **MORGAN STRONG**

"HEIGHT REPORT"—ASPIRE TO NEW HEIGHTS WITH *PLAYBOY*'S FAVORITE LONG-LEGGED LASSES IN OUR PICTORIAL SALUTE TO TALL WOMEN

"PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF JAZZ & ROCK, PART THREE: SOME LIKE IT HOT"—THE BEAT GOES TO CHICAGO, WHERE PROHIBITION AND SYNCOPATION PROVE TO BE CATALYSTS FOR THE EXPLOSION OF THE JAZZ AGE—BY **DAVID STANDISH**

"THE THINKING MAN'S GUIDE TO BREAKING UP"—OUR EXPERT ON THE HIGHWAY OF LOST LOVE HELPS YOU SPOT THE TEN SIGNS OF ROTTING ROMANCE AND GETS YOU BACK ON TRACK—BY **DENIS BOYLES**

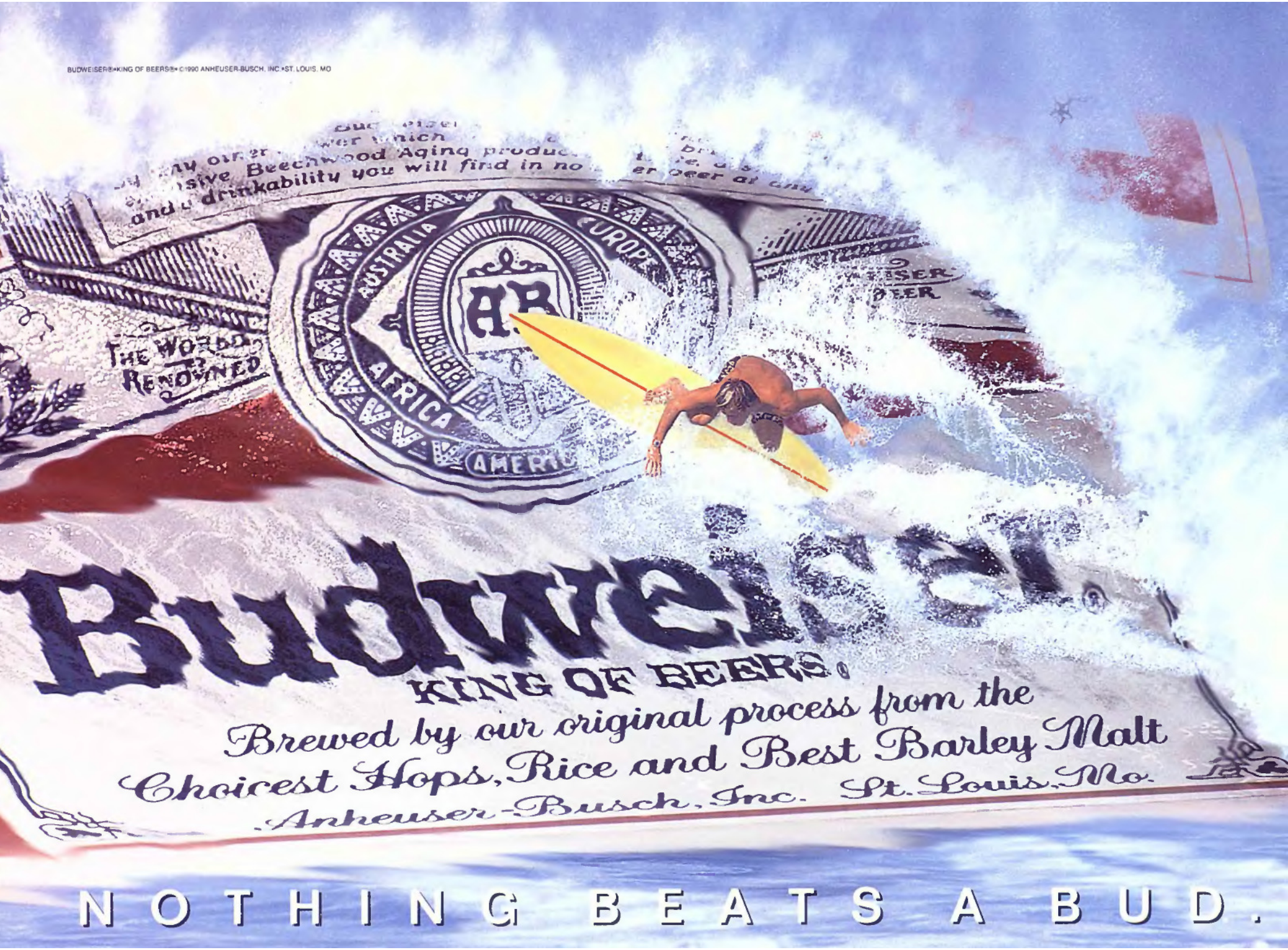
SPIKE LEE TALKS TOUGH ABOUT RACISM IN HOLLYWOOD AND THE NEW POWER OF BLACK AUDIENCES AND LOOKS AHEAD TO HIS FILM ON THE LIFE OF **MALCOLM X** IN A STRAIGHT-TALKING **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"CONVERSATIONS WITH JUSTICE WILLIAM BRENNAN"—SOME CANDID AND PROVOCATIVE THOUGHTS FROM THE RECENTLY RETIRED SUPREME COURT JUSTICE WHO HAS BEEN THE FIRST AMENDMENT'S MOST FERVENT DEFENDER—BY **NAT HENTOFF**

PLUS: BASEBALL'S PROUDEST DADS AND SONS SHOW OFF THIS SUMMER'S COOLEST SPORT SHIRTS, BY **HOLLIS WAYNE;** CONVERTIBLES MAKE A NOSTALGIC COMEBACK, BY **KEN GROSS;** A SPLASH MENAGERIE OF WATERPROOF, GLOW-IN-THE-DARK SURF WATCHES; AND MUCH, MUCH MORE

© 1990 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

BUDWEISER®•KING OF BEERS®• ©1990 ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC.•ST. LOUIS, MO